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EASTER HYMNS FROM OLD CLOISTERS.

FROM the soil of the monastic life, which might seem, for many reasons, to have been unfavorable to such a development, there sprang and bloomed some of the rarest flowers of Christian poetry. There could be little, one might think, in the stern and rigorous existence behind the gray walls of the monasteries, with its fastings and castigations, its penances and prayers, and its isolation from the light and beauty of the world, to stimulate the imagination, or to call into exercise the poetic faculty. But the monk had ready to his hand the Old Testament imagery, rich in a symbolism in which, by a poetry touched with divine inspiration, there were shadowed forth the mystery and glory of the later dispensation. In the life and sufferings of Christ, with the attendant associations, he had an exhaustless theme, which he used by turns to interpret ancient types and symbols, or to quicken a flagging faith in a blessedness yet to be revealed. If ever he lacked themes, his own heart, with its victories and defeats, its revolt against the impurities of the world, and its aspirations toward the heavenly existence, supplied them; and he had for the vehicle of his devotion a language marvelously sonorous and flexible, and capable of becoming stately, or rugged, or tender, in harmony with his thought.

It is true that the mediæval poetry

was restricted in scope, and that its conceits often surprise us by their grotesque realism, or shock us by their boldness; but the intense feeling which the poems convey is a quality which helps us to forget such defects. Holding himself aloof from the domestic associations, which call out the natural affections, the monk poured forth all the fervor of his soul in his hymns. No lover ever sang to his mistress with a more passionate intensity than that with which Fortunatus and Bernard addressed their Lord. This feeling is as far removed from our own time in spirit as it is in distance; and there is nothing in the sacred poetry of the modern tongues to equal the grandeur of the "Dies iræ, dies illa" of Thomas of Celano, or the tenderness of the "Stabat mater dolorosa" of Jacobus de Benedictis, or the rapture of Bernard's

"Hic breve vivitur, hic breve plangitur, hic breve
fiatur,
Non breve vivere, non breve plangere, retribu-
tur."

The mediæval poetry is particularly rich in hymns and lyrics of the Resurrection. Our own conditions are such as to place us, perhaps, a little out of sympathy with the feeling which these poems convey. Our present existence has so much that is desirable that we are in danger of finding it both engrossing and satisfying; and it is only after we

are taught, by some sharp affliction, the uncertainty of this life that we begin to fix our aspirations upon the life to come. But the monk found little to content him, either in the gloom and discipline of the monastery, or in the wild unrest of the world outside. In the solitude of his cell he dreamed and sang of Paradise, and of the resurrection of Christ as the assurance of an abundant entrance thereinto.

The earliest Easter hymn of which we have knowledge carries us back fifteen centuries. Its author, St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, was born not many years after the recognition of Christianity by the decree of Constantine, probably about the year 340. Treves was probably his birthplace. The story of his life is like a romance, although the leading facts in it are clearly established. He came of a noble family, and by his great abilities and known integrity he rose to high rank in the state. In the year 374, Auxentius, Bishop of Milan, died. The people were permitted to choose his successor. In the assembly met for this purpose a tumult arose, and Ambrose, who was then governor of Liguria, went in to quiet it. Just as he was commanding order, a child suddenly cried out, "Ambrose Bishop!" The people took up the cry with wild enthusiasm, believing that it indicated the special intervention of Providence for their guidance. It was in vain that Ambrose protested that he had not been baptized, and adopted various expedients to weaken the regard of the people. He even took flight, but was apprehended by the authorities, and was baptized on the last day of November, 374. Seven days later he was consecrated to the bishop's office. The ecclesiastical career which had such an extraordinary beginning was varied and eventful. Ambrose brought to the sacred office the dauntless courage and the purity of purpose which had characterized his civil administration. He took an active part in the stormy controversies of his time, with expiring paganism on one hand, and with Arianism on the other. He resisted, vehemently and successfully, the

repeated efforts of the pagan nobles of Rome to reinstate the altar of Victory in the senate-house. When the Empress Justina demanded the Portian church in Milan for the Arians, Ambrose and his priests remained in the edifice five days and nights to keep it from falling into their hands. The people gathered to his support, and filled the church. Soldiers surrounded the building and prevented egress, but they could not tire out the patience of the congregation, whose enthusiasm was sustained by the singing of hymns which Ambrose had written. The bishop carried the day, and the soldiers were withdrawn. When the Emperor Theodosius ordered a cruel massacre at Thessalonica, Ambrose met him at the church door, and would not suffer him to enter. For eight months the emperor remained excommunicate, and then was admitted to the sacraments only after making public penance. On the 4th of April, 397, the stout-hearted bishop, who had done so much to vindicate the authority of the church against the state, died at Milan, and was buried in the basilica of San Ambrogio. His hymns are terse, simple, and vigorous, and are written in a stanza which lacks the charm of rhyme.

The Easter hymn beginning "Hic est die verus Dei" is one of the very few poems of his writing, the authenticity of which is unquestioned. Most of the hymns classed as Ambrosian belong to a later period. Of this hymn, Mrs. Charles, in her *Voice of Christian Life in Song*, supplies the following translation:—

"This is the very day of God, —
Serene with holy light it came, —
In which the stream of sacred blood
Swept over the world's crime and shame

"Lost souls with faith once more it filled,
The darkness from blind eyes dissolved.
Whose load of fear too great to yield,
Seeing the dying thief absolved?

"Changing the cross for the reward,
That moment's faith obtains his Lord,
Before the just his spirit flies,
The first-fruits enters Paradise.

"The angels ponder, wondering:
They see the body's pain and strife;
They see to Christ the guilty cling,
And reap at once the blessed life.

" O admirable Mystery !
The sins of all are laid on Thee ;
And Thou, to cleanse the world's deep stain,
As man dost bear the sins of men.

" What can be ever more sublime !
That grace might meet the guilt of time,
Love doth the bonds of fear undo,
And death restores our life anew.

" Death's fatal spear himself doth wound,
With his own fetters he is bound.
Lo, dead the Life of all men lies,
That life anew for all might rise ! —

" That since death thus hath passed on all,
The dead might all arise again ;
By his own death-blow death might fall,
And o'er his unshared fall complain."

There is another ancient Easter poem which is often classed among the Ambrosian hymns, though its place is probably in the sixth century. It begins "*Ad cœnam Agni providi*," and appears in the Roman Breviary in an altered version, "*Ad regias Agni dapes*." According to Daniel (see vol. i. of the *Thesaurus*), it was probably sung in the early church by the newly-baptized catechumens when, clad in white, they first partook of the sacraments.

There are numerous translations by Mrs. Charles, Dr. Neale, Dr. Thompson, Edward Caswall, Bishop Williams, and others. The following rendering is by Mrs. Charles:—

" The supper of the Lamb to share,
We come in vesture white and fair ;
The Red Sea crossed, our hymn we sing
To Christ, our Captain and our King.

" His holy body on the cross,
Parched, on that altar hung for us ;
And, drinking of his crimson blood,
We live upon the living God ;

" Protected in the Paschal night
From the destroying angel's might,
And by a powerful hand set free
From Pharaoh's bitter slavery.

" For Christ our Passover is slain,
The Lamb is offered not in vain ;
With truth's sincere unleavened bread,
His flesh He gave, his blood He shed.

" O Victim, worthy Thou forever,
Who didst the bands of hell dis sever :
Redeem Thy captives from the foe,
The gift of life afresh bestow.

When Christ from out the tomb arose,
Victor o'er hell and all his foes,
The tyrant forth in chains He drew,
And planted Paradise anew.

" Author of all, to Thee we pray,
In this our Easter joy to-day:
From every weapon death can wield
Thy trusting people ever shield."

Two centuries intervene between Ambrose and the next poet who sang of Easter, Venantius Fortunatus. Among the singers of the early church there is no greater contrast of temperament and character than that which exists between these poets. Ambrose was stern, simple, fearless, profoundly earnest; Fortunatus was gay, light-hearted, often trifling, and as skilled in turning society verses as in the making of hymns. He was born in Venetia about the year 530, and studied at Ravenna. He won high praise among his contemporaries for his learning, and he is mentioned as one of the last poets to whom Latin was a mother-tongue. His early life was spent in wandering gayly from castle to castle, very much after the manner of the troubadours of a later day, and he found ready entrance everywhere by the wit and sweetness of his verses. He crossed over into France, where he became intimate with Gregory of Tours and Queen Radegunda. Partly in consequence of a pilgrimage to the tomb of the holy Martin at Tours, and rather more because of his friendship with the queen, he adopted a graver habit of life, and, entering the priesthood, connected himself with a monastic institution, which the queen had established at Poitiers. His life here seems to have been nearly as light and careless as before, and if we may judge by his verses he was little given to the rigors of asceticism. Some biographers and critics have found it so difficult to reconcile the contradictory qualities of his poems that they have been inclined to regard his hymns as artificial, if not insincere; but Mrs. Charles comes to his defense with the ingenious suggestion that if there had been left of Cowper's works only John Gilpin, Lines on the Receipt of a Hamper, and some playful letters to Lady Austin on the one hand, and the hymn "*God moves in a mysterious way*" on the other, it might have been equally difficult to reconcile the frag-

ments. It is at least certain that Fortunatus's splendid hymns, "*Vexilla regis prodeunt*" ("The royal banners forward go"), "*Pange lingua gloriosi*" ("Sing, my tongue, the glorious story"), and "*Salve festa dies*" ("Hail, festal day") are among the most valued treasures of sacred song. Fortunatus was made Bishop of Poitiers in 599, and died about ten years later. His Easter hymn, the last of the three mentioned above, is extracted from a poem of fifty-six verses. There are translations by Mrs. Charles and others, one of the best being this, by W. J. C., in Shipley's *Lyra Messianica*:—

"Hail, day of days, in peals of praise,
Throughout all ages owned,
When Christ our God hell's empire trod,
And high o'er heaven was throned !

"This glorious morn the world new-born
In rising beauty shows ;
How, with her Lord to life restored,
Her gifts and graces rose.

"The spring serene in sparkling sheen
The flower-clad earth arrays ;
Heaven's portal bright its radiant light
In fuller flood displays.

The fiery sun in loftier noon
O'er heaven's high orbit shines,
As o'er the tide of waters wide
He rises and declines.

"From hell's deep gloom, from earth's dark tomb,
The Lord in triumph soars ;
The forests raise their leafy praise,
The flowery field adores.

"As star by star He mounts afar,
And hell imprisoned lies,
Let stars and light and depth and height
In alleluias rise.

'Lo, He who died, the Crucified,
God over all He reigns !
On Him we call, his creatures all,
Who heaven and earth sustains."

Ambrose and Fortunatus wrote in unrhymed verse. It was left for the poets of a later day, and for those chiefly of the twelfth century, to play upon the sonorous Latin tongue as upon the keys of a mighty organ. Not that rhyme was an invention of the Christian poets, nor an importation from without. Archbishop Trench cites abundant evidence to show that it was not a discovery of something new, but a recovery of something which had been lost. He shows that it

had its origin, or at least its very clear anticipation, in the early national poetry of Rome; that even after the introduction of the Greek metres, it continually appeared; and that verses with middle and with final rhymes are found in every one of the Latin poets. The first Christian poet in whose hymns distinct rhymes occur is Hilary, in the fourth century; and from this point rhyme may be traced, in the words of Trench, "step by step, from its rude, timid, and uncertain beginnings, till in the later hymnologists of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, an Aquinas or an Adam of St. Victor, it displayed all its latent capabilities, and attained its final glory and perfection, satiating the ear with a richness of melody scarcely anywhere to be surpassed." Among the many hymns which might be cited as illustrations of the sweet melodies of this period is a jubilant Easter piece of uncertain authorship. It is so musical and so rapturous as to appeal even to the dullest ear:—

"Pone luctum, Magdalena !
Et serena lacrymas ;
Non est jam Simonis cœna,
Non, cur fletum exprimas ;
Causæ mille sunt lætandi,
Causæ mille exultandi,
Halleluia !

"Sume risum, Magdalena !
Frons nitescat lucida ;
Demigravit omnis pœna,
Lux eoruscet fulgida ;
Christus mundum liberavit,
Et de morte triumphavit !
Halleluia !

"Gaude, plaude, Magdalena !
Tumba Christus exiit !
Tristis est peracta scena,
Victor mortis rediit ;
Quem deflebas morientem,
Nunc arride resurgentem !
Halleluia !

"Tolle vultum, Magdalena !
Redivivum aspice ;
Vide, frons quam sit amœna,
Quinque plagas inspice ;
Fulgent, sic ut margaritæ,
Ornamenta novæ vitæ.
Halleluia !

"Vive, vive, Magdalena !
Tua lux reversa est,
Gaudiis turgescat vena,
Mortis vis abtersa est ;
Mœsti procul sunt dolores,
Læti redeant amores !
Halleluia !"

This charming piece is faithfully reproduced in spirit, and, so far as our less flexible language will permit, in melody, in a translation contributed by Rev. E. A. Washburn to Dr. Schaff's Christ in Song:—

"Still thy sorrow, Magdalena!

Wipe the tear-drops from thine eyes;
Not at Simon's board thou kneelest,
Pouring thy repentant sighs;
All with thy glad heart rejoices,
All things sing with happy voices,
Hallelujah!

"Laugh with rapture, Magdalena!

Be thy drooping forehead bright;
Banished now is every anguish,
Breaks anew thy morning light:
Christ from death the world hath freed;
He is risen, is risen indeed!
Hallelujah!

"Joy, exult, O Magdalena!

He hath burst the rocky prison;
Ended are the days of darkness,
Conqueror hath He arisen.
Mourn no more the Christ departed;
Run to welcome Him, glad-hearted.
Hallelujah!

"Lift thine eyes, O Magdalena!

See, thy living Master stands!
See his face, as ever, smiling;
See those wounds upon his hands,
On his feet, his sacred side,—
Gems that deck the Glorified.
Hallelujah!

Live, now live, O Magdalena!

Shining in thy new-born day;
Let thy bosom pant with pleasure,
Death's poor terror flee away;
Far from thee the tears of sadness,
Welcome love, and welcome gladness!
Hallelujah!"

Of the sacred singers of the twelfth century there are none whose lives afford more interesting or ampler materials for study than Bernard of Clairvaux. There was in his nature a combination of gentleness and fierceness, of humility and ambition, of fervor and severity, which constitutes him the representative monk of his time. He was born of a knightly family in Burgundy, in 1091, and at the age of twenty-two entered the monastery at Cîteaux, the home of the severest asceticism anywhere practiced at that time. Three years later, at the head of twelve monks, he was sent out to found a new establishment. The site selected was stony and desolate, and was fitly known as the Valley of

Wormwood. The monks suffered great privation. The rude building which they erected had the bare earth for a floor, and they slept upon planks, with logs for pillows. Their supplies failed them, and only the charity of their neighbors kept them alive through the first winter. Gradually, however, the barren ground yielded to their industry, and the Valley of Wormwood was transformed into the fair Valley of Clairvaux. Bernard's five brothers and his aged father sought refuge in the same retreat, so that the family ties were preserved in these new associations. Bernard's influence and fame extended rapidly. When Innocent II. and Anacletus II. were contending for the chair of St. Peter in 1130, it was Bernard who was selected by the king and the bishops of France to decide upon the claims of the rival Popes, and his choice of Innocent was sustained. It was Bernard who engaged in the great theological controversy with Abelard, which ended in the excommunication of the latter. It was Bernard who, in 1146, went over France and Germany preaching the second crusade; and by his fiery eloquence he kindled the religious enthusiasm of the people to fever heat. The terrible disasters which overtook this enterprise, and the popular indignation against him as the author of the movement, may have hastened his death, which occurred on the 20th of August, 1153. His last words to the weeping monks who stood around his bed were those of Paul: "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better."

The opposing elements in Bernard's character may be indicated briefly by two incidents. When his brother Gerard, whom he loved tenderly, died, he shed no tears, and the monks wondered at his firmness. He ascended the pulpit, and began his discourse as usual, but suddenly his emotions overpowered him, and his voice was lost in sobs. Unable longer to control himself, all the pent-up grief and tenderness of his heart found utterance. "Who," he cried with tearful vehemence, "could ever have loved

me as he did! Thou art in the eternal presence of the Lord Jesus, and hast angels for thy companions; but what have I to fill up the void thou hast left? Fain would I know thy feelings toward me, my brother, my beloved, if indeed it is permitted to one bathing in the floods of divine radiance to call to mind our misery, to be occupied with our grief." Yet the same Bernard, "the dove-like," as his friends were wont to call him, could be harsh and unjust when his plans were thwarted. When William was elected to the archbishopric of York, Bernard, who had desired the position for a Clairvaux monk, wrote bitterly against the new incumbent, charging him with ambition and simony, and condemning him to everlasting perdition. There was no real foundation for the charges, but nevertheless Bernard continued the persecution, until he had driven the archbishop from his place and secured the coveted position for his monk.

Among the hymns of exquisite beauty which we owe to this rarely-gifted spirit is one which deserves a place among Easter pieces. The original contains about two hundred lines, and is a jubilation on the name of Jesus. There are many variations of arrangement and combination in the original text, and there are numerous translations, the best being that by Rev. Edward Caswall, an English Catholic, which is given below. Dr. Schaff, with pardonable enthusiasm, describes it as the sweetest and most evangelical hymn of the Middle Ages:

" Jesu, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest!

" Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

" O hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

" But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his lovers know.

" O Jesu, Light of all below!
Thou fount of life and fire!
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire!

" Thee will I seek, at home, abroad,
Who everywhere art nigh;
Thee in my bosom's cell, O Lord,
As on my bed I lie.

" With Mary to thy tomb I'll haste,
Before the dawning skies,
And all around with longing cast
My soul's inquiring eyes;

" Beside thy grave will make my moan,
And sob my heart away;
Then at thy feet sink trembling down,
And there adoring stay;

" Nor from my tears and sighs refrain,
Nor those dear feet release,
My Jesu, till from Thee I gain
Some blessed word of peace."

The first four stanzas of the above are contained in many collections. It is worth noticing, as an illustration of the freaks of hymn-menders, that in the last line of the fourth stanza "lovers" is almost invariably given "loved ones;" a change from the active to the passive which alters and weakens the meaning.

While Bernard was defending the interests of the monks of Clairvaux with so much zeal, Peter the Venerable was at the head of the rival monastery at Cluny. He was born in Auvergne a year later than Bernard, and entered upon the government of the abbey of Cluny in 1122. He was a man of great gentleness and beauty of character, and his rule over the Cluniac monks was so mild as to draw down upon him a severe reproof from Bernard. He was charged with having a great variety of dishes at the table of the monastery, with providing the best of material for the habits of the monks, and with allowing those who were sick a staff to support their steps. His answer to these accusations was a gentle plea for charitable judgment. When Bernard attacked with great bitterness a Cluniac monk who had been made Bishop of Langres, Peter wrote to him, deprecating his harshness and defending the monk. When Abelard, old and worn with persecution, was overtaken with severe illness on his way to Rome, Peter opened to him the hospitable doors of Cluny, and extended to him

the tenderest care. He pleaded for him with the Pope, and brought about a reconciliation between him and Bernard, and when Abelard died, with the gentle kindness which characterized all his acts, Peter communicated the tidings to the faithful Heloisa. Peter died in 1156. Not many poems of his writing have come down to us, but his Easter hymn "Mortis portis fractis, fortis" is a marvel of ingenious and musical rhyme. Let us listen to a few lines:—

"Mortis portis fractis, fortis
Fortior vim sustulit;
Et per crucem regem truce
Infernorum percussit.
Lumen clarum tenebrarum
Sedibus resplenduit;
Dum salvare, recreare,
Quod creavit, voluit.
Hinc Creator, ne peccator
Moretur, moritur;
Cujus morte novâ sorte
Vita nobis oritur."

Such a measure as this defies translation, and after reading the Latin, Mrs. Charles's rendering of it seems inadequate enough:—

"Lo, the gates of death are broken,
And the strong man arm'd is spoil'd;
Of his armor, which he trusted,
By the Stronger Arm despoil'd.
Vanquish'd is the prince of hell,
Smitten by the cross he fell.

"Then the purest light resplendent
Shone those seats of darkness through,
When, to save whom He created,
God will'd to create anew.

"That the sinner might not perish,
For him the Creator dies;
By whose death our dark lot changing,
Life again for us doth rise.

"Satan groan'd, defeated then,
When the Victor ransom'd men;
Fatal was to him the strife,
Unto man the source of life;
Captured as he seized his prey,
He is slain as he would slay.

"Thus the King all hell hath vanquish'd
Gloriously and mightily;
On the first day leaving Hades,
Victor He returns on high.

"Thus God brought man back to heaven,
When He rose from out the grave,
The pure primal life bestowing,
Which creating first He gave.

'By the sufferings of his Maker,
To his perfect Paradise
The first dweller thus returneth;
Wherefore these glad songs arise."

Abelard represented the scholastic, Bernard the mystic, type of monkish character. In Adam of St. Victor we have a representative of a school of theology which sought to reconcile these often conflicting tendencies, and to fuse into the glowing eloquence of its prose and the passionate fervor of its poetry all that was best in both. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the monks of France led the sacred choir, and the religious establishment of St. Victor in the suburbs of Paris was one of the most famous for its poets and scholars. Of the external life of Adam all that is known is that he was born early in the twelfth century, either in Brittany or in Great Britain; that he studied in Paris, and entered the hermitage of St. Victor about 1130; and that he continued there until his death, which occurred, probably, in 1192. But there was no other of the mediæval poets who left to the church so rich a legacy of song. More than a hundred hymns of his writing remain to us, and of these at least half are of the first quality. It was his great delight to play upon the Old Testament types and symbols, and quite often in his hymns the theology overmasters the poetry. But he had such supreme command over form and rhyme that his poems are marvels of melody. Hear him, as at the close of a hymn on the Resurrection, full of Old Testament allusions, he bursts forth in such strains as these:

"Mors et vita conflixere,
Resurrexit Christus vere,
Et cum Christo surrexere
Multi testes gloriæ.
Mane novum, mane lætum
Vespertinum tergat fletum;
Quia vita vicit letum,
Tempus est lætitiæ.

"Jesu victor, Jesu vita,
Jesu, vitæ via trita,
Cujus morte mors sopita,
Ad paschalem nos invita
Mensam cum fiduciâ.
Vive panis, vivax unda,
Vera vitis et fœcunda,
Tu nos pascere, tu nos munda,
Ut a morte nos secunda
Tua salvet gratia."

After making all allowance for his defects, Trench says that "his profound acquaintance with the whole circle of

the theology of his time, and eminently with its exposition of Scripture; the abundant and admirable use which he makes of it, the exquisite art and variety with which for the most part his verse is managed and his rhymes disposed, their rich melody multiplying and ever deepening at the close; the strength which often he concentrates into a single line; his skill in conducting a story; and most of all the evident nearness of the things which he celebrates to his own heart of hearts,—these and other excellences render him, as far as my judgment goes, the foremost among the sacred Latin poets of the Middle Ages.” Even this cordial praise Dr. Neale considered scarcely sufficient.

Among the best of Adam’s Easter pieces is that the first two stanzas of which are given below. It is unincumbered with Old Testament allusions, and it dwells, in language of rare beauty, upon the coincidence of the opening spring-time and the Resurrection feast:

“ Mundi renovatio
Nova parit gaudia,
Resurgenti Domino
Conresurgunt omnia.
Elementa serviunt,
Et auctoris sentiunt
Quanta sint solemnia.

“ Ignis volat mobilis,
Et aer volubilis,
Fluit aqua labilis,
Terra manet stabilis,
Alta petunt levia,
Centrum tenent gravia,
Renovantur omnia.”

Philip S. Worsley is the author of this exquisite translation:—

“ Now the world’s fresh dawn of birth
Teems with new rejoicings rife;
Christ is rising, and on earth
All things with Him rise to life.
Feeling this memorial day,
Him the elements obey,
Serve, and lay aside their strife

“ Gleamy fire flits to and fro,
Throbs the everlasting air;
Water without pause doth flow,
And the earth stands firm and fair;
Light creations upward leap,
Heavier to the centre keep,
All things renovation share.

“ Clearer are the skies above,
And more quiet is the sea;
Each low wind is full of love,
Our own vale is blooming free;

Dryness flushing into green,
Warm delight where frost hath been,
For spring cometh tenderly.

“ Melted is the ice of death,
And the world’s prince driven away;
From amidst us vanisheth
All his old tyrannic sway.
He who sought to clasp more tight
That wherein he held no right,
Falls of his peculiar prey.

“ Life is vanquisher of Death
And the joy man lost of old,
That he now recovereth,
Even Paradise to hold;
For the Cherub keeping ward,
By the promise of the Lord,
Turns the many-flaming sword,
And the willing gates unfold.”

Either in this century or the next, there arose, in some unknown cloister, from the lips of a singer whose name has not come down to us, the triumphant Easter hymn “ *Finita jam sunt proelia*,” which Dr. Neale translates thus:—

“ Alleluia! Alleluia!
Finished is the battle now;
The crown is on the Victor’s brow!
Hence with sadness!
Sing with gladness
Alleluia!

“ Alleluia! Alleluia!
After sharp death that Him befell
Jesus Christ hath harrowed hell.
Earth is singing,
Heaven is ringing,
Alleluia!

“ Alleluia! Alleluia!
On the third morning He arose,
Bright with victory o’er his foes.
Sing we lauding,
And applauding,
Alleluia.

“ Alleluia! Alleluia!
He hath closed hell’s brazen door,
And heaven is open evermore!
Hence with sadness!
Sing with gladness
Alleluia!

“ Alleluia! Alleluia!
Lord, by thy wounds we call on Thee,
So from ill death to set us free,
That our living
Be thanksgiving!
Alleluia!”

Among the poems of Edward Caswall, there is a translation of a sweet Easter madrigal, whose date and authorship are alike uncertain:—

MARY MAGDALEN.

Jesus hath vanish’d; all in vain
I search for Him, and search again,

Seeking to relieve my pain ;
 My sobs the garden fill,
 My sighs in tears distill ;
 My heart is breaking. Where is he
 Who hath hid my love from me ?

JESUS

Who is this, in wild disorder,
 Running over bed and border ?
 O lady, speak ;
 Declare, declare,
 What flow'ret fair
 Hither you come to seek !
 Wherefore these piteous tears bedew your cheek ?

MARY MAGDALEN.

Say, O gentle gardener, say,
 Where have they borne my Lord away ?
 In what deep grave or glade,
 Have they his body laid ?
 Where is that lily sweet,
 The Son of God most dear ?
 Tell me, oh tell me where !
 That I may go and kiss his sacred feet,
 And my true Spouse adore,
 And to his mother's arms the Son restore !

JESUS.

Mary, what blindness hath come o'er thee ?
 I, thy Jesus, stand before thee !
 I that immortal flower
 Of Nazareth's fair bower ;
 I amid thousands the Elect alone,
 I thy belovéd, I thine own !

MARY MAGDALEN.

Jesus, Master ! Thy dear sight
 Quite dissolves me with delight !
 Oh, joy of joys, to see thy face,
 And those celestial feet embrace !

JESUS.

Touch me not yet. The hour is drawing nigh
 When thou shalt see me glorified on high ;
 Then in mine endless presence shalt thou rest,
 And, drinking of my light, live on forever blest !

Let us listen to one strain more before
 we leave the cloisters and their songs.
 This is from some unknown poet of the
 fourteenth or possibly of the sixteenth
 century. Hark, how jubilantly he calls
 upon everything in nature — sky and
 air, the awakening spring, lilies and vio-
 lets, hills, valleys, and fountains — to
 join in the exultation over the risen
 Lord !

" Plaudite cœli,
 Rideat æther,
 Summus et imus
 Gaudeat orbis !
 Transivit atræ
 Turba procellæ ;
 Subiit almæ !
 Gloria palmæ !

" Surgite verni,
 Surgite flores,
 Germina pictis
 Surgite campis ;
 Teneris mixtæ
 Violis rosæ,
 Candida sparsis
 Lilia calthis !

" Currite plenæ
 Carmina venis !
 Fundite lætum,
 Barbytha, metrum :
 Namque revixit,
 Sicuti dixit,
 Pius illæsus
 Funere Jesus !

" Plaudite montes,
 Ludite fontes ;
 Resonent valles,
 Repetunt colles :
 Io revixit,
 Sicuti dixit,
 Pius illæsus
 Funere Jesus ! "

Mrs. Charles gives us the following ad-
 mirable version, in which comparative-
 ly little of the meaning or the music of
 the original is lost : —

" Smile praises, O sky !
 Soft breathe them, O air !
 Below and on high
 And everywhere !
 The black troop of storms
 Has yielded to calm ;
 Tufted blossoms are peeping,
 And early palm.

" Awake thee, O spring !
 Ye flowers, come forth,
 With thousand hues tinting
 The soft green earth :
 Ye violets tender,
 And sweet roses bright,
 Gay Lent lilies blended
 With pure lilies white.

" Sweep tides of rich music
 The new world along,
 And pour in full measure,
 Sweet lyres, your song.
 Sing, sing, for He liveth !
 He lives, as He said ;
 The Lord has arisen
 Unharmd from the dead.

" Clap, clap your hands, mountains,
 Ye valleys, resound !
 Leap, leap for joy, fountains,
 Ye hills, catch the sound !
 All triumph ; He liveth !
 He lives, as He said ;
 The Lord has arisen
 Unharmd from the dead."

Frank Foxcroft:

IRENE THE MISSIONARY.

I.

To a young person of Irene Grant's studious and imaginative nature, it was probably a developing and educating providence that she had grown up in the bookish tranquillity of a country parsonage.

At all events, she had reason to be thankful that the loneliness and quietude of her girlish life had led her to pass much time in her father's library, and to read there more of history than most young ladies know. The result of this poring over Plutarch, Rollin, and the Classical Dictionary was that now, as she sailed through the *Ægean*, with the sable mountain shores of *Ionian* on one hand, and the many-hued, abrupt *Cyclades* on the other, she saw far more than was visible to the naked eye. She saw races and kingdoms and glories of famous ages; she saw the grace and splendor and power of *Hellas* and *Persia* and *Rome*; she saw the sublime past brooding over the beautiful present.

Ever since she had sighted the Old World it had been a magic voyage. All the way from *Gibraltar* to *Smyrna*, in the dear old bark *Sultana*, and then from *Smyrna* onward hither, in the steamer *Imperatore*, it had been a cruise through the marvelous, the venerably ancient, the sublimely illustrious. The young woman — this rather unusual young woman — was in a continual tremor of enthusiasm. I mean what I say: it was no pretense of interest and excitement; it was honest and profound feeling. Even her sedate friend, Mr. Wesley Payson, veteran Orientalist and zealous classical scholar as he was, occasionally smiled at the emotion which she showed when he pointed out to her some site which great deeds or thoughts had made honorable forever.

"*Halicarnassus!*" she had exclaimed, looking reverently up the deep, solemn bay, at the head of which once stood the

mother of historians. "Was *Halicarnassus there?*"

"Yes, and truly," he replied. "There *Herodotus* was born, and *Dionysius*. It is very impressive to be reminded of it. What does the world not owe to those narrators of the origins of the two greatest of uninspired peoples!"

Then he watched with grave and kindly interest to see how steadily and reverently she gazed toward the seat of the vanished city, shrouded among the funeral mountains of the *Ionian* shore.

"We are such butterflies!" she said at last. "I am such a mere fleeting insect compared with these names which will last so long!"

It was the old complaint of the individual human entity over its own unimportance and ephemerality. Mr. Payson remembered with sympathy that in his youthful days he had often secretly indulged in like bemoaning.

"Everything here is so old and so great," Irene continued, turning to him with a smile, — a smile which was sad, and which yet apologized for being sad. "The mountains look like giants who will live forever. And we are so little, — the very steamer is so little. It seems as if these headlands and islands might step out and trample it into the sea."

"The Maker of these great scenes must be very great," said Mr. Payson, with a beautiful expression of loving reverence. "I would, Irene, that my dear friend, your wise and devout father, could have looked upon this majesty. He would have found a noble joy in it."

The young lady turned slightly away, leaned her elbows on the high bulwarks, and pressed one hand against her face. It was evident that her father had been taken from her, and not long since. When she removed her hand and lifted her eyes once more toward the *Asian* mountains, she had an air of enforced

composure and resignation which was full of tragic dignity. A young man who stood not far off, furtively but earnestly gazing at her, thought that he had never seen a more noble and touching expression.

It must be explained that, even in her ordinary moods, she was handsome enough to attract notice. Her figure was a little above the usual womanly height, rather slender than otherwise, and very graceful in carriage. Her eyes and hair were dark brown; her features fairly regular, and the face a plump oval; her complexion a clear, healthy, medium brunette, without color. Her smile came infrequently, and as it were shyly, but it curled her upper lip in a peculiarly engaging way, and it was not only arch but very charming. Her dress was a plain black traveling suit, with trimmings which indicated a late bereavement. In short, she was so attractive that the young gentleman above mentioned felt drawn to approach her traveling companion and engage him in conversation.

"I see that you are an American," he said. "Will you allow me to introduce myself as a countryman? My name is DeVries, — Hubertsen DeVries, of Albany."

"Dear sir, I am delighted to see you," replied Mr. Payson, shaking hands with a cordiality which evidently surprised the other. "Are you related to Mrs. Killian DeVries? Her son? I am most happy to meet you. I stayed at your mother's godly house last summer for two weeks. I was at the meeting of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and I had the good fortune to be her guest. She told me—I remember it now—that she had a son in Europe. What a providential circumstance that I should be led to find you! You must be my guest in Syria."

But we will pass over the dislocated and wandering conversation of a first interview, and state at once that DeVries promptly became an intimate acquaintance of the Payson party. In twelve hours he learned all their simple histories, and told them something of

his own unimportant adventures. It appeared that Mr. Payson had been for twenty years a missionary in the Levant, and that Mrs. Payson was but a late addition to his sedate circle of interests.

"I had striven for a long time to follow the example of a far worthier than I," he said, referring of course to St. Paul. "But," he added with a smile, "the brethren in Syria thought it would be better for the mission if I would take a wife. I neither assented nor refused. But, as I had not once been home, I agreed to ask for a year's absence, leaving that other matter in the hands of Providence. It was well—it was every way well—that I did so. It was best for me, although I had no right to claim that. I was led to meet and to admire and to seek a person who has greatly increased my happiness, and who is dearer to me than any other visible object in this most beautiful earth. But I am talking of myself," he subjoined, with his sweet, child-like smile, tinted now with an expression of apology. "It is a very unworthy subject, even for myself."

"No, you were talking of Mrs. Payson," replied DeVries. "And that is not an unworthy subject."

"We are one," said the missionary, still smiling. "I am thankful for it, but I must not prattle about it. We are all like children, bragging of our own toys. To keep my tongue off from mine requires a struggle. Up to a certain point I think the Arab is right in begging your pardon if he has to mention his wife. His defect is that he does it in a spirit of scorn for woman, instead of modesty as to his own affairs and belongings."

It is difficult to say whether DeVries, a handsome fellow of not more than twenty-six, was most puzzled or amused by this simple-hearted devotion, which found it difficult not to boast of a wife who was well past thirty, whose comeliness was already a little too plump and matronly, whose amiable discourse was shy and hesitating almost to stammering, and who was so doubtful of her own power to interest that she frequently

broke off her sentences with an apologetic giggle. Mrs. Payson was clearly a very earnestly good and very sweet-tempered lady, with a strong instinct toward caring for others at the expense of her own repose and comfort. But she was not the kind of creature—so our pretty and wealthy young gentleman thought—to excite a husband to sinful vainglory. He decided that the subject was to be dropped, not merely as a forbidden one to Mr. Payson, but also as an uninteresting one to himself.

“And you are taking out Miss Grant as a missionary,” he said, turning to a more alluring topic. “It is too bad.”

“How so?” asked the clergyman, with a gentle glance of surprise.

DeVries colored as the young do when they become conscious that they have committed a blunder. “Excuse me,” he apologized, “I spoke absent-mindedly. But, really, isn’t she too young to be buried away in these savage lands? I want to say, too nice; but then I don’t mean to insinuate that you are not nice.”

“No,—no,—no,” slowly returned the missionary, with touching solemnity, his eyes meanwhile resting on the coast of sublime mountains. “We are none of us too good or too fair to labor for the Maker of this most beautiful world.”

“Exactly!” DeVries bowed, with both politeness and embarrassment. “I admit that, of course. And yet”—

“I understand you,” said the missionary. “She is very young and very engaging. She would be a grace and a pleasure to any society. It seems at first glance wrong to drag such a fair and happy young thing from civilization down to the companionship of semi-barbarism. But consider what she comes for, what her errand is in these regions. However, I will not enlarge upon the worthiness of mission work; I presume that you will concede that. She conceded it. I did not urge it upon her. Far be it from me to lay such a duty upon any young head! The dear child came with the full purpose of her own sweet soul. So I trust.”

He paused, sighed deeply as if over some painful recollection, and then pro-

ceeded: “Moreover, this is her refuge; this venture is her flight from sorrow,—from deep sorrow enhanced by poverty. I must tell you a little of her story. It will explain to you how she came to leave her native land, and how I was brought to share the responsibility of her great step. She is a child of my old college room-mate and dear friend, John Grant. He was my best earthly friend. Let me tell you what a friend he was: he was my guide to Calvary. I passed twenty years of my life without a knowledge of the Saviour of men,” he added, with an expression of self-reproach which almost amounted to horror. “That these eyes ever looked up to the cross is owing, under Heaven, to John Grant. Do you think,” he asked fervidly, his grave, light blue eyes filling with tears,—“do you think that I, under inexpressible and eternal obligations to that precious, departed friend, would do one thing or say one word which would lead his child to take up a load which, for aught I knew, might be too great for her? I did not dare to counsel her. I neither said come, nor stay. I left it all with the Master of all. I laid it before him incessantly with secret prayers, and I am not ashamed to say with tears. She was his creature. What right had I to say what she should do? Well, she came. I hope and venture to believe that it is for the best.”

DeVries was profoundly awed. Here were thoughts, here was a life of beliefs and feelings, with which he had naught whatever to do, and which seemed sublimely and even fearfully above him. He remained gravely silent, as men are apt to do who see quite another world open, and who feel that they are not worthy to enter therein.

“Ah, my poor friend!” resumed Mr. Payson, after a pause of reminiscence. “What a struggling, anxious, sorrowful life he had of it at the last! It is wonderful how even the choicest gold of earth must be tried for its more complete purification. But I am intruding this subject upon you.”

DeVries, who felt reverentially subjugated by the topic, as well as compas-

sionately interested in it, begged him to go on.

"I shall be short," said the missionary. "Grant lost his health, and as a consequence lost his parish. It seems cruel thus to abandon a pastor who has fallen in watching his sheep. But let us not judge. I do not perhaps know how much another pastor was needed. It was all done in my absence; and in my absence, too, he died. There was no money. He had had five mouths to fill, and he had sought to educate his three girls thoroughly, and so had laid up nothing in this world. I reached home to find him in his grave, and his family in sore destitution."

He paused a moment, as if dwelling upon sorrowful scenes, not to be rehearsed. The piteous suppression, the decorous reserve of his manner of narration, made it the more affecting.

"I hope something was done for them," said DeVries, with the impatience of strong sympathy.

"Kind friends, who became informed of their case, came to their aid," replied Mr. Payson, still keeping back much, — his own help. "The mother has now a position, the matronship of a hospital, for which she is fitted admirably. When I last heard from her she was evidently finding consolation in her labors. Thanks be to that mercy which has turned the curse of toil into a blessing!"

"I am glad that Miss Grant is with you," said the young man, looking up with reverence, and with a strange sense of gratitude also, into that worn, grave, sweet countenance.

"I hope and I trust that it will be for her good and for the good of many. The mission has rarely been endowed with so fine an intellect. I do not speak of her conversation. She is young and shy. But there is the making of a scholar in that girl; and a woman who can educate her sex is needed among us; educated women are the great need of Syria."

"And what has become of the two sisters?" inquired DeVries, who could not hear enough about these Grants.

"They are still at school, — the one

eighteen, the other sixteen. They are being supported while they study and ripen for teachers."

DeVries wondered if they were as pretty as Irene, and if he should ever meet them. He would have been glad to win some interest from Miss Grant herself, but in the sanctity of her chosen career she seemed removed from him, and almost beyond his ambition. Yes, somewhat to his surprise, and perhaps a little to his annoyance, it appeared to him that this poor clergyman's daughter was above him, and had been so adjudged by one of the saints who are to judge the earth.

II.

It is curious how formidable a person may be to other people without suspecting it, and while, in fact, holding them in awe.

Any one who has the least knowledge of human nature will divine that Irene Grant was much more afraid of Hubertsen DeVries than he could be afraid of her. I think that country youth is almost always shyly humble, or else shyly defiant, in the presence of city youth.

I suspect also that in our American society there is no young gentleman so grand and so redoubtable in the eyes of a poor girl as the young gentleman who has a great deal of money. No matter for native dignity, for conscious worth of character, for noble or even sacred purposes in life. They all seem to fail, alas, and to hide diminished countenances, in presence of a fact which appeals to the natural desires and strong needs of feminine nature. Money is power, and therefore aristocracy; moreover, it means decoration, beautifulness, and the gratification of vanity; finally, it shields one from bitter labor and the world's roughnesses and scorn. Even when a girl does not distinctly state to herself any one of these things, and will not harbor a purpose to appropriate whatever fortune walks incarnate into her presence, she finds it difficult not to be vaguely oppressed by it. Society

aids the magic; elder ladies cast meaning glances; young comrades whirl around the golden candlestick; the drift is toward the glitter.

I wish it to be perfectly understood that Irene was merely afraid of her wealthy young traveling companion. She had not a desire nor even a thought of fascinating him. On the contrary, she had a painful belief that even to interest him, to make his time pass agreeably, was beyond her power.

But this embarrassment in his society, this despondent shyness which almost amounted to aversion, rapidly melted away under his persistent gentleness and courtesy. DeVries had been affected by the pathos and simple eloquence of Mr. Payson in rehearsing the sorrows of the Grant family. The imagination and magnanimity of youth had been aroused in him. He had day-dreams on the subject. He pictured himself as belonging to John Grant's parish, and as preventing him from being turned away homeless. He had plans in his head for endowing the orphans, and for relieving the widow from her enforced toil. As to Irene there present, he longed to be a consolation to her, and was tenderly glad when he could make her smile. He was so kind, and above all he was so delicately courteous, that she marveled at his sweet manners, and marveled too why he should be so good to her. The result was that in a day's acquaintance she not only lost her sense of embarrassment and her shy defiance, but gained confidence to prattle with him as unconstrainedly as if he were an old friend.

The motley deck-load of passengers, consisting largely of Moslem pilgrims bound to Mecca, and of Christian pilgrims bound to Jerusalem, was an inexhaustible source of amusement and conversation, and afforded small adventures which seemed very great to this novice in travel.

"It is like Noah's ark, leaving out the animals," she said, glancing over the variously vested huddles of humanity.

"Yes, the descendants of Shem and Ham and Japhet are here," replied De-

Vries, whose favorite science was ethnology.

At this moment a dwarfish old pilgrim, with a long silver beard and a wonderfully white, wilted visage, his lean little figure attired from head to foot in sheep-skin raiment, stepped up to the young man, bowed down almost to the deck, and made him an address in some hyperborean tongue.

"What *does* he say?" exclaimed Irene, her brown eyes sparkling with wonder and curiosity.

"I wish I knew," answered DeVries, looking about him for an interpreter.

A slight, dark man, badly dressed in European costume, raised his hat, and asked, "*Parla Lei l'Italiano?*" (Do you speak Italian?)

"Sì, signore," said the young man.

Irene glanced at him with respect and admiration. Her education and the opinion of the society in which she had been reared caused her to reverence learned people, and such she held linguists to be. Moreover, she had studied Italian a little; and she thought it the most beautiful of all languages, and looked with envy upon those who could speak it.

"I have been in Russia," explained the swarthy man, handling the *lingua Toscana* like one foreign to it, at least in its purity. "This pilgrim says that you look like the prince to whom he belongs, and he wants to know if you are the prince's son; for he says the prince has a son who is traveling, and he thinks he is going to Jerusalem."

Irene understood the word *principe* and the word *figlio*, and she guessed therefrom the meaning of the sentence. She looked up at DeVries again with a smile of satisfaction. He was tall and blonde and handsome, and surely he had a very noble bearing. It was quite natural that he should be taken for the son of a Russian prince; and to the young lady who leaned upon his arm it was somehow very agreeable.

"Tell him, if you please, that I have not that honor," said the American.

"Many thanks for translating."

There were a few words in Russian

between the dark man and the milky-faced patriarch. Then the latter turned to DeVries and uttered another lengthy discourse, speaking to him directly and with a composed volubility, as if he could not believe in any barrier of language.

"He apologizes for speaking to a prince," explained the interpreter. "He says he hopes that you will get to Jerusalem and see his young lord, and that he will see him also."

The patriarch listened with turned face to the strange speech, shook his capoted head sadly over his failure to comprehend, and then, with another wonderfully low salutation, moved away. The patience in his ancient, withered face, as he took his stand by the bulwark, and settled his pale-blue eyes southward, — this simple, ignorant, long-suffering patience of waiting for the sight of the Holy City, — was something truly pathetic.

"What wide countries he has traversed, of which he knows nothing!" said DeVries. "Will he ever get back?"

"He has perhaps come as far as I have, or something like it," sighed Irene. "He may be a Siberian."

"And will you ever get back?" asked the young man, bending upon her a look of pity.

She shook her head. That woful query had been in her mind, but she did not wish to talk of it, and perhaps could not.

"I don't want you to shake your head and purse up your lips," he insisted. "I want to know plainly what you think and feel about it."

She smiled archly. She was determined not to be frank and serious on this subject. Solemn speech about it might end in crying before twenty nationalities.

"I have settled on the very day," she said. "When I have done twenty-five years' work here, when I am a grave, middle-aged lady with a white frontlet, I will go home and attend a meeting of the American Board. You shall be there, and subscribe liberally, especially for the Syrian mission."

"I won't do it," he replied. "If

you will turn round and go back this year, I'll come down with something handsome."

"Oh, no; you know I can't," she said, turning more serious. "Can't you understand that I don't want to talk of it? How shabby, too, for me to be prattling about myself when I have such a world around me, — such a strange world of scenery and people! Look at the old Russian! He is still gazing toward Jerusalem. I begin to think that a people with such enthusiasm will get there some day."

"They reached Jerusalem once," observed DeVries. "They may reach it again."

"I don't remember that they ever reached it."

"The Skythians," explained the ethnologist. He was on his favorite science now, and could not help talking of it. It must be remembered, moreover, that he had a high respect for Miss Grant's intellect, and that he wished to secure her respect and admiration for himself, even at the risk of seeming pedantic.

"Herodotus," he continued, "says that the Skythians who pursued the Kimmerians out of Europe penetrated as far as the frontiers of Egypt. It is almost certain, in my humble opinion, that the Skythians of Europe were Sklavonians. The later Greek writers say that in their time the Skythians or Skoloti of Herodotus were called Sklabenoi. What is that but Sklavonian?"

Irene was at least as much confounded by his scholarship as will be the ordinary ignorant believer in the Turanian origin of the Skythians. She looked up at him with pretty, reverential surprise, and judged that he could answer any query which she knew enough to propose.

"And the man who translated for you?" she asked. "I thought he stammered a little in Italian. What is he?"

"A Maltese, — a descendant of the Carthaginians," said the ethnologist. "Don't you believe it? The Arabic of Malta is the same with the Arabic of Tunis, and they are neither of them pure Arabic. They are quite as much like Hebrew; and Hebrew, as we know from

the Phœnician inscriptions, was the Punic tongue; it was the language of Canaan, spoken by the Jews as well as by most of their neighbors."

"How much more interesting the East is for knowing its history!" said Irene, full of a bookish girl's gratitude for such lessons, and not in the least questioning their soundness. "I should think you would stay here for years and investigate everything."

"I mean to investigate something. I am going to Philistia to dig up the old Philistines."

"What! to prove that they were not nine feet high? Oh, Mr. DeVries! You might be in more useful business."

"You are thinking of the Anakims," he smiled, glad to have her scold him; it seemed so intimate. "Please excuse me for being so particular and sensitive about my pet subject, and for being so long-winded as I shall be. I am like Coleridge's Ancient Mariner; I know the man who must hear me, and the young lady also. No, I don't propose to settle the stature of the Anakims, who were quite another people from the Philistines, though for a time under their rule. What I want to decide is whether the Philistines proper — the race sometimes called Cherethites — were of European origin. Some German scholars are now of that opinion. There is a little proof of it. It seems to be reasonable to identify them with certain broods of pirates and invaders who appear on the Egyptian monuments as making landings from their ships on the coasts of Egypt and Palestine. Those broods, it is supposed, came from Crete, from the Grecian islands in general, and even from continental Hellas. What if I could dig up ruins, pottery, ornaments, and inscriptions, showing that the little people which enslaved Israel and slew Saul was a colony of the same people which destroyed Ilium! Why, there is a possibility that young warriors who fought against Hector may have fought as middle-aged men on Mount Gilboa. The idea sets my imagination in a blaze, and positively keeps me awake of nights. I want to prove it."

"Oh, dear, I wish you could; I hope you will!" answered Irene, enthusiastically. She too loved the Greeks, and wanted to trace them into Bible history, which she also loved.

Then there was a cry of interest on the densely populated forecabin of the steamer. Hands were seen pointing over the shining sea, which stretched placidly southward, and the word *land* was repeated from mouth to mouth in many languages.

"It is Rhodes," called Mrs. Payson, who was tottering eagerly toward them through the motley groups, now likely to fall upon a sprawling Christian, and now to crush a true believer. She came up, out of breath, smiling in her amiable, shy way, and a little spasmodic about the corners of the mouth. "It is really the famous island of the Colossus," she added, and then giggled a little, as if apologizing for her enthusiasm. "Mr. Payson says so," she added, quoting her husband, a common habit with her.

"Oh, why does n't he come on deck and see it!" exclaimed Irene, rustling toward the cabin gangway in such haste that she nearly upset a Cossack's dinner of black bread crumbed in a wooden bowl of water.

"Don't call him," begged the considerate wife, reverent of her lord's slightest occupations, — a wife of the old school. "He is talking Hebrew with a Jewish rabbi. He never misses a chance to practice Hebrew. But he will go on shore with us."

"Oh, on shore!" cried Irene. "Among the knights!"

"And among the Romans!" echoed DeVries.

"And the Greeks!" laughed Irene. "Perhaps you will find a Philistine. Every day is more wonderful than the last."

"And the to-morrow more wonderful than all."

"I should think you were both mad," said Mrs. Payson, confounded by what she had perhaps never known, the animal spirits of youth.

"It is much learning which has made me mad," returned Irene, quoting Script-

ure with freedom, as ministers' children do.

Here she looked at DeVries, and they both laughed again, sorely puzzling serious, amiable Mrs. Payson. Then they mounted settees, the young man holding the girl by the arm, and strained their eyes over the glassy, gleaming sea, and pointed out to each other a low mound of hazy azure.

III.

That afternoon of Irene's in Rhodes, could it only have been preserved and put away like choice wine, would be such a draught of happiness as any of us might rejoice to purchase. It was a gladness merely to look around upon the little magic cup of a harbor, illustrious with memories as numerous as its ripples of bright sea-water, and crowded with spectral galleons and argosies. How eloquently the small surges babbled of ancient freedom, commerce, art, and valor, as they tossed along the sides of lateen-sailed coasters, or foamed against the base of ruinous moles and fortifications!

It was a sort of pocket haven, quite wonderfully small for its age and glory, and quite surprisingly bare of anything that deserved the name of shipping. Irene could scarcely believe that here memorable navies had sheltered themselves, and that here valiant men and great captains had won at least imperishable renown. The common notion that the Colossus bestrode the whole of that straitened entrance seemed hardly an extravagance. Black, venerable, weather-beaten stones, dislocated by unnumbered tempests and adversities, received their feet at the landing-place. Lean, yellow, ragged Jews cringed and whined to them for alms, and supple, fawning, smiling Greeks offered them bronze coins and statuettes. Mr. Payson distributed a few piastres among the mendicants, gently waived away the hawkers of doubtful antiquities, and led on into the depopulated, silent little city. Irene had never before seen nor imagined such an architectural wilder-

ness. Its bareness of men and its tomb-like stillness were inexpressibly solemnizing and pathetic. When the begging and the huckstering had fairly dropped away from the travelers, they were as much alone as if they had been threading a country lane. And yet they were in a solidly built street of a capital which had for ages teemed with life and movement and riches, and had more than once been dreaded for its warlike power.

It seemed to Irene that she was walking through a cemetery. She felt as if it would be indecorous and unfeeling to tread here with hasty feet. Almost unconsciously she lagged behind Mr. and Mrs. Payson, accompanied only by DeVries. "How *can* they go so fast!" she said to him. "I wish they would n't."

"We shall not lose them in the crowd," he smiled.

"It is pitiful," she continued, glancing about the untenanted, sombre streets. "I want leisure to pity this forsaken city. I have hardly ever in my life seen anything so mournful."

"What a government it must be that can reduce such a country to such a condition!" was the comment of the male republican. "How much longer will the civilized world have patience with it?"

Irene, who was not a voter and a statesman, remained in her mood of sentiment. "Oh," she said, "shall you ever forget this day?"

He looked at her, thought she had a very lovely poetical expression, and replied, "I shall have more than one reason for remembering it."

He supposed that she would understand his allusion, and his heart beat a little quicker than usual, veteran young beau as he was. But Irene was meeker and more innocent than he thought, and did not easily divine a compliment, or suspect a flirtation. Moreover, the sight of ruin was newer to her than to him, and had not yet lost any whit of its melancholy magic. In reply to his speech she sighed, "Yes, indeed," and continued to gaze about the decayed city. Her air of tender and reverent posses-

sion brought DeVries back to a sympathy with fallen Rhodes.

"It reminds one of a bit of Persian poetry," he said. "The spider spins his web in the palaces of Kaiser, and the owl stands sentinel on the towers of Afrasiab."

"How could a Persian write anything so beautiful!" exclaimed Irene.

"They have had misfortunes and glories enough. It is a noble race, which has suffered unnumbered calamities, as well as done great deeds."

At this moment they heard a call in front, and perceived that their companions were awaiting them.

"We are about to enter the Street of Palaces," said Mr. Payson. "You will see, over many of the gate-ways, the blazonries of the grand masters and the chiefest nobles of the Order of St. John. They were earnest men, great in soul and deed; they spent their lives for the faith in which they believed. No doubt they had their errors of doctrine and of practice; but the world is a nobler world because they lived. I would that the Christianity of to-day had more of their self-sacrifice and singleness of purpose. Even their enemies and the haters of their religion revered them. Three centuries and a half ago they were driven forth by the Turk, and yet he has left their carved blazonries undefaced."

A gently curving street, of considerable length and perhaps twenty-five feet in width, stretched before the sight-seers. On either side of it rose a massive wall of noble mansions, all the more dignified because their hewn masonry was gnawed by time and blackened by neglect, and clothed as it were in solemnity by their uniform aspect of desertion. Excepting two or three open doors and a few shattered window-shutters flying ajar, there was not a sign of inhabitation. The chance passer-by, or the doleful creatures of the wilderness, might have entered in and dwelt, without disturbance. One was tempted to say, "These are palaces built by Jinns for the abode of the princes of the air." They could hardly have been more destitute of all sign of humanity if they had stood in the midst

of a desert. The ancient, well-worn, dust-mantled street was also a solitude; as far as eye could reach there was not a man nor even a beast visible. Down upon this scene of desolation looked the lordly blazons of the knights and grand masters, as if the ghosts whom they memorialized held full possession of all.

"Don't you half wish that you had lived in those days?" said Irene to DeVries.

"Just now I quite wish it," he replied.

They were bewitched, as young Americans are apt to be, by the spectacle of nobility in ruins.

"You would have had nothing to do here, Irene," said Mrs. Payson. "The knights were bachelors, I believe. Ladies had no career under them."

"I don't see that their bachelorhood would have hindered. I could have been a nurse in the hospitals."

"You are to be a nurse, I trust, in the great hospital of souls," remarked Mr. Payson. "We can all be nurses in that, wherever we are. It is a hospital which covers the earth."

"Ah, yes, I am satisfied," the girl answered.

DeVries could not help feeling aggrieved over her expression of satisfaction. He was a little aggrieved, too, by Mr. Payson's devout conversation, which was perpetually flashing in like a chariot of fire between him and Irene, and lifting her beyond his own possibilities of soaring. Once more he said to himself that it was a shame such a lovely girl, so attractively rich in personal charms and intellect and feeling, should be rapt away into the desert of mission-ground. There was one comfort under these trying circumstances: the young lady occasionally looked to him for sympathy with her emotions concerning the earthly great and beautiful; it indicated a chance that they might yet come to a broad and satisfactory understanding with regard to — to things in general.

Slowly, and for the most part in silence, they wandered on through the Street of Palaces. At the upper end its monotony of solitude was broken by the

advent of a muleteer driving an overladen donkey, whose tiny hoofs fell noiselessly on the unclean pavement. The presence of these *two* creatures, the sole reminders and survivors of a once flourishing activity and pomp, made the wasteness and mournfulness of the princely avenue more striking than ever.

"What a contrast!" said Irene. "Is he carrying food for the ghosts?"

"I will send a fire on them that dwell carelessly in the isles," quoted Mr. Payson. "Be still, ye inhabitants of the isle, thou whom the merchants of Sidon have replenished."

Emerging from the palatial desolation, they came upon lofty, venerable ramparts, shaken and tarnished by centuries of the hostility of nature. It seemed strange and almost unearthly to discover a wall of defense around such a city of death. Was there peril that an army of ghosts from the outside would deliver an assault and drive out the inhabiting spectres? Along the summit of the fortifications were scattered ponderous globes of granite, the cannon-balls of perished ages, as if in preparation against supernatural forlorn hopes. It required but a slight effort of the imagination to see, aloft there, gleaming suits of mail and the red-cross banners of the Hospitalers. Only, with them mingled irrationally the great shields and plumed helms of heavy-armed Greeks who fought against the dull batterings and clanking assaults of Demetrius Poliorcetes. It was an incongruous picture of too many heroisms and too many departed cycles.

"To think that the knights remembered the Greeks as we remember them!" said Irene. "Oh, the world has lasted very long."

"And it will last when we are gone," commented Mr. Payson. "We are bubbles on the surface of an ocean. We vanish, and it remains."

De Vries admired the man and respected his solemn meditations, but rather wished that he would keep them more to himself, at least when Miss Grant was in company. He almost felt jealous of this middle-aged, married, devout gentleman because of his obvious

influence over the mind and feelings of that attractive young person.

The four paused for a moment to look out through the arched gate-way upon the sun-burnished, magical lands beyond. The two Turkish soldiers who guarded it were squatting in the vaulted alcove which served them for quarters. All was silence and solitude before and behind the travelers. It seemed as if they stood in the portal of some enchanted city. There was a doubt if they had a right to pass through it.

"We need not be afraid, Irene," smiled Mr. Payson, guessing at the feeling within her, for he was a many-sided man and very sympathetic. "The dead and the living alike have no objection to your making a pilgrimage. You and Mr. DeVries can take a run up to that green hill yonder, and see what you can discover. The young always imagine that just beyond them there is something wonderful. As for Mrs. Payson, who looks like the hart that panteth for the water-brooks, she had better stay with me in the shadow."

The two juniors set forward on their Lilliputian adventure. Once outside of the solemn city and away from her almost equally serious guardians, the youthful blood in Irene broke forth in a cry of joy and in a gleeful run toward the verdant acclivity. DeVries ran also, heartily glad to see this jet of human frolic in her, and wishing that he could race her clean out of her missionaryhood. They went nearly two hundred yards in this style, really making something like a struggle of it, laughing and panting like children.

"Oh, dear! I can't go a step further," gasped Irene, coming to a walk. "Besides, what will they think of me?"

"Never mind," counseled DeVries, the worldly creature!

"Oh, but I do mind. However, they won't reprove. Mr. Payson is the most cheerful good man that ever was. You would n't guess it, but he is really fond of a joke, and he loves to see child's play. Only, I don't want them to fear that I am too kittenish for a missionary. I don't want to trouble them."

"I don't see how they can criticise," said DeVries, looking at her with undisguised admiration.

Her brown eyes were very bright, and her usually pale complexion was hot with color, and she was really beautiful.

"Oh, see!" she exclaimed, all absorbed in the sublime sweetness of landscape and ocean.

They were on the brow of the gracious eminence. Only a little below them, at the base of a gentle and sunny slope, was the miniature city of silence, surrounded by its sombre and time-stricken ramparts, and lifting against the sea its few domes and minarets. Beyond stretched the great splendor of the Mediterranean, gleaming without limit into southern distances, a silver sheet of eternal summer. On the left, and only twelve or fifteen miles away, towered the huge black promontory of Southern Caria, a noble sweep of stern, bare, infinitely picturesque mountains, striding fiercely into the waves, as if in menace of the beautiful island. In the opposite direction rose the long green slopes of Artemira, the pine-clad highlands of Rhodes, and the parent of its coolest breezes and brightest rivulets.

"I don't wonder that the knights fought hard to keep such an *Isola Felice*," said Irene.

"Wouldn't you like to live here?" asked DeVries, with pointed emphasis. The beauty of the scene and the intoxicating fact of sharing its beauty with this charming girl had quite turned his sagacious head for the moment, and made him feel that they two could make of Rhodes a Paradise.

"I am going to a lovelier land," was the uncomprehending, but still discouraging response.

With a little sense of pique the young man drew himself up to his full height, and resumed a study of the landscape. Indeed, he was able within a minute or so quite to forget his impulse toward a Rhodian Eden, and to discourse of the glorious spectacle around him as became a man of the world and a scholar whose forte was ethnology.

IV.

Irene gazed longest at the magnificent Asiatic coast, and especially at the iron-browed cape which reached out toward the island.

"I think that the old Rhodians must always have been afraid when they looked toward that grim main-land," she said. "Who lived there in the most ancient times?"

DeVries smiled at her confidence in his antiquarian knowledge, and replied, with an air which was an imitation of one of his university professors, "The brazen shielded Carians sought refuge there after they had been driven from the Cyclades and the seas by Minos."

"How glibly you say it off!" she laughed. "But who, exactly, were the brazen-shielded Carians?"

"Oh, dear!" he replied, becoming serious again, as such a subject demanded. "If you only knew and would tell me, I would fall down and worship you. I could settle the great controversy as to whether they were Hamites or Europeans."

"And why don't you dig there, as well as in *Philistia*?"

"I want to. I want to dig everywhere. The whole of Asia Minor ought to be excavated. But I must attend to the *Philistines* first."

"I do hope you will find a very long inscription, and be able to read every word of it."

"I would rather find such a thing than find a great hoard of money."

"Ah, you don't know what it is to need money. I am sometimes foolish enough to have reveries about discovering treasure."

"I wonder if she would drop missionarying," thought DeVries, "if I should offer her my fortune, and myself, of course, with it."

But he was not prepared to utter the proposal. It takes many such random thoughts to make a set purpose. I suppose that a young man often feels that he wants the pretty girl who happens to be near him, without at all wanting to

give his life and love in payment for the possession. Still, with all his vagueness of feeling and intention, DeVries was sufficiently interested in Miss Grant to catechise her concerning herself.

"Do you think you will like it in Syria?" he asked. "Do you think that after a year or two you will be glad at having gone there?"

"I have n't looked so far," she replied, shaking her head energetically, as if to expel the idea of a possible regret to come. "I must go, and, for all I can see, I must stay. Besides, I have seriously decided to go, and to make Syria my place of work. I don't think I shall repent. I want to be there. I believe I shall like it. Why should n't I? I love the society of such people as Mr. and Mrs. Payson. I love that man dearly. We are under great obligations to him. You could hardly guess how much he has done for my mother and my sisters and myself. We should be in a very unhappy case, I fear and believe too, but for him. Besides, I love him for himself; he is perfectly sweet and lovable; everybody loves him. And it is a kind of excellence that I am accustomed to. You must know that I am a minister's daughter, and have been brought up among clergymen and grave people. Well, I shall be surrounded in Syria by just the society that I know best, and shall be scarcely more apart from other society than I was in my native village. Then there will be my work, — I hardly know what, but good work. What I feel most is separation from my mother and sisters. We never were broken up before," she added, struggling to keep her voice clear. "But in a year or two, perhaps," and her face brightened again, "I may be able to get one of them out to me. Then why should n't I be contented?"

"I see," answered DeVries, with something like a sigh. "I presume you *will* be contented." And he had a great mind to add, "I am sorry for it," — this selfish young gentleman with a sympathetic imagination.

"Well, we have looked as long as we must, perhaps," resumed Irene, who

had drunk in the landscape all the while that she talked of herself. "We can see the home of the brazen-shielded Carians again from the steamer. I like that fine-sounding adjective. Only they ought to have been iron-shielded, like their mountains. Let us go back."

"We will imagine that we are the army of Suleyman charging the city," said DeVries. "But we will spare the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Payson."

"Yes, but I am not going to run. One run in this sun is enough. Who would imagine that it was winter?"

They rejoined their companions, and then the four climbed the ramparts by a disjointed stair-way of stone, and sat down upon the huge granite cannon-balls to overlook the famous little city. There was some dreamy talk again about the Rhodian ages of gold, and then a burst of indignation over the beggarly Ottoman present. It was easier, by the way, to realize the latter than the former, so much mightier are the senses than the imagination.

"Let us depart," said Mr. Payson at last. "The steamer leaves in an hour. We should n't like to see it sailing away from us."

Erelong they were plowing southeastward, leaving behind the green slopes of Artemira and the sombre battle-fronts of Caria, and catching dim sight toward evening of the lofty coasts of Lycia, the land of Glaucus and Sarpedon.

"Do you remember the beautiful story in the *Iliad*?" said Mr. Payson to his young people. "After Sarpedon had been slain by Patroclus, his father Zeus caused Apollo tenderly to wash the body, and then had it borne by Sleep and Death to its native Lycia. It seems to me a most touching parable of the care of the Great Master for his fallen children. He gathers them up from their fields of battle, cleanses and purifies the poor wounded souls, and has them carried by his angels to their own country. Oh, those Greeks, those marvelous Greeks! I think that they were often inspired, like the Hebrew prophets, to say things greater than they knew. Probably, too, every religion, however false and fallen, has some

reflections, some feeble reminiscences, of the true one."

"I think, Mr. Payson," said Irene, "if you had no Bible, you would make a Bible out of the Iliad."

"Perhaps I should, my dear," he smiled. "I should have to have one. But what a poor Bible it would be, with its fighting and thieving deities! It is very hard there to disentangle the true from the false. Thank God for the clear light of the Scriptures!"

"That is a very curious story about Sarpedon being the son of Zeus," observed our ethnologist. "I suspect it to mean that there was already a Pelasgian or Hellenic colony in Lycia. It was a mixed people. Sarpedon the son of Zeus represents the Hellenic element, and Glaucus the aboriginal race."

Then there was an abstruse discussion concerning prehistoric times, ending of course with a spiritual "application" by Mr. Payson, to all which Irene listened with deep interest, as became a bookish and good girl.

Four hundred miles of sea were traversed before they set foot on land again. It was the sweetest of weather, although the season was winter. The unclouded sunshine and the brisk purity of the always gentle breeze reminded of magic voyages toward Isles of the Blest. There was never movement enough to disturb the poorest sailor among that diverse multitude of passengers. If at any time the vessel keeled a few inches to leeward, the watchful *capitano* had a carronade or two rolled to windward, and restored a perfect equilibrium. The Orientals who strewed the deck smoked and slumbered and ate and cooked at their ease. A cheerful murmur of all the tongues that went forth astonished from Babel always filled the air from fore-castle to taffrail.

Not the least persistent of these prattlers were the female satellites of a pasha who was on his way to some Asiatic province. They had a low, improvised tent, gayly patched up out of Turkish rugs and carpets, under which they crawled on their hands and knees, or sat cross-legged by the hour and smoked bubbling nargilehs, generally keeping

their waxy features veiled, but sometimes forgetting that stifling decorum. It was surprising how little interest they seemed to take in the many-tongued, various-vestured array of humankind about them. They did not bestow a second glance of curiosity, nor perhaps a first, upon Jew or Greek, Arab or Muscovite. So long as they had their pipes and coffee, and their idle communications concerning harem matters, they appeared to care for naught beside. From childhood they had been accustomed to see a hundred types of race and costume. From childhood they had been drilled to believe that women should confine themselves to purely womanish affairs.

Not so with our young lady from a land where man and woman alike are as free as perhaps it is best for them to be. Every one of these picturesque fellow-beings was to her an object of curious and almost audacious interest. They were entertaining and absurdly queer and irrationally unaccountable. They were *foreigners*; no matter if they were under their native skies, they were foreigners: she alone, the American citizen, was a native and possessor everywhere. What were these singular creatures bent upon, and did they even know where they were going? Had they definite purposes in their strangely attired noddles, and were those desires and plans really of a sane nature? She had (though she laughed at it) the Anglo-Saxon feeling that only the Anglo-Saxon knows fully what he is about, and that the other denizens of earth are grown children who need Anglo-Saxons to direct their ways. Something of this sort she smilingly confessed to Mr. Payson.

"You are not so far wrong, at least in this part of the world," he said. "If you could understand the talk of these Orientals, you would be pained by their ignorance and shallowness. I would almost as lief listen to the observations of dogs about their bones, or of ducks and geese about their puddles. Just imagine the lower animals with the gift of speech. How tired we should get of their restricted and egotistic communications! Who would like to answer all the ques-

tions of a cat? It is not much better here. God has removed wisdom and knowledge from the East. It has turned its back upon him, and he has withdrawn from it his light, — the intellectual light as well as the moral. Its counsels are turned into foolishness.”

Thus in constant sight-seeing, improvingly interpreted to the soul by Mr. Payson, two Hesperidean days fled away. Then Cyprus rose out of the deep in long slopes of yellow and green, terminating in a lofty, wide-stretching crest of blue and purple highland. At the head of a shallow bay, with no haven but an open roadstead, lay the scattered, shabby little town of Larneca, its deplorable circumstances visible a cannon-shot out to sea, and offending even the olfactories of those who set foot on shore.

Here our quartette of travelers landed, and spent two hours in discovering the well-known. It was a woful exposure of poverty, filth, sickness, and depopulation. Nearly every human being whom they met was in rags, and stained to a ghastly yellow with malaria. DeVries looked about him in vain for a Cyprian maiden who would be fit to welcome the sea-born Aphrodite.

“It makes me furious,” he said. “This island once contained nine kingdoms. It had a great population — some say three millions — under the Venetians. The Turk would ruin Paradise, if he had it. In fact, he *has* ruined the earthly paradise.”

Irene walked by his side without reply. She was cast down by this spectacle of wretchedness, and perhaps a little withered by the malarious atmosphere.

“Wouldn’t you like to see green, flourishing New England?” he asked, recurring to an old subject, though he knew that it pained her.

“Oh, don’t speak of that again,” she begged. “I am sometimes very homesick. I mustn’t be.”

They were quite confidential by this time, as two young Americans are apt to be when they meet familiarly in strange regions, especially if they are of opposite sexes. Irene had begun to cling a little to DeVries, and to entrust

him with a knowledge of her emotions, much as if he were an elder brother.

How could she well help it? He showed an interest in her, sought to surround her with little comforts, and clearly wanted her to be happy. I doubt whether anything is more surely fascinating to a right-minded young woman than the respectful, obliging good-will of a young man who is strong enough to protect and wise enough to counsel. Very grateful also is the flattery of perceiving that one has been judged worthy of such honorable favor; and so, before we know it, we are entangled in the delicate snares of vanity, thankfulness, confidence, and perhaps love.

“I shall see you from time to time,” DeVries resumed, perceiving that she could not talk of her own expatriation, at least not in desolate, malarious Larneca. “I shall stay a year in Syria, and perhaps more. It won’t do to dig in the hot plains during the summer, and I shall probably look you up on Mount Lebanon.”

Irene was glad and grateful to hear this, and impulsively said so.

“Thank you,” he replied, and really *was* thankful. Perhaps there would have been further talk of this ensnaring nature, but just then the Paysons turned short upon them, and terminated the dialogue.

“My wife has had enough of Cyprus,” observed the missionary. “How is it with you two young people?”

“It’s very easy to have enough of this badly perfumed place,” answered DeVries. “I think we are quite ready to go aboard.”

“To-morrow we shall be in a lovelier land,” said Mr. Payson. “We shall be in the country of countries. There is nothing like Syria.”

V.

It was morning, but not yet sunrise, when our party came on the deck of the Imperatore to gaze upon the coast of Syria, and to watch for their haven, the city of Beirut.

"Do you see?" demanded Mr. Payson, with an air of elation and love, waving his hand toward an immense wall of sombre mountain which barriered the whole coast. "I have traveled far and seen many glorious things, but nothing anywhere more stately than that. There is the great chain of Lebanon, stretching eighty miles or more north and south, and rising two miles in height from the very edge of the sea. It is the sublimity of loveliness."

"Why did n't Jehovah give it to his own people?" marveled Mrs. Payson, who idealized the chosen race, and had read the novels of Charlotte Elizabeth.

"I have often thought of that myself," replied her husband, with his curious smile, half-shrewd and half-childlike. "Why, indeed, should Israel have been excluded from this goodliest of mountains by the Phœnicians? However, my dear, they did help to build the Lord's house, and they taught Europe its letters. Something fine was surely due them."

Meantime, Irene and DeVries were gazing in silence upon the magnificent panorama of shadowy mountain bars, sweeping beyond the view both to north and south, crowned along the summits with a dim paleness which was snow, and rolling down into mellow obscurities which were forests of pine, mulberry, orange, and olive. In a few minutes a shimmering radiance stole softly over the depressions of the lofty crest, streamed broadening along vast saddles and hollow ways of upland, ripened into gold where it edged the loftier peaks, and meanwhile slowly tinted the western slopes with faint violet and rose. In a little while the lavish sun of the East had risen over Lebanon, and was pouring its dazzling wealth athwart the Mediterranean. Tender miracles of illumination and iridescence were wrought all over the mountain. The alpine visage changed swiftly; delicate sweet colors slid after each other down its long declivities; bright ridges, sable valleys, and then villages came into view: it was a sublime waking from sleep, a glorious resurrection.

"I don't wonder that the old peoples of these lands worshiped the sun," said DeVries. "What transformations and marvels they saw it work daily! Just imagine Punic mariners returning from far away, to be greeted by this glory on their own mountain. It is n't strange that they should look no higher for a deity."

"It was more godlike than an image of Moloch," Mr. Payson conceded. "But, alas, they had the image of Moloch also. Why should the early men have departed so quickly everywhere from the idea of an invisible divinity?"

DeVries, young as he was, had learned to doubt with courtesy; he merely said, "Do you hold that that was their original belief?"

"Yes, I believe it; I believe it firmly. Oh, I know that I cannot prove it; there are so few things that *can* be proved! But have you read your Plutarch carefully? You will find in the life of Numa that he permitted no idols in the temples, and that the Romans had none before his time, and none for long afterward. How many idols do you discover among the remains of the hunting tribes of North America? Zeus was the firmament, and I cannot suppose that the old Pelasgians tried to image him in stone or clay; I must believe that they simply looked upward when they cried Heaven — Father! Well, it is easy to come to the end of one's proofs, I admit. They lie, of course, back of history, and back of archæology also."

"It will always be a debatable question," said DeVries, who did not assent, but did not wish to dispute.

"Yes, and not essential to salvation," added the clergyman. "Thanks be to the Giver of truth that he has made his truth so simple, — so much simpler and more comprehensible than his infinite self! But I do wrong to draw off your attention from Lebanon. You had better be looking at the wisdom of the Creator than hearing me babble forth my ignorance."

They were thrumming swiftly over the glassy sea toward the illimitable mountain, and could begin to distinguish an

undulating lowland which crept out from its base.

"That is the cape of Beirut," explained Mr. Payson; "and that yellow spot on its northern edge is the city. It sits in the seat of the gods, and is far from worthy of it. I am often reminded of a beggar in king's raiment."

As they drew nearer to the great landscape picture, it gained distinctness and delicacy of finish, while losing little or nothing of its vastness. The broad peak of Mechmel receded behind brother mountains, but Sunneen, ten thousand feet in height, came forward with wondrous majesty, and beyond it towered Keneasy and Jebel ed Druz. There was scarcely as yet any certain verdure; the Alpine colors had only changed from faint violet and purple to sunny brown and pale rose; but the ghostly sweetness of the varying tints was something magical. The night was passing away from its high resting-place with a fitful glory which reminded one of the old simile of a dying dolphin. Tender lights of liquid gold, diluted as it were with silver, clothed the juttings and crests and high-perched villages.

Far below, the diminutive tawny city, built solidly out of cream-colored limestone and surrounded by a venerable, blackened wall, rose swiftly out of the waters. Erelong it seemed very beautiful, as well as very picturesque, to the eyes which surveyed it from the sea. Its position alone lent it a striking charm. Behind it lay a semicircle or amphitheatre of gardens, dark green with the rich gloss of orange and mulberry groves, through which glinted dots of yellow, the fronts of stone dwellings. Further back was a mass of verdure not yet distinguishable as a forest of pines; and behind all rose the gracious sublimity of the dells and spurs and crests of Lebanon.

"I shall not regret that I have come," said Irene, her eyes full of wonder. "I shall be very, very willing to stay."

DeVries had a feeling that her content was a wrong to himself, and immediately shook hands ironically, saying, "Just my sentiments."

"What do you mean?" stared the young lady, completely puzzled by college wit.

"I always did like the idea of living in the earthly paradise," he explained; "and now that I've found it, I propose to stick by like a martyr!"

Irene understood now, and endeavored of course to laugh, but looked so abashed that he grieved for her.

"I am sorry I tried to be funny," he said. "It's an old vicious habit which I have nearly broken. You mustn't think that I believe you don't sacrifice anything," he added. "Of course it's a sacrifice to leave friends and relatives. You'll forgive and forget, won't you?"

"I'll forgive," promised Irene, "but I won't forget. Your fun is a lesson."

"I protest against your remembering it."

"I think she had better," put in Mr. Payson. "Young people must learn to digest good-natured jokes, and missionaries in Syria must learn to hear that they are not martyrs. But there is the Nahr el Kelb," he added, pointing to where the mountain cliffs strode boldly into the sea. "The ancient Lycus foams down through that black ravine. There is the road, hewn in the rocks, along which unnumbered armies have marched, and where Titus led away the captives from Jerusalem. A little way up the gorge are the triumphal tablets of Egyptians, Assyrians, and Romans. What a cemetery of empires this Orient is! And of faiths, also! Each of those conquerors returns thanks there, on the stone of Lebanon, to his own god."

DeVries quoted, —

"I know that age to age succeeds,
Blowing a noise of tongues and deeds,
A dust of systems and of creeds."

"It is an almost inspired verse," said Mr. Payson. "But there is one creed which will outlast those stones. There is only one."

"The mountain is turning white," observed Irene. "I expected to see something evergreen."

"Lebanon — leben — curds," interpreted the missionary. "It is the Milk Mountain. At present we see chiefly

the light limestone faces of the cliffs and the terraces. But the raiment of Lebanon has two colors, like changeable silk: from below it is white, but from above it is green."

After an hour or so of this eager sight-seeing, — this throbbing approach to the sublime present of nature and the sublime past of man, — they found themselves motionless in the roadstead of Beirut. There was a moment of swaying tranquillity, and then the East deluged them with its turmoil. Gay skiffs gathered swiftly about the steamer, bringing a horde of bright-garmented boatmen and porters, who set up such a loud and seemingly fierce clamor as if they meant to carry the vessel by boarding and put all the passengers to the edge of the scimitar.

"Did you ever hear such screeching?" smiled Mr. Payson. "I sometimes think that the Syrians must have inherited part of their language from the jackals. Nevertheless, the Arabic is a noble tongue; and these poor people only want to work."

Presently the deck was invaded by these deafening laborers, seizing hungrily on pieces of baggage with their dark, lean fingers, and scolding each other furiously as impudent interlopers. On every side there was an uproar of bargaining, conducted in fragments of twenty lingoes. Wild strivings at English, crumbled up with bits of French and Italian, reached the understandings of our Americans.

"Me take you to best albergo," yelled a gaunt, brown youth in a greasy red fez and begrimed white raiment. "Me always show signori to albergo."

"Go shore! Go shore!" bawled a white-bearded man in blue cotton, with a vehemence which seemed to say, Now or never!

Then a swarthy person in ill-fitting European clothing slid up to DeVries and murmured confidentially, "Come with me, English gentlemen. Don't you notice those Arab noisy fellows. I take you to Hotel d'Europa. I am the commissario."

"You may safely go with this Italian," said Mr. Payson. "He is the agent of the principal hotel, and it is a very comfortable abode. In a day or two, as soon as I get into my house, I shall send for you. You must not say me nay. I desire to make return for your mother's hospitality."

DeVries accepted the offer with sincere thanks, partly, it is to be suspected, on account of the graces of Miss Grant. Then he bade good morning to the missionaries, longing much, by the way, to bestow a significant pressure on the hand of the junior one, but deciding under her serious, innocent gaze that it would be best to omit that audacity. Next he pointed out his belongings to the commissario, got into one of the gay skiffs, and rippled shoreward.

"What a lovely young man!" said Mrs. Payson. "I shall be so sorry to part with him."

"He is profoundly kind-hearted," replied her husband. "He is more considerate of other people's opinions and feelings than youth generally knows how to be. I have seen repeatedly that he did not agree with my views of life, and that he would not argue with me for fear of giving me pain. Such a young man must have better than our arguments. He must have our aspirations for his good."

Irene remained silent. Was she too shy to speak of the perfections of the departing one? Or was she spiritually occupied in his behalf according to Mr. Payson's devout suggestion?

Then a skiff appeared with messengers from the mission, — a dark, grave, pensive young man in blue broadcloth, and a grinning old fellow with a long, stiff whisk of gray mustache.

"There is Butrus," said Mr. Payson joyfully. "Irene, that is one of our chiefest helpers and ablest native scholars. And there is my old cook, Yusef. Well, I am glad to see the friends once more, and glad to be here."

Erelong the travelers, with their multitudinous luggage, were on their way to the landing-place.

THE FOOL'S PRAYER.

THE royal feast was done; the king
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried, "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before:
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"'T is not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'T is by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept, —
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say, —
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders, — oh, in shame
Before the eyes of Heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The king, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

EARLY in the present century, when our government formed treaties with the Cherokee and Creek Indians which resulted in their removal from Georgia and Alabama to the Indian Territory, there was not the remotest probability that so soon as 1878 there would be a demand for the removal of the barriers against immigration to their new lands, which then appeared beyond the desires of the white man. Half a continent of rich land lay comparatively unoccupied, and to comprehend the task of settling it seemed like trying to grasp the idea of eternity. To-day government homesteads of a desirable quality are scarce, and the question naturally arises, What will be the next recourse, unless Oklahoma is established in the Indian Territory?

The five civilized tribes living east of the ninety-sixth meridian, known as the Cherokee, Creek, Choctaw, Chickasaw, and Seminole nations, own 19,785,787 acres which have never been surveyed, and are held in common by the several tribes or nations. Of the countless acres in the reservations and hunting grounds of the semi-civilized and wild tribes farther west, I shall not attempt to form an estimate. Under existing laws, no man can buy or sell an acre of this vast domain, nor hold possession of even a garden spot, except for temporary use; nor can he secure this privilege unless he is a member of some one of the Indian nations, or a renter from a member of a nation.

Yielding to the human impulse which causes them to crave that beyond their reach, men have stood upon the boundary line and cast longing glances over to the Indian Eden, and have retreated with dissatisfaction; or, journeying through to Texas, have stopped by the wayside to chose a quarter section, leaving stakes behind them, driven with the hope that Congress might speed the day when the territorial land would become

government homesteads. Others have alighted in the Territory, and through tact and good behavior have received permission to cultivate the soil, by paying to the Indian government one dollar per month, and to the renter of the land one third of the crops produced. If a man goes there unmarried, he is apt to find a helpmeet in an Indian maiden, there being many among the Cherokees and Choctaws who, for beauty and intelligence, compare favorably with any ladies in the States. This was especially the case when, a few years since, one of the Indian councils passed a law requiring all single white men to leave the Territory forthwith. As may be imagined, there was a lively skirmish after wives by bachelors and widowers whose business interests required them to remain. This successful *ruse* to turn the white man's skill and influence to the Indian's benefit was happily explained by a sprightly Choctaw lady, whose charming face and perfect grace would render her an ornament in any society of Boston or New York. She said, in speaking of the white man's intrusion to the Territory: "We didn't want him here, but he would come and would remain; so we thought the best thing we could do was to make him a peaceable citizen by marrying him." A wise conclusion, I decided, on looking at the "peaceable citizen," a dignified Quaker gentleman, whom she had thus reclaimed.

By forming an alliance of this kind a man may become a member of the nation to which his wife belongs, and attain the rights and privileges of an Indian, which consist of voting, owning property, except land, and paying no taxes to the United States or Indian governments. That many have taken advantage of this mode of gaining access to the Territory is evident from statistics, which show that there are 8767 citizens by marriage of the different Indian nations who are also citizens of the

United States. In addition, there are several thousand white laborers upon farms, not members of tribes, who remain there by permission; merchants who are selling goods by license, cattle traders, lumbermen, and others. Altogether, about one seventh of the Creek, Cherokee, Choctaw, Chickasaw, and Seminole nations are citizens of the United States.

The Cherokees own 5,031,357 acres of land: the full-blood Cherokees cultivate 1500 acres, the mixed bloods 3000, and the white citizens 12,000. I am unable to state the amount of land which non-citizens cultivate by permission, but from the numbers given it will be seen that the greatest portion of the farming is done by white men, and hence that immigration to the Indian Territory is possible, although it may not, under present circumstances, be advisable.

If, through the influence of reliable men, a non-citizen procures a permit which authorizes him to live in the Territory, he has many difficulties to encounter after settlement. There is no law compelling a person to fulfill a contract. A man may rent a farm and discharge his obligations to the very letter by making the required improvements; may raise crops; and when they are ready to be harvested, if he receives a notice to vacate the farm, he must do so at once, leaving behind him the fruits of his labor for others to enjoy. Aside from personal inclination to pay, there is no way of collecting bills, and no way of obtaining redress for any sort of civil offense. If a man borrows another's horse and he chooses never to return it, he cannot be forced to do so. For crimes committed one against another, the Indians punish their own citizens; but if a citizen of the United States commits a crime against an Indian, or against a non-citizen, or *vice versa*, he is taken to Fort Smith, a distance of from one to three hundred miles, according to location, and there he is dealt with by the United States authority. It is said that the trouble and expense of carrying a case so far cause white men to make complaints with great reluctance, and to long for a United States court within

the Territory, that they may enjoy the privilege of carrying on lawsuits nearer home.

Since the suppression of Union Agency, which included the five tribes, matters over which the agent formerly had jurisdiction have been settled in Washington. Shortly after the last Union Agent (Dr. Marsten) was removed, an Indian who had favored the suppression of the post, but who still had confidence in the doctor's advisory ability, came to him with the information that he (the Indian) was suffering annoyance from the continual trespass of a neighbor's cow. "Now, doctor, what course do you advise me to take with that cow?" said the Indian. "Oh, drive her on to Washington," answered the doctor, pleasantly.

In passing down the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railroad, through the eastern portion of the Indian Territory, one gains a knowledge of the commerce which this road is rapidly developing; also interesting glimpses of the scenery and the river system, which are so picturesque and broad as to render the Indian's poetic appellation, "Land of running waters and of flowers," strikingly appropriate.

Leaving the populous Kansas prairies, over which you cannot ride a mile without seeing evidences of individual ownership, you come suddenly upon vast tracts of land on which no crops have ever grown except the sweet wild flowers, which for unnumbered years Nature has sown with her untiring hands.

Vinita, in the Cherokee nation, is the first town south of Kansas. It numbers about three hundred inhabitants, and like all other stations on this line has been built up by white men, who pay the Indians an annuity of from fifty to one hundred dollars for the right to carry on their business within the Territory. Vinita is the present terminus of the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad, which enters the Territory from Southwest Missouri. Should this road ever be continued westward, as originally designed, it will be the means of opening rich copper mines near the Washita River, north-

west of Paul's Valley in the Chickasaw nation.

Below Vinita courses the Arkansas River in a southeasterly direction, to which the Washita, Canadian, and the Grand rivers, with numerous smaller streams, are tributary. Between this river and the Verdigris is the famous grazing range of the Northeastern Territory. In the sheltered valleys grow the orchard grass and tender wild cane, which the sharpest frost can neither nip nor toughen. Cattle subsist on this all winter without other food. In the picturesque oak openings, where springs are plentiful and the "mulatto" soil yields bountifully, the stockmen make their homes, and prosper, if they have the energy to work out good from their surroundings.

Muskogee, in the Creek nation, between the north and south forks of the Canadian River, is a shipping point for supplies to Fort Gibson, Okmulgee, and the Indian reservations beyond the ninety-sixth meridian. Here one sees, vividly portrayed, the contrast between railroad locomotion and the old, slow process "overland." Freighters from the far West, with their jaded animals and cumbrous "schooners," arrive in Muskogee, eagerly inquire of friend and stranger the latest news from the seat of government concerning the transfer of the Indian Bureau and the opening of the Territory, and whether there is any prospect of the "Frisco" railroad taking a fresh start westward. For a single night their camp-fires illumine the town, and then these rough plainsmen swing again into their lonely round of travel, while the railroad trains flash by with a hundred times their schooners' burden and many times their speed.

The Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railroad has done much towards encouraging the Indians, by liberally paying for all damage to property, and affording cheap transportation for produce. It should be remembered that this road gained an extension through the Territory against the popular prejudice of the Indians, and met at first great opposition from all sides. On the completion of the road

in 1872, one of the officers was commissioned to invite a Choctaw delegation to go in an opening excursion to the terminus of the road, at Dennison. His courtesy was met by a refusal from the chief, who said, "The Indian does not want to go; he says car dirty,—smell bad." The officer responded, "But our cars are new and elegant; you can rest your feet on handsome carpets, and sit on velvet cushions." The old chief, however, was not to be persuaded. "The Indian will not go; he says the white man wants to get him big railroad snake to drag him down to Texas; then white man will put red man into a big pot and make an Indian stew of him," he answered, with decisive grimness. Whether this was simple fear, or affected as a joke upon the white man, the Choctaws did not go to Dennison on the opening excursion.

Within the past six years the Indian's sentiments have undergone a radical change respecting railroads. He now hauls to the stations on the line his pecans, pork, corn, and cotton, and his surplus game, receives a liberal sum of money in exchange, and goes home satisfied that the railroad is a friendly institution. From the single station at Muskogee there were shipped, in 1876, thirty thousand dollars' worth of pecan nuts, a gratuitous crop which nature lavishes on the most shiftless husbandman, who need but reach out his hand to gather it. At a little station in the Territory, I saw upon a wareroom floor four thousand pigeons, which were being packed for freightage to St. Louis and New York. There are roosts on Sallisaw and Lee creeks, also south of the Arkansas River, where millions of wild pigeons flock by night, to fall an easy prey to men who will provide themselves with long poles and lose a night's sleep to get the birds. Many hunters despise the "roost robbers" and condemn their wholesale slaughter, but those who practice it say that there is no perceptible decrease in the number of pigeons from year to year. Several thousand dollars' worth of furs are annually shipped East, and berries of almost every

kind, which grow in great abundance in the Territory.

Three years ago cotton seed was first distributed among the Indians of the five nations. Now nine large gins are kept in active operation, from Muskogee to Atoka, pressing two thousand bales per annum. It is but fair to say that a large share of the cotton has been raised by freedmen, who number 11,506 among the several nations. In the treaties with the Cherokees and Creeks and Seminoles in 1866, the negroes who before that date had been slaves of those Indians were made citizens of the several tribes in which they were slaves. The Choctaws and Chickasaws owned quite as many negroes as the Cherokees and Creeks; but though these Indians agreed in their treaty of 1866 that slavery should no longer exist among them, they did not adopt their former slaves as members of their tribes. Yet the old masters and their freedmen maintain the friendliest relations, and by mutual consent the negroes cultivate the Indians' farms, although with more profit to themselves than formerly. It is said that the Indians made easy masters, their natural indolence preventing rigid discipline.

At McAllister, in the Choctaw nation, coal mines have been opened, and tramways built from the railroad to the mines, two miles distant. Hard, glossy coal is here obtained which is pronounced of equal value with the products of the Pennsylvania mines. Below McAllister the landscape becomes broken by rocky bluffs, moss-grown and crowned with evergreens. Forests of oak and ash and snow-white sycamore skirt the way. Human habitations grow less frequent, and as a supplement to this wild scene I am told that a gang of Indian desperadoes have their rendezvous just here, within gun-shot of the track; a remnant of the Pin Indian order, formed during the rebellion, who used to hold secret meetings in the forest, and as a distinctive badge wore pins inserted crosswise in the lapel of their coats. The cars run lightly here, and I am able to catch the story which a stock agent,

cow coroner in local parlance, tells concerning an adventure which he had with these same desperadoes. Business required that he should go among them, and being in a courageous mood he went without a guard, carrying in his pocket a considerable amount of money. The Pin Indians received him cordially, and invited him to take a social glass with them before proceeding to business. He assented, and the liquid was poured out; it proved to be the double extract of Jamaica ginger, which these law-abiding citizens use instead of whisky, a forbidden beverage in the Territory. The agent swallowed a few drops, and stopped for want of breath. What was his dismay on being told that he must drain the glass, and sip an equal quantity with each member of the group, which numbered five. He begged to be excused, but with drawn revolvers they renewed their friendly invitation. Death seemed imminent, when another party stepped upon the scene, announcing that there was a bovine inquest to be held upon his premises, over which the cow coroner must preside, and with a pistol in each hand reversed the order of affairs. In justice to the civilized tribes, it should be stated that the Pin Indians are outcasts from their society, and are punished for lawless acts when proof can be obtained against them. No people are more severe in dealing with criminals than these Indians. For the first offense of larceny the punishment is fifty lashes; for the second, one hundred; and for the third, the criminal suffers death.

The scenery grows more wild until we reach the famous Limestone Gap, a deep, narrow pass cut through rocky hills that bear a close resemblance to the Ozark Mountains, farther east. Embroidery Range is the local name for a remarkable chain of hills set in even scallops, as if cut from one pattern, against the azure ground-work of the sky. Among these mountains is the hunter's paradise; here he finds a great variety of game, including deer and territorial "razor backs," a species of the wild hog, with a long pointed snout, a hoof like a mule's,

and a thick tuft of bristles which stands erect above the spinal column.

At Stringtown, below Limestone Gap, eight saw-mills are making lumber from logs obtained from a pine forest, forty miles wide by one hundred long, which has its west end at Stringtown. Three million feet of lumber are annually shipped from this point by rail. Silver in small quantities has been discovered in four places east of Stringtown; there are also lead mines, as yet unworked, but giving indications of mineral in paying quantities; in addition to these natural resources there are four sulphur springs one mile from Stringtown, which doubtless will become a favorite summer resort, in the event of the opening of the Indian Territory.

Crossing the North Boggy River we reach Atoka, a town of five hundred inhabitants, and the centre of a large coal and cotton trade. Atoka contains the only Catholic church in the Indian Territory, which, owing to the work of missionaries, is preëminently a land of churches.

Caney, below Atoka, carries on a thrifty business in converting *bois d'arc* wood into pavement blocks for the streets of Eastern cities. This wood is of a bright ochre color, extremely hard, and said to resist decay longer than any other native wood. Skimming over a river which we recognize by its red water and redder banks, we are soon in Dennison, which has sprung into existence and attained a population of thirty-five hundred people within the past six years. Here the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railroad connects with the Texas Central, which passes on towards the Gulf of Mexico. Dennison has two commodious hotels, several churches, and many handsome private residences. Forty thousand bales of cotton have been transferred from the Texas Central to the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railroad during the past year.

A tour by railroad through the Territory cannot fail to be one of interest and profit. Yet to become acquainted with the people and their customs, to view in full the scenery, and to gain an

insight to the agricultural and educational systems, one must seek out the tribes in their retreats, behind the wooded hills that hide them from the "rail-road serpent," which has pushed its way through this fair Indian Eden. Even the five civilized tribes, who no longer light their council-fires, save with metaphorical matches, prefer to live in close retirement from the shifting bustle of the outside world.

Taking a wagon route from Muskogee, we crossed the Arkansas River on a ferry, and drove forty miles across the country to Tablegawah, the quaint old capital of the Cherokee nation. November was fast slipping into winter, yet Indian summer, absolutely perfect, shed its charm over the landscape. The hills were bathed in golden haze, birds sang in the woods, and wild apple-trees and oleanders flowered along the way. We passed through forests whose red and brown and orange foliage formed the richest of chromatic combinations. Gnarled trees stretched out their giant arms loaded with mistletoe and waxen berries of pearl white, suggesting Druid temples and Christmas Eve in English halls.

We crossed and recrossed the Bayou Menage, which has its source from springs among the hills. The small streams, like the rivers, in the Indian Territory are mostly clear, with rocky bottoms and mural banks. Fish abound, — pike, cat-fish, and red-horse east of meridian ninety-six, and trout in the Wichita Mountains.

The products of the country are corn, wheat, oats, cotton, rice, sweet and Irish potatoes, sorghum, pea-nuts, and tobacco. With the present system of cultivation, corn has an average yield of thirty bushels per acre, price fifty cents per bushel; wheat fifteen bushels, price one dollar; oats thirty bushels, price thirty-five cents; and cotton three hundred pounds per acre, price seven cents per pound. In the stock line cattle take the lead; then follow hogs and horses. Goats and sheep are also raised to a considerable extent.

Tablegawah was made the capital of

the Cherokee nation in 1840. It is a town of five hundred inhabitants, wearing an ancient aspect, with its dilapidated houses and irregular streets. A few modern buildings have arisen, among them a spacious brick capitol, in which I attended a meeting of the council, holding its annual session of thirty days' duration.

The Cherokees have a governor or principal chief, an assistant governor or sub-chief, elected every four years by the people, and a council, consisting of an upper and lower house, whose members are called senators and representatives, also elected by the people. There are judges of the supreme and district courts, county officers, school superintendents, and other public functionaries. Bills originate as in Congress, and the principal chief vetoes in the same manner as the president of the United States.

The treasury at Washington holds in trust for the Cherokees \$2,500,000, derived from the sale of their lands in Georgia and North Carolina. Of the interest on this amount, they annually expend \$80,000 for executive, judicial, and legislative purposes. The Creeks pay the members of their council \$18,750 per annum; their judiciary, \$13,000; their delegates to Washington, \$6000. The Chickasaws pay their executive and judiciary \$20,000, and their legislative department \$1500. The Choctaws pay their council \$7000, and their executive and judiciary \$29,000. The cost of the Seminole government is \$11,200. In addition to the necessary governmental outlay, the Cherokee nation sometimes expends \$25,000 per year for the support of delegates at Washington. The other four nations maintain delegates at the seat of government every year. If a territorial government should be formed, and a delegate to Congress be chosen from the members of each nation, many thousands of dollars would be saved to the tribes annually.

The present Cherokee chief, Oosalatah, is a full-blood Indian, of a dignified and courteous bearing. Proud of his unmixed lineage, he disdains to speak English, although it is reported that

when the mood suits him he can equal his interpreter in the use of forcible Saxon. An exemplary chief magistrate, he is a religious minister of the Baptist persuasion. His zeal may not exceed that of the Sac and Fox chief, Keokuk, who, having become convicted of the error of his ways, particularly Jamaica ginger tippling, forthwith mounted his pony and rode two hundred miles to be immersed, yet Oosalatah is said to be a faithful pastor, and goes about preaching eloquent Indian to audiences who mostly fail to understand the language. I happened to be present at the Young Ladies' Seminary, where he preached a sermon on Thanksgiving Day. One hundred hungry girls sniffed roast turkey and plum-pudding from afar, and listened to their chief with reverent attention. When he had finished speaking, a blue-eyed Indian girl, who taught languages, philosophy, and the higher mathematics in the school, informed me that she understood but two words in the sermon. "And the other girls were no better off than I," said she. "To tell the truth, Cherokee has been crowded out by other languages, with the most of us; although," looking unflinchingly at a full-blood squaw, who had come with her papoose to partake of the liberal Thanksgiving cheer offered at the seminary, "I am far prouder of my Indian blood than of the white blood in my veins."

As an amusing paradox, however, this same young lady introduced soon afterward a companion teacher, who resembled a vivacious French girl, and bore the lovely name of Eloise, saying with a touch of generous pride, in referring to her friend's patrician ancestors, "Miss Eloise is Cherokee, and *also* a grand-niece of Commodore —, and an own niece of Senator —, who is now a member of Congress in Washington. She was educated in Philadelphia, and has seen something of Washington society herself." This harmonious blending of the two races, it seems to me, is the great solution of the Indian question as regards the five civilized tribes, which with the rising generation will do away

with prejudice and establish peace and good-will between the whites and Indians. The Cherokees, with a population of 19,000, support two seminaries, male and female respectively, an orphan asylum, a deaf and dumb asylum, and seventy-four common schools, having in all 3000 pupils. They annually expend for purposes of education \$79,000. The seminaries and asylums are in brick buildings with three stories and a basement, and are quite handsome and commodious. They were erected at a cost of \$40,000 each.

The Creeks, who number 14,260, have twenty-eight public schools and two mission schools, with 1200 pupils, costing \$23,000. The Choctaws, numbering 16,000, have fifty-five schools and one academy, costing \$29,000, with 1200 pupils. The Chickasaws, numbering 5800, have twelve public schools and one academy, costing \$21,000, with 400 pupils. The Seminoles have five schools, with an attendance of 180, for which they pay the annual sum of \$2800.

It will be observed that the Cherokees are far ahead in point of education, owing to their having had the earlier work of missionaries and a larger school fund than the other nations. In natural intelligence, the Creeks, Choctaws, and Chickasaws are said to be quite equal to the Cherokees. At the Tullahassee Creek mission school there was pointed out to me a little full-blood Indian, nine years old, who entered the school one year ago unable to read or spell, and with no knowledge of the English language. He now spells rapidly upon the black-board long columns of two-syllable words, and adds figures which number tens of thousands. Professor Dobson, of the Cherokee boys' seminary, who has been a teacher with the Indians since 1860, informed me that, the course of study being equal, Indian children attained as high a standard of scholarship, especially in mathematics, as the average American youth. For instance: two years ago a class of boys, many of them full-bloods, entered the seminary, and began the study of arithmetic with the primary department. They have now

thoroughly finished decimal fractions, that chapter of horrors to the school-boy, of whatever nationality. Another full-blood youth of eighteen years, who has suffered the amputation of both arms to the elbow, has made remarkable proficiency in book-keeping, writing a legible and even handsome hand by using the pen inserted in a band above the elbow. An example worthy of mention is Professor Vann, the present superintendent of the Cherokee boys' seminary, a young man in whom the Indian predominates. He has acquired a thorough education in all the branches included in a college course, with no other aid than that found in a district school-house near his father's cabin. The study of European literature has been his chief source of information. He has never been outside of the Indian Territory except on one occasion, when he crossed the border into Arkansas, yet his conversation on all topics pertaining to the world is broad and brilliant. His library contains the works of standard authors, and the first-class magazines of the day are found upon his study table. It can safely be predicted that one hundred and fifty boys, whose education is being superintended by this self-made man, will be prepared for whatever emergencies may arise concerning a change of government and the admission of white immigration to the Territory. The principal objection which the Indians urge against opening the Territory is that they would be unable to cope with the white man in mechanical skill and business enterprise; that should they consent to have their lands sectionized, and one hundred and sixty acres apportioned to each member of the tribes, a few years, or even months, would find them robbed of their property by sagacious speculators, and left destitute and without the power to earn a living for themselves and families. On the other hand, it is proposed that if the Territory of Oklahoma is established, a law shall be passed restraining the Indians from disposing of their homesteads for a certain number of years, or until the rising generation shall take the places of their sires, and from their su-

perior education be able to manage their affairs with better judgment. It is stated that the interest which will accrue from the sale of lands to the United States over and above their homestead rights, added to the interest upon sums already in the treasury at Washington, will give the Indians a share, *per capita*, that will make them absolutely independent. It is further argued that the present generation will have little to dread from white immigration, for, as the Indians themselves admit, they owe their whole advancement to the influence of white people, acting in the capacity of missionaries, teachers, tillers of the soil, and political directors.

The most rapid improvement which has been observed among the tribes is that made by the Seminoles, till lately but little in advance of the wild Indians, whose leader is a white man, having been adopted by the tribe.

Among the Cherokees, ex-Chief Wm. P. Ross, who is called their most brilliant speaker, had a Scotch grandfather whom he claims with pride. Wm. P. Adair, their most skillful politician, and Wm. Boudinot, the best reasoner in their council halls, also boast of white ancestors. Colonel E. C. Boudinot, who in his lecturing tours through the United States has been designated the "learned and eloquent Cherokee," is a brother of Wm. Boudinot, but has been banished from his tribe on account of his radical sentiments in favor of opening the Territory. The Creeks have their McIntosh, Porter, Graysons, Stidham, and many others of acknowledged talent, who are all of a mixed lineage; and the same can be said of the leaders of the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations.

I cannot close this article without alluding briefly to the Nez Percés, whom I visited at their reservation in the northeast portion of the Territory. When we read about the chivalrous Chief Joseph, who ordered the horses of his enemies to be returned, and his people, who disrobed themselves of blankets to cover their wounded foes upon the battle-field, our sympathies are awakened for these homesick exiles, in whom a spirit of ten-

derness and wildness struggles for the mastery. The Indian summer weather had changed to a cold rain-storm, through which we drove for miles among the timber bordering Lost Creek, — a suggestive name when associated with the forlorn people who are encamped upon its banks. The Nez Percé village embraces an area of about a half mile in circumference, and here I saw the blanket Indian, with his strange, barbaric mode of life. The lodges were composed of army tents grouped among the trees, each tent containing several families, forming messes after the usual manner of nomadic Indians.

In spite of the rain dripping from the trees and chilling the ground, the men and many of the squaws and children were outside the tents, dressed only in their leggings and blankets, without moccasins, or covering to their heads. Some of their faces were painted in characters which signified the number of scalps the brave had taken; whether the squaw was eligible for marriage, or whether the mother of many children, etc.

Chief Joseph is a stately brave, above six feet in height, and is generally conceded to be the grandest specimen of an Indian warrior that has existed since the days of Black Hawk. Aside from his honors as chief, he is renowned among his people for his literary triumphs, having written in hieroglyphics a complete history of his campaign in Oregon, which resulted in his capture and banishment to the Territory. He now mourns the loss of a young daughter, fifteen years of age, who went out to help drive in the cattle on the morning of her father's engagement with General Miles's command, and was never seen again. It is supposed that she was killed by some stray shot, or that she joined the force of Sitting Bull with the remainder of her people who escaped capture. Another source of grief to the Nez Percés is the loss of forty-five hundred ponies, which were taken from them at the time of their surrender, and not returned, as they believed that they would be. Next to his own flesh and blood, the Indian loves his pony, and to be bereft of this animal

causes lasting sorrow. My attendant to the camp chanced to be the bearer of a telegram to the interpreter, and as a return for this favor we gained admittance to the tent in which the medicine man was holding mysterious service over the sick. White persons are excluded from the "medicine making," on account of the belief that they will spoil the charm which is transfused into the medicine, and hence that it will fail to cure the sick. From an old man racked by frequent coughing we learned that there were "many sick, many dying, and many wanting to go back." It is not strange that sickness prevails, for in their persistent clinging to old customs the Nez Percés refuse to put on the comfortable garments offered them by the government, preferring to go almost naked to adopting the garb of civilization. Their sole wish is to return to their northern home. Their feelings may be compared to those of the Modocs, as expressed to Colonel Meaham when he visited that people in their intrenchments in the lava beds of Oregon, just before the fatal tragedy by which General Canby and Mr. Thomas lost their lives. Said Captain Jack: "Give me these rocks

for a home: I can live here; I can take care of my people here." But the Modocs were not granted the rocks, and as a precaution against a second outbreak they were settled in the Indian Territory. Mark the change which five years have brought about! The Modocs are now living on farms, in snug log houses built by the government. Their petition now is: "Give us some mares and plows, and seed to plant, that we may make a living for ourselves." I caught a glimpse of Scar-Face Charley and of some comrades, who had come to call upon Chief Joseph. As a pleasing contrast to the pitiable condition of the Nez Percés, they were warmly dressed in citizens' clothes, with felt hats, and boots as neat as though they had been made to order. "We get enough to eat, and are happy," said one of them in reply to my question whether they were satisfied with their new mode of living.

In view of this marvelous change in the Modocs, to send the Nez Percés back to their old life of irresponsible wandering would seem like turning a wailing child, who refused to be warmed and fed, into the street to suffer cold and hunger.

Theodora R. Jenness.

NEW YORK THEATRES.

It is, I believe, a disputed question whether the theatre is in a better condition in London or New York; but there seems to be no room for doubt as to the superiority of the New York theatre to all the others in the United States. Indeed, there is no other place with which to make a comparison. Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, though they contain theatres, are not places where the theatre is at all an important part of the life of the city, or where theatrical reputations are gained, or where original plays from the French possessing a "contemporaneous human

interest" are written. Boston holds a peculiar position in the American theatrical world, but, notwithstanding the excellent acting often seen at the Museum, the Globe, and elsewhere, even Bostonians do not seem disposed to claim a theatrical equality with New York; choosing, perhaps, to regard with complacency their well-known supereminence in the fields of moral and intellectual effort, rather than to enter into a doubtful æsthetic competition. However that may be, New York seems by general consent to stand at the head of American cities so far as the stage is concerned, and yet,

strange to say, there has been for years a common agreement among the theatrical critics of New York that the drama in this theatrical capital was in a bad way. Perhaps it would be safe to go farther than this, and to maintain that this feeling in the critical world is not confined to New York, but is to be found in larger and more ancient capitals. The readers of the late Mr. G. H. Lewes's entertaining book on actors and acting are familiar with the fact that he (perhaps the best English theatrical critic of his time) was very gloomy over the decadence of the drama in London, and looked upon the theatrical performances of the London of his later years almost with a sort of wonder as to how it was all going to end. Had I more space I would venture to suggest here that this belief in the decadence of the drama may possibly be explained by natural causes, depending partly on certain peculiarities of the drama as a fine art, and partly on the constitution of the human mind. To be better pleased with the recollection of the past than with the present is so well known a tendency of human sentiments that it passed, ages ago, into a common proverb. Now in the case of most, if not all arts, this tendency is constantly under correction, from the comparison which is perpetually being instituted between the productions of the past and those of the present day. To take the plainest case, — that of poetry: any new poet is quite sure that, however unfavorably he may at first be compared with his immediate predecessors, if he has genuine merit the comparison which must inevitably be made will result, in the long run, in the establishment of his reputation on an assured foundation. This comes, of course, from the fact that since the invention of printing all poetry is preserved from generation to generation. But with acting it is not so. There is no way of preserving the *manner* of acting and handing it down, and so, with the disappearance of the generation which was familiar with a noted actor, all record of his style goes too. Therefore, since theatrical opinion is mainly formed by the

class known as "old theatre-goers," it consists in good part of exaggerated regrets at the extinction of those "great actors" whom they saw in their youth, when everything was fresh and bright to them, and who have come, in the progress of time, to appear to their memories as something finer and grander than the theatre, as they now know it, affords. There is no more abandoned *laudator temporis acti* than a theatrical veteran, and as we of the present time cannot correct his recollections by any actual comparison, we are forced to take his reminiscences as a sort of standard; and hence we soon fall into the way of admitting readily enough that the stage is going to the dogs. Where are the Rachels, and the Macreadys and the Keans and Kembles of that elder day? And who is there on the boards that can compare with them now? Of course the drama is declining.

If this suggestion is based on a correct appreciation of the facts, it may cause us to think twice before we assume that the New York stage is in quite as bad a condition as might be inferred from the critical opinions of it volunteered by the press. So far as the material requisites of the theatre go, there is of course no question that in the last twenty-five years there has been an enormous improvement. Without going back to the days of the "Old Park," which must, to judge by its present approaches, have been a most uncomfortable place of amusement, it is enough to recall the days of what may be termed the second theatrical period of New York, when the theatres, at first clustered about the old colonial fashionable quarter, moved up town a mile or two to what was then the practical limit of Broadway. One of the best theatres of that day was Wallack's. Comparisons are odious; but if it were possible to imagine a stranger who had not been in New York for twenty-five years, and had at his last visit seen the elder Wallack act, say in Shylock (one of his best parts), now returning and seeing the new Wallack's, it would be difficult to convince him that he was in the same city.

In all material appliances, then, the most enormous progress has been made. To take another instance, the machinery which exists at Booth's for the production of great scenic and spectacular or historical shows is probably as complete as anything in the world. At the Union Square or at Wallack's the dressing for modern plays is as elaborate and studied as women have made dressing off the stage. The pessimist view of this branch of the subject is that this of itself favors the decadence of the drama. In its palmy days, the houses and scenery and dresses were poor, it is said, but the acting was good. Now managers, not being able to get good actors, pander to the low taste of modern audiences, who are becoming more and more content every year with the perfection of the mere material adjuncts of the theatre, and fail to see that to a real lover of the drama all this is the merest dross, — as valueless, without good acting, as a fine frame inclosing a bad picture. While there is a good deal of truth in the proposition that an exclusive devotion to the material adjuncts and appliances of the theatre would necessarily imply a declining condition of the drama, it may be said, on the other hand, that the very fact that managers find it for their advantage to spend enormous sums of money in making the surroundings of the stage materially perfect shows that there exist in the community two important requisites for any theatrical development, a large amount of money which it is willing to spend on theatrical amusements, and a large amount of popular interest of *some* sort. It must be remembered that acting is an art which above all others depends for its success on the existence of a large popular *clientèle*. There is no such thing, in the long run, as acting for critics. You must please the public, to be successful. An actor or theatre does not (at least in this country or in England) derive support from a subsidy, or the patronage of a small class of highly educated people, but from the public at large, who contribute a great revenue in small sums paid by a very large number of people. These people represent every

variety of intellectual and æsthetic attainment, and non-attainment, and actors and managers must please them, or fail. Now is it probable that this vast body of spectators goes night after night to the theatres for the purpose of seeing a particularly well-copied imitation of a modern drawing-room, or a good reproduction of a street in a mediæval Italian town? Audiences have undoubtedly become more exacting in these respects, and perhaps too much so, but it hardly seems credible that they really go to the theatre without caring for the acting. If they did, the modern manager, who knows extremely well which way his interests lie, would find his task much simplified. He would merely have to procure good dresses and furniture and scenery, and let the acting take care of itself. And this brings me to the question, which is not speculative but really a pure question of fact, whether he does anything of the sort. In other words, is it true, or is it not true, that managers at the present day do their utmost to procure good acting? And this question must necessarily be answered, not by the managers, but by the condition of the art itself. So we are brought back again to our starting-point, and forced to inquire whether the art of acting in New York is improving or falling off.

To settle this question by proofs of any very tangible sort is almost impossible, and any satisfactory settlement of it involves the answer of a number of other questions, by no means simple, relating to the comparative merit of different schools of acting. To arrive at any opinion upon it, it is necessary to bear in mind that in New York the theatre is not — as it is in many European cities — a natural local growth. The drama and the stage as they exist in Paris are French, and could not be anything else; the same thing is true of Germany, Italy, or Spain. But there is in this country no such thing as an American drama, or an American stage. It would be easy to count on the fingers of one hand all the plays of American authors which have had any marked success on the boards, and it must be re-

membered that many of these are in reality nothing but adaptations of French plays. So, too, of actors; there is no dearth of good actors in this country, but there is, with a few exceptions, nothing essentially local about their acting. This is not quite as true of low comedy as it is of tragedy or high comedy, yet, speaking generally, it is true of the theatre in New York that it is not local, but eclectic. The New York theatres may be divided into two classes, the stock-company theatres, and the "star" theatres. Of the former the two most conspicuous instances are Wallack's and the Union Square; of the latter the most important are Booth's, the Fifth Avenue, the Lyceum, and the Grand Opera House. At the theatres of the first class the object of the management is to have a trained corps of actors accustomed to acting with each other, and all possessed of a tolerably equal amount of talent. At the others the object is to secure the services of some one good actor who will draw well, having him supported by an indifferent company, whose services are not expensive. The business of theatrical management is so hazardous and uncertain that it is almost impossible to lay down any general rules about it, but the probability is that the first of these two methods is the most difficult to pursue with success, and if successful in the long run the most remunerative. To secure the services of a noted actor for a certain number of nights, and trust the rest to fortune, is a comparatively easy matter. To organize a theatre with a company capable of giving any standard or new play, and giving it well, at a few days' notice, is an undertaking which requires not only capital and audacity, but brains also; not only a knowledge of the public taste, but taste itself; besides patience, judgment of character, influence over others, and many other moral and intellectual qualities of a high order. The fact that two good stock-company theatres have established themselves in New York is a proof of itself that the theatre is making some progress here. Every one can remember how, only a few years

ago, that part of the press which interests itself in dramatic affairs teemed with denunciations of the star system, and how managers were entreated to adopt some other. These denunciations have ceased, because the growth of taste and experience has brought the other system into existence, and established it as an institution.

But there is nothing local about this. The fact of course is that the star system is no system at all, and is simply a barbarous substitute for one. To have really good acting, the company must necessarily be a unit, not a mere following for a single actor or actress. To say that Wallack's or the Union Square theatre is a stock-company theatre is simply to say that two theatres in New York have risen to a point at which they can be spoken of as proper theatres, with definite aims and characteristics. It is when we ask what these are that we are brought face to face with the glaring eclecticism of the New York stage. The fact is that you may find almost anything short of tragedy acted at either. Comedy, low comedy, farce, and melodrama are all recognized as having a claim to attention. At Wallack's, within the past two years, we have had such widely different plays as *The School for Scandal*, *Forbidden Fruit*, *My Son*, and *The Shaughraun*; at the Union Square, *Mother and Son*, *The Two Orphans*, and *The Banker's Daughter*. It may be that there is a less wide divergence in the latter than in the former case, but here we have representatives of the following schools: English high comedy, English low comedy, modern Irish melodrama, old-fashioned French melodrama, American comedy, and modern French comedy. It is quite evident that there is nothing local about this, and no essential connection between such plays and the New York audiences which go to see them. If you ask, Why are these plays brought out in New York? no answer that can be given will explain why it is New York rather than Montreal or Melbourne. (In fact, the probability is that they are brought out in Montreal and Melbourne, too.)

A few years ago, a favorite kind of play in New York was a sort of French comedy, now happily less popular, turning on marital infidelity, and involving a settlement of the difficulty between the husband and lover by an appeal to the code of honor. There was no kind of play which seemed to have less relation to American life, or New York life; for though marital infidelity may not be unknown here, the habit of fighting duels about women practically does not exist, divorce, or condonation, being the usual remedy adopted by the parties interested. But no sort of play was ever more popular in New York than this, and its popularity amounted to a clear proof that there is nothing local in the New York stage or theatre. And this proves, too, how strong the love of acting is in the human mind, that thousands of people will go every night to see a play given which has no sort of connection or relation with their daily lives, their habits of thought, their local or historical interest, if it is in itself entertaining, exciting, or moving.

It may be thought, perhaps, that this is due to the cosmopolitan character of the city; that New York, being a community of all races and languages, brought together from the four corners of the earth, it is only natural that its stage should have an international character. But unfortunately the foreign community in New York does nothing for the support of the New York stage. Although there are many French plays produced here, they are produced for the benefit of strictly American audiences, and although the French residents of New York have never succeeded in establishing a theatre of their own, they certainly do not as a class frequent the Union Square to an extent sufficient to account for the heavy importations to that theatre from Paris. The Germans have a theatre or two of their own, and very good theatres they are, in which those who are interested in such matters may see for themselves the difference between a stage which, although transplanted, is a genuine national growth, and a stage which is of no country and no time.

It is an additional proof of this characteristic of the theatres of New York that there has never been any attempt to restrict a theatre to a particular class of plays which has not resulted in failure, or an abandonment of the attempt. At Wallack's, some years ago, an effort was made to give nothing but what are known as standard English comedies, by Sheridan, Goldsmith, Holcroft, and other well-recognized dramatists. But the plan was after a few years given up, and the present system of giving everything was adopted. At Booth's an honest attempt was made by a theatrical reformer to have a house devoted to Shakespearean drama, and a great deal of time and thought and money was wasted in the enterprise. The result was, after a few years, a total collapse. Of course, such instances as these may be explained by a variety of special causes; but the fact is now established that those theatres succeed best which play everything that is to be had, and those fail worst which attempt to restrict themselves to certain classes of plays, however good.

With regard to the art of acting, it must be observed that in judging of this the public taste has undergone a complete revolution within the past twenty-five years. Very quiet acting has taken the place of the old English method; and of course it is difficult to make any comparison between the two, because they are radically opposed. The English traditions of acting linger mostly in high tragedy, to which it is indeed best adapted; in comedy, quiet and a total absence of that exaggeration which was the essence of the old English method are now generally regarded as all-important. The two styles may be seen on the same stage, and compared in two thoroughly trained and experienced actors, Mr. Lester Wallack and Mr. Charles Coghlan; the first representing the old school, and the second the new. Here, again, may be noticed the very eclectic character of theatrical taste in New York, for these two actors represent such different tendencies and styles that they ought not to be acting in the same

plays at the same time; but the want of harmony between the two does not appear to trouble a New York audience. It probably would not trouble an English audience. An educated French audience would most likely object to it. Speaking generally, however, the modern style has very nearly driven the old style out, just as the modern plays have nearly driven the old ones off the stage; and the modern style has had one curious effect in reducing the size of the theatres. Quiet acting is impossible in a large theatre. The distance of the audience, and the necessity of being heard and of making all the "points" of a part, makes exaggeration indispensable; in a small theatre it is quite the reverse. Consequently, most of the recently built theatres in New York, the Union Square, the Park, the Lyceum, the Fifth Avenue, are all small. This smallness of course precludes any very startling scenic or spectacular effects; but scenic and spectacular effects are not what such theatres as these are put up for.

It is not necessary, in considering the progress of the stage in New York, to discuss what are known as "one-character" plays, such as *Rip Van Winkle*, in which Jefferson plays. They are generally accidental, or at least the creation of the part by the particular actor who succeeds in it is accidental. But there are two instances of plays of this kind which show how strong a hold the quiet school of acting has taken on the public taste, *Rip Van Winkle* and *Colonel Mulberry Sellers*. Both of these parts have secured the position they now hold by their extreme fidelity to life and absence of exaggeration. Of course, in the last there is exaggeration in the dialogue, but not in the character. The sanguine American speculator, kind-hearted, generous, a gambler by temper and habit,—this Mr. Raymond has managed to make a living and entertaining and instructive part, as Mr. Jefferson has the lazy, good-for-nothing Dutchman. They are both triumphs of the modern school of acting.

I have said nothing of the opera, which has this winter created more in-

terest and excitement than all the theatres put together. It has really no connection with the regular theatrical life of New York, as it is an imported luxury. But with regard to the theatres, I think the facts bear me out in claiming for New York a steady advance in theatrical matters. Judging it either by the acting or the material appliances, we have made great progress in the last twenty-five years. We have made the great step, too, of proving the possibility of success by stock companies acting such plays as, when they come out in Paris, or elsewhere, make an immediate hit. That we have not found it possible to go further than this, and have stock companies devoted to particular and carefully selected kinds of plays, is not, perhaps, altogether a matter of regret. With the exception of Sheridan and Goldsmith and a very few others, standard English comedy is a pretty barren field.

The important theatrical events of the winter have been thus far Mr. John McCullough's acting in high tragedy, the production of *Mother and Son* and *The Banker's Daughter* at the Union Square theatre, and the revival of *The School for Scandal* at Wallack's. Mr. McCullough's acting of *Hamlet* deserves more than a passing notice. He has proved what very few *habitués* of the theatres would have been ready to admit as possible,—that careful study and refined feeling may throw really new light on the part. It is the peculiarity of Mr. McCullough's style of acting that it combines great vigor and fire with an unusual delicacy of perception. Hence, he is admirably adapted to those parts of *Hamlet* which call these qualities into play (for example, the scenes with *Opheelia*, with *Polonius*, the players' scene, and the grave scene). To bring out his strength fully, however, there seems to be needed something more in the situation than mere thought or reflection. Thus, in the soliloquy, he fails to create any illusion whatever. Judging, too, by his acting in *Spartacus*, it needs a good play to enable him to appear at his best; certainly his *Spartacus* would lead no

one to infer his power in Hamlet. It is difficult to know whom to compare him with in the latter part. He has evidently carefully studied the style of the late Mr. Edwin Forrest; but his passion is of a much more refined kind than the rage and fury of that dramatic athlete. On the other hand, he possesses greater naturalness than Booth, and is not a melodramatist like Fechter, who (*pace* the hosts of critics who applauded him) had spoiled himself for acting Shakespeare by learning to act so well in Monte Cristo and Ruy Blas. Mother and Son is one of Sardou's latest contributions to the modern French theatre; and The Banker's Daughter one of the latest to what may be termed Franco-American dramas. Miss Sara Jewett's reputation at the Union Square is too well established to make it necessary to call attention to her; but the acting of Miss Linda Dietz in Mother and Son was so full of promise that it alone would have made the play a success. Her part was a very difficult one, being that of an innocent girl

forced to assume a position of apparent guilt through no fault of her own. She acted it to perfection, and showed resources in the way of what is now called, in theatrical slang, "emotional" acting (as if all acting were not emotional) which would seem to prove her equal to great things. Of Miss Rose Coghlan's charming appearance and acting in The School for Scandal I have not left myself room to speak; nor of the production of the new Jane Shore, or the spectacular version of Henry VIII. at Booth's. Both these plays were made the occasion of the appearance of Miss Genevieve Ward, a new actress, whose method leaves little to be desired, but whose difficulty appears to be a lack of capacity for the expression of natural feeling,—a capacity, by the way, in which Miss Vaders, who plays with Mr. McCullough, excels. It ought not to be long before this lady (whose Ophelia is one of her best pieces of acting) secures a permanent foot-hold on the New York stage.

THE SAGA OF THE QUERN-STONES.

KING FROTHI from Sweden two giant-maidens brought,
With many a shining gulden from King Fiölnir bought;
For in all the realms of Gotland no hand was to be found
To grasp the huge quern-handle and turn the millstones round, —

The wonderful gray quern-stones, of his treasures best by far,
Once wrested from the giants by his great ancestor Thor.
Now whoso turned them round about could grind good luck or ill,
Gold and jewels, joy and plenty, could summon at his will!

"Grind, grind for me!" cried Frothi. "Beneath your mighty hold
These magical gray quern-stones shall grind me gems and gold!"
Then Menia and Fenia they stood up at the quern,
And slowly, so slowly, the stones began to turn.

Then swifter and swifter, until through all the land
The gold and silver money was plentiful as sand.
"We grind good luck to Gotland, rich harvest-fields of grain;
No vessel sails from harbor that comes not back again."

"Grind, grind for me!" cried Frothi. "Grind love and joy and peace;
Till Gotland is the richest realm your grinding shall not cease!"

"There is no beggar in the land, each peasant has his hoard,
And nowhere in the kingdom does the warrior draw his sword.

"Now give us rest, O Frothi!" "Then rest ye," said the king;

"But only while the cuckoo's note is silent in the spring."

"Oh, never in the spring-time does the cuckoo's calling cease,
So bid us somewhat longer from labor find release."

"Then rest ye while a verse of my minstrel's song is sung."

Upon the handle of the quern the sinewy hands are flung.

"We grind good luck to Gotland; to Frothi quiet sleep;

Be heard no sound of wrangling, no eye be seen to weep!

"Now give us rest, O Frothi! Have you not had your fill?"

"Rest only while a verse is sung, or the cuckoo's note is still."

"Black are the skies above us, the cold winds beat our breast,
The frost is keen and biting; O Frothi, give us rest!" . . .

"Revenge! Revenge, O Menia! We are of giant's blood.

Grind, grind, O sister, swiftly, — bring ruin, fire, and flood!

A ship comes sailing, sailing, with valiant warriors manned;

We grind them near and nearer. Say, Frothi, shall they land?

"A ship comes sailing, sailing! to Gotland hastening.

Awake, awake, O Frothi, or be no more a king!

'T is Mysinge the viking; thee sleeping shall he find?

. . . Grind faster, grind harder, — to Frothi death we grind!"

The quern-stones and the giant-maids the vikings bear on board,

With Frothi's crown and jewels, and all his shining hoard.

"Of golden store we need no more; but here no salt we find:

Ho, Menia! ho, Fenia! grind salt, weird sisters, grind!"

"From noon of day to noon of night we labor at the quern!

Ho, viking, hast thou salt enough?" And still he bade them turn.

"The ship is filled with salt, O king, so well thy slaves have ground!"

Beneath the weight the vessel sinks, and all the host are drowned.

"Grind, Menia! grind, Fenia! the quern-stones shall not halt

Till all the waters of the sea are filled with shining salt!"

Unto this day the quern-stones whirl, and still the salt outpours,

And where they sank off Norway's coast the Maelstrom seethes and roars!

Alice Williams Brotherton.

THE PENSION BEAUREPAS.

I.

I WAS not rich — on the contrary; and I had been told the Pension Beaurepas was cheap. I had moreover been told that a boarding-house is a capital place for the study of human nature. I had a fancy for a literary career, and a friend of mine had said to me, "If you mean to write you ought to go and live in a boarding-house; there is no other such place to pick up material." I had read something of this kind in a letter addressed by Stendhal to his sister: "I have a passionate desire to know human nature, and have a great mind to live in a boarding-house, where people cannot conceal their real characters." I was an admirer of the Chartreuse de Parme, and it appeared to me that one could not do better than follow in the footsteps of its author. I remembered, too, the magnificent boarding-house in Balzac's *Père Goriot*, — the "*pension bourgeoise des deux sexes et autres*," kept by Madame Vauquer, née De Conflans. Magnificent, I mean, as a piece of portraiture; the establishment, as an establishment, was certainly sordid enough, and I hoped for better things from the Pension Beaurepas. This institution was one of the most esteemed in Geneva, and, standing in a little garden of its own, not far from the lake, had a very homely, comfortable, sociable aspect. The regular entrance was, as one might say, at the back, which looked upon the street, or rather upon a little *place*, adorned like every place in Geneva, great or small, with a fountain. This fact was not prepossessing, for on crossing the threshold you found yourself more or less in the kitchen, encompassed with culinary odors. This, however, was no great matter, for at the Pension Beaurepas there was no attempt at gentility or at concealment of the domestic machinery. The latter was of a very simple sort. Madame Beaurepas was an excellent little old woman, — she was very far ad-

vanced in life, and had been keeping a pension for forty years, — whose only faults were that she was slightly deaf, that she was fond of a surreptitious pinch of snuff, and that, at the age of seventy-three, she wore flowers in her cap. There was a tradition in the house that she was not so deaf as she pretended; that she feigned this infirmity in order to possess herself of the secrets of her lodgers. But I never subscribed to this theory; I am convinced that Madame Beaurepas had outlived the period of indiscreet curiosity. She was a philosopher, on a matter-of-fact basis; she had been having lodgers for forty years, and all that she asked of them was that they should pay their bills, make use of the door-mat, and fold their napkins. She cared very little for their secrets. "*J'en ai vu de toutes les couleurs*," she said to me. She had quite ceased to care for individuals; she cared only for types, for categories. Her large observation had made her acquainted with a great number, and her mind was a complete collection of "heads." She flattered herself that she knew at a glance where to pigeon-hole a newcomer, and if she made any mistakes her department never betrayed them. I think that, as regards individuals, she had neither likes nor dislikes; but she was capable of expressing esteem or contempt for a species. She had her own ways, I suppose, of manifesting her approval, but her manner of indicating the reverse was simple and unvarying. "*Je trouve que c'est déplacé!*" — this exhausted her view of the matter. If one of her inmates had put arsenic into the *pot-au-feu*, I believe Madame Beaurepas would have contented herself with remarking that the proceeding was misplaced. The line of misconduct to which she most objected was an undue assumption of gentility; she had no patience with boarders who gave themselves airs. "When people come *chez moi*, it is not to cut a figure in the world; I have never

had that illusion," I remember hearing her say; "and when you pay seven francs a day, *tout compris*, it comprises everything but the right to look down upon the others. But there are people who, the less they pay, the more they take themselves *au sérieux*. My most difficult boarders have always been those who have had the little rooms."

Madame Beaurepas had a niece, a young woman of some forty odd years; and the two ladies, with the assistance of a couple of thick-waisted, red-armed peasant women, kept the house going. If on your exits and entrances you peeped into the kitchen, it made very little difference; for Célestine, the cook, had no pretension to be an invisible functionary or to deal in occult methods. She was always at your service, with a grateful grin: she blacked your boots; she trudged off to fetch a cab; she would have carried your baggage, if you had allowed her, on her broad little back. She was always tramping in and out, between her kitchen and the fountain in the place, where it often seemed to me that a large part of the preparation for our dinner went forward, — the wringing out of towels and table-cloths, the washing of potatoes and cabbages, the scouring of saucepans and cleansing of water-bottles. You enjoyed, from the door-step, a perpetual back view of Célestine and of her large, loose, woolen ankles, as she craned, from the waist, over into the fountain and dabbled in her various utensils. This sounds as if life went on in a very make-shift fashion at the Pension Beaurepas, — as if the tone of the establishment were sordid. But such was not at all the case. We were simply very *bourgeois*; we practiced the good old Genevese principle of not sacrificing to appearances. This is an excellent principle — when you have the reality. We had the reality at the Pension Beaurepas: we had it in the shape of soft, short beds, equipped with fluffy *duvets*; of admirable coffee, served to us in the morning by Célestine in person, as we lay recumbent on these downy couches; of copious, wholesome, succulent dinners, conformable to the best provincial traditions. For

myself, I thought the Pension Beaurepas picturesque, and this, with me, at that time was a great word. I was young and ingenuous; I had just come from America. I wished to perfect myself in the French tongue, and I innocently believed that French tongues might be found in Swiss mouths. I used to go to lectures at the Academy, and come home with a violent appetite. I always enjoyed my morning walk across the long bridge (there was only one, just there, in those days) which spans the deep blue out-gush of the lake, and up the dark, steep streets of the old Calvinistic city. The garden faced this way, toward the lake and the old town; and this was the pleasantest approach to the house. There was a high wall, with a double gate in the middle, flanked by a couple of ancient massive posts; the big rusty *grille* contained some old-fashioned iron-work. The garden was rather moldy and weedy, tangled and untended, but it contained a little thin-flowing fountain, several green benches, a rickety little table of the same complexion, and three orange-trees, in tubs, which were deposited as effectively as possible in front of the windows of the *salon*.

II.

As commonly happens in boarding-houses, the rustle of petticoats was, at the Pension Beaurepas, the most familiar form of the human tread. There was the usual allotment of economical widows and old maids, and to maintain the balance of the sexes there were only an old Frenchman and a young American. It hardly made the matter easier that the old Frenchman came from Lausanne. He was a native of that estimable town, but he had once spent six months in Paris, he had tasted of the tree of knowledge; he had got beyond Lausanne, whose resources he pronounced inadequate. Lausanne, as he said, "*manquait d'agréments*." When obliged, for reasons which he never specified, to bring his residence in Paris to a close, he had fallen back on Geneva; he had broken his fall at the Pension Beaurepas. Geneva was, after

all, more like Paris, and at a Genevese boarding-house there were sure to be plenty of Americans with whom one could talk about the French metropolis. M. Pigeonneau was a little lean man, with a large, narrow nose, who sat a great deal in the garden, reading with the aid of a large magnifying glass a volume from the *cabinet de lecture*.

One day, a fortnight after my arrival at the Pension Beaurepas, I came back rather earlier than usual from my academic session; it wanted half an hour of the midday breakfast. I went into the salon with the design of possessing myself of the day's Galignani before one of the little English old maids should have removed it to her virginal bower, — a privilege to which Madame Beaurepas frequently alluded as one of the attractions of the establishment. In the salon I found a new-comer, a tall gentleman in a high black hat, whom I immediately recognized as a compatriot. I had often seen him, or his equivalent, in the hotel parlors of my native land. He apparently supposed himself to be at the present moment in a hotel parlor; his hat was on his head, or, rather, half off it, — pushed back from his forehead, and rather suspended than poised. He stood before a table on which old newspapers were scattered, one of which he had taken up and, with his eye-glass on his nose, was holding out at arm's-length. It was that honorable but extremely diminutive sheet, the *Journal de Genève*, a newspaper of about the size of a pocket-handkerchief. As I drew near, looking for my Galignani, the tall gentleman gave me, over the top of his eye-glass, a somewhat solemn stare. Presently, however, before I had time to lay my hand on the object of my search, he silently offered me the *Journal de Genève*.

"It appears," he said, "to be the paper of the country."

"Yes," I answered, "I believe it's the best."

He gazed at it again, still holding it at arm's-length, as if it had been a looking-glass. "Well," he said, "I suppose it's natural a small country should

have small papers. You could wrap it up, mountains and all, in one of our dailies!"

I found my Galignani and went off with it into the garden, where I seated myself on a bench in the shade. Presently I saw the tall gentleman in the hat appear in one of the open windows of the salon, and stand there with his hands in his pockets and his legs a little apart. He looked very much bored, and — I don't know why — I immediately began to feel sorry for him. He was not at all a picturesque personage; he looked like a jaded, faded man of business. But after a little he came into the garden and began to stroll about; and then his restless, unoccupied carriage, and the vague, unacquainted manner in which his eyes wandered over the place, seemed to make it proper that, as an older resident, I should exercise a certain hospitality. I said something to him, and he came and sat down beside me on my bench, clasping one of his long knees in his hands.

"When is it this big breakfast of theirs comes off?" he inquired. "That's what I call it, — the little breakfast and the big breakfast. I never thought I should live to see the time when I should care to eat two breakfasts. But a man's glad to do anything, over here."

"For myself," I observed, "I find plenty to do."

He turned his head and glanced at me with a dry, deliberate, kind-looking eye. "You're getting used to the life, are you?"

"I like the life very much," I answered, laughing.

"How long have you tried it?"

"Do you mean in this place?"

"Well, I mean anywhere. It seems to me pretty much the same all over."

"I have been in this house only a fortnight," I said.

"Well, what should you say, from what you have seen?" my companion asked.

"Oh," said I, "you can see all there is immediately. It's very simple."

"Sweet simplicity, eh? I'm afraid my two ladies will find it too simple."

"Everything is very good," I went on. "And Madame Beaurepas is a charming old woman. And then it's very cheap."

"Cheap, is it?" my friend repeated meditatively.

"Does n't it strike you so?" I asked. I thought it very possible he had not inquired the terms. But he appeared not to have heard me; he sat there, clasping his knee and blinking, in a contemplative manner, at the sunshine.

"Are you from the United States, sir?" he presently demanded, turning his head again.

"Yes, sir," I replied, and I mentioned the place of my nativity.

"I presumed," he said, "that you were American, or English. I'm from the United States myself; from New York city. Many of our people here?"

"Not so many as, I believe, there have sometimes been. There are two or three ladies."

"Well," my interlocutor declared, "I am very fond of ladies' society. I think when it's nice there's nothing comes up to it. I've got two ladies here myself; I must make you acquainted with them."

I rejoined that I should be delighted, and I inquired of my friend whether he had been long in Europe.

"Well, it seems precious long," he said, "but my time's not up yet. We have been here fourteen weeks and a half."

"Are you traveling for pleasure?" I asked.

My companion turned his head again and looked at me, — looked at me so long in silence that I at last also turned and met his eyes.

"No, sir," he said, presently. "No, sir," he repeated, after a considerable interval.

"Excuse me," said I, for there was something so solemn in his tone that I feared I had been indiscreet.

He took no notice of my ejaculation; he simply continued to look at me. "I'm traveling," he said, at last, "to please the doctors. They seemed to think they would like it."

"Ah, they sent you abroad for your health."

"They sent me abroad because they were so confoundedly puzzled they did n't know what else to do."

"That's often the best thing," I ventured to remark.

"It was a confession of weakness; they wanted me to stop plaguing them. They did n't know enough to cure me, and that's the way they thought they would get out of it. I wanted to be cured, — I did n't want to be transported. I had n't done any harm."

I assented to the general proposition of the inefficiency of doctors, and asked my companion if he had been seriously ill.

"I did n't sleep," he said, after some delay.

"Ah, that's very annoying. I suppose you were overworked."

"I did n't eat; I took no interest in my food."

"Well, I hope you both eat and sleep now," I said.

"I could n't hold a pen," my neighbor went on. "I could n't sit still. I could n't walk from my house to the cars, — and it's only a little way. I lost my interest in business."

"You needed a holiday," I observed.

"That's what the doctors said. It was n't so very smart of them. I had been paying strict attention to business for twenty-three years."

"In all that time you have never had a holiday?" I exclaimed, with horror.

My companion waited a little. "Sundays," he said at last.

"No wonder, then, you were out of sorts."

"Well, sir," said my friend, "I should n't have been where I was three years ago if I had spent my time traveling round Europe. I was in a very advantageous position. I did a very large business. I was considerably interested in lumber." He paused, turned his head, and looked at me a moment.

"Have you any business interests yourself?" I answered that I had none, and he went on again, slowly, softly, deliberately. "Well, sir, perhaps you are

not aware that business in the United States is not what it was a short time since. Business interests are very insecure. There seems to be a general falling-off. Different parties offer different explanations of the fact, but so far as I am aware none of their observations have set things going again." I ingeniously intimated that if business was dull it was a good time for coming away; whereupon my neighbor threw back his head and stretched his legs a while. "Well, sir, that's one view of the matter, certainly. There's something to be said for that. These things should be looked at all round. That's the ground my wife took. That's the ground," he added in a moment, "that a lady would naturally take," and he gave a little dry laugh.

"You think it's slightly illogical," I remarked.

"Well, sir, the ground I took was that the worse a man's business is, the more it requires looking after. I should n't want to go out to take a walk — not even to go to church — if my house was on fire. My firm is not doing the business it was; it's like a sick child; it wants nursing. What I wanted the doctors to do was to fix me up, so that I could go on at home. I'd have taken anything they'd have given me, and as many times a day. I wanted to be right there; I had my reasons; I have them still. But I came off, all the same," said my friend, with a melancholy smile.

I was a great deal younger than he, but there was something so simple and communicative in his tone, so expressive of a desire to fraternize, and so exempt from any theory of human differences, that I quite forgot his seniority, and found myself offering him paternal advice. "Don't think about all that," said I. "Simply enjoy yourself, amuse yourself, get well. Travel about and see Europe. At the end of a year, by the time you are ready to go home, things will have improved over there, and you will be quite well and happy."

My friend laid his hand on my knee; he looked at me for some moments, and I thought he was going to say, "You

are very young!" But he said presently, "You have got used to Europe, any way!"

III.

At breakfast I encountered his ladies, — his wife and daughter. They were placed, however, at a distance from me. and it was not until the *pensionnaires* had dispersed, and some of them, according to custom, had come out into the garden, that he had an opportunity of making me acquainted with them.

"Will you allow me to introduce you to my daughter?" he said, moved apparently by a paternal inclination to provide this young lady with social diversion. She was standing, with her mother, in one of the paths, looking about, with no great complacency, as I imagined, at the homely characteristics of the place, and old M. Pigeonneau was hovering near, hesitating apparently between the desire to be urbane and the absence of a pretext. "Mrs. Ruck, — Miss Sophy Ruck," said my friend, leading me up.

Mrs. Ruck was a large, plump, light-colored person, with a smooth, fair face, a sonolent eye, and an elaborate coiffure. Miss Sophy was a girl of one and twenty, very small and very pretty, — what I suppose would have been called a lively brunette. Both of these ladies were attired in black silk dresses, very much trimmed; they had an air of the highest elegance.

"Do you think highly of this pension?" inquired Mrs. Ruck, after a few preliminaries.

"It's a little rough, but it seems to me comfortable," I answered.

"Does it take a high rank in Geneva?" Mrs. Ruck pursued.

"I imagine it enjoys a very fair fame," I said, smiling.

"I should never dream of comparing it to a New York boarding-house," said Mrs. Ruck.

"It's quite a different style," her daughter observed. Miss Ruck had folded her arms; she was holding her elbows with a pair of white little hands,

and she was tapping the ground with a pretty little foot.

"We hardly expected to come to a pension," said Mrs. Ruck. "But we thought we would try; we had heard so much about Swiss pensions. I was saying to Mr. Ruck that I wondered whether this was a favorable specimen. I was afraid we might have made a mistake."

"We knew some people who had been here; they thought everything of Madame Beaurepas," said Miss Sophy. "They said she was a real friend."

"Mr. and Mrs. Parker, — perhaps you have heard her speak of them," Mrs. Ruck pursued.

"Madame Beaurepas has had a great many Americans; she is very fond of Americans," I replied.

"Well, I must say I should think she would be, if she compares them with some others."

"Mother is always comparing," observed Miss Ruck.

"Of course I am always comparing," rejoined the elder lady. "I never had a chance till now; I never knew my privileges. Give me an American!" And Mrs. Ruck indulged in a little laugh.

"Well, I must say there are some things I like over here," said Miss Sophy, with courage. And indeed I could see that she was a young woman of great decision.

"You like the shops, — that's what you like," her father affirmed.

The young lady addressed herself to me, without heeding this remark: "I suppose you feel quite at home here."

"Oh, he likes it; he has got used to the life!" exclaimed Mr. Ruck.

"I wish you'd teach Mr. Ruck," said his wife. "It seems as if he could n't get used to anything."

"I'm used to you, my dear," the husband retorted, giving me a humorous look.

"He's intensely restless," continued Mrs. Ruck. "That's what made me want to come to a pension. I thought he would settle down more."

"I don't think I *am* used to you, after all," said her husband.

In view of a possible exchange of con-

jugal *repatee* I took refuge in conversation with Miss Ruck, who seemed perfectly able to play her part in any colloquy. I learned from this young lady that, with her parents, after visiting the British islands, she had been spending a month in Paris, and that she thought she should have died when she left that city. "I hung out of the carriage, when we left the hotel," said Miss Ruck; "I assure you I did. And mother did, too."

"Out of the other window, I hope," said I.

"Yes, one out of each window," she replied, promptly. "Father had hard work, I can tell you. We had n't half finished; there were ever so many places we wanted to go to."

"Your father insisted on coming away?"

"Yes; after we had been there about a month he said he had enough. He's fearfully restless; he's very much out of health. Mother and I said to him that if he was restless in Paris he need n't hope for peace anywhere. We don't mean to leave him alone till he takes us back." There was an air of keen resolution in Miss Ruck's pretty face, of lucid apprehension of desirable ends, which made me, as she pronounced these words, direct a glance of covert compassion toward her poor recalcitrant father. He had walked away a little with his wife, and I saw only his back and his stooping, patient-looking shoulders, whose air of acute resignation was thrown into relief by the voluminous tranquillity of Mrs. Ruck. "He will have to take us back in September, any way," the young girl pursued; "he will have to take us back to get some things we have ordered."

"Have you ordered a great many things?" I asked, jocosely.

"Well, I guess we have ordered *some*. Of course we wanted to take advantage of being in Paris, — ladies always do. We have left the principal things till we go back. Of course that is the principal interest for ladies. Mother said she should feel so shabby, if she just passed through. We have promised all the people to be back in September, and I

never broke a promise yet. So Mr. Ruck has got to make his plans accordingly."

"And what are his plans?"

"I don't know; he does n't seem able to make any. His great idea was to get to Geneva; but now that he has got here he does n't seem to care. It's the effect of ill health. He used to be so bright; but now he is quite subdued. It's about time he should improve, any way. We went out last night to look at the jewelers' windows, — in that street behind the hotel. I had always heard of those jewelers' windows. We saw some lovely things, but it did n't seem to rouse father. He'll get tired of Geneva sooner than he did of Paris."

"Ah," said I, "there are finer things here than the jewelers' windows. We are very near some of the most beautiful scenery in Europe."

"I suppose you mean the mountains. Well, we have seen plenty of mountains at home. We used to go to the mountains every summer. We are familiar enough with the mountains. Are n't we, mother?" the young lady demanded, appealing to Mrs. Ruck, who, with her husband, had drawn near again.

"Are n't we what?" inquired the elder lady.

"Are n't we familiar with the mountains?"

"Well, I hope so," said Mrs. Ruck.

Mr. Ruck, with his hands in his pockets, gave me a sociable wink. "There's nothing much you can tell them!" he said.

The two ladies stood face to face a few moments, surveying each other's garments. "Don't you want to go out?" the young girl at last inquired of her mother.

"Well, I think we had better; we have got to go up to that place."

"To what place?" asked Mr. Ruck.

"To that jeweler's, — to that big one."

"They all seemed big enough; they were too big!" And Mr. Ruck gave me another wink.

"That one where we saw the blue cross," said his daughter.

"Oh, come, what do you want of that blue cross?" poor Mr. Ruck demanded.

"She wants to hang it on a black velvet ribbon and tie it round her neck," said his wife.

"A black velvet ribbon? No, I thank you!" cried the young lady. "Do you suppose I would wear that cross on a black velvet ribbon? On a nice little gold chain, if you please, — a little narrow gold chain, like an old-fashioned watch-chain. That's the proper thing for that blue cross. I know the sort of chain I mean; I'm going to look for one. When I want a thing," said Miss Ruck, with decision, "I can generally find it."

"Look here, Sophy," her father urged, "you don't want that blue cross."

"I do want it, — I happen to want it." And Sophy glanced at me with a little laugh.

Her laugh, which in itself was pretty, suggested that there were various relations in which one might stand to Miss Ruck; but I think I was conscious of a certain satisfaction in not occupying the paternal one. "Don't worry the poor child," said her mother.

"Come on, mother," said Miss Ruck.

"We are going to look about a little," explained the elder lady to me, by way of taking leave.

"I know what that means," remarked Mr. Ruck, as his companions moved away. He stood looking at them a moment, while he raised his hand to his head, behind, and stood rubbing it a little, with a movement that displaced his hat. (I may remark in parenthesis that I never saw a hat more easily displaced than Mr. Ruck's.) I supposed he was going to say something querulous, but I was mistaken. Mr. Ruck was unhappy, but he was very good-natured. "Well, they want to pick up something," he said. "That's the principal interest, for ladies."

IV.

Mr. Ruck distinguished me, as the French say. He honored me with his esteem, and, as the days elapsed, with a large portion of his confidence. Some-

times he bored me a little, for the tone of his conversation was not cheerful, tending as it did almost exclusively to a melancholy dirge over the financial prostration of our common country. "No, sir, business in the United States is not what it once was," he found occasion to remark several times a day. "There's not the same spring, — there's not the same hopeful feeling. You can see it in all departments." He used to sit by the hour in the little garden of the pension, with a roll of American newspapers in his lap and his high hat pushed back, swinging one of his long legs and reading the New York Herald. He paid a daily visit to the American banker's, on the other side of the Rhône, and remained there a long time, turning over the old papers on the green velvet table in the middle of the Salon des Étrangers and fraternizing with chance compatriots. But in spite of these diversions his time hung heavily upon his hands. I used sometimes to propose to him to take a walk; but he had a mortal horror of pedestrianism, and regarded my own taste for it as a morbid form of activity. "You'll kill yourself, if you don't look out," he said, "walking all over the country. I don't want to walk round that way; I ain't a postman!" Briefly speaking, Mr. Ruck had few resources. His wife and daughter, on the other hand, it was to be supposed, were possessed of a good many that could not be apparent to an unobtrusive young man. They also sat a great deal in the garden or in the salon, side by side, with folded hands, contemplating material objects, and were remarkably independent of most of the usual feminine aids to idleness, — light literature, tapestry, the use of the piano. They were, however, much fonder of locomotion than their companion, and I often met them in the Rue du Rhône and on the quays, loitering in front of the jewelers' windows. They might have had a cavalier in the person of old M. Pigeonneau, who professed a high appreciation of their charms, but who, owing to the absence of a common idiom, was deprived of the pleasures of intimacy. He knew no English, and Mrs. Ruck

and her daughter had, as it seemed, an incurable mistrust of the beautiful tongue which, as the old man endeavored to impress upon them, was preëminently the language of conversation.

"They have a *tournure de princesse*, — a *distinction supreme*," he said to me.

"One is surprised to find them in a little pension, at seven francs a day."

"Oh, they don't come for economy," I answered. "They must be rich."

"They don't come for my *beaux yeux*, — for mine," said M. Pigeonneau, sadly. "Perhaps it's for yours, young man. Je vous recommande la mère."

I reflected a moment. "They came on account of Mr. Ruck, — because at hotels he's so restless."

M. Pigeonneau gave me a knowing nod. "Of course he is, with such a wife as that! — a *femme superbe*. Madame Ruck is preserved in perfection, — a miraculous *fraîcheur*. I like those large, fair, quiet women; they are often, *dans l'intimité*, the most agreeable. I'll warrant you that at heart Madame Ruck is a finished coquette."

"I rather doubt it," I said.

"You suppose her cold? Ne vous y fiez pas!"

"It is a matter in which I have nothing at stake."

"You young Americans are droll," said M. Pigeonneau; "you never have anything at stake! But the little one, for example; I'll warrant you she's not cold. She is admirably made."

"She is very pretty."

"She is very pretty!" Vous dites cela d'un ton! When you pay compliments to Mademoiselle Ruck, I hope that's not the way you do it."

"I don't pay compliments to Mademoiselle Ruck."

"Ah, decidedly," said M. Pigeonneau, "you young Americans are droll!"

I should have suspected that these two ladies would not especially commend themselves to Madame Beaurepas; that as a *maîtresse de salon*, which she in some degree aspired to be, she would have found them wanting in a certain flexibility of deportment. But I should have gone quite wrong; Madame Beau-

repas had no fault at all to find with her new pensionnaires. "I have no observation whatever to make about them," she said to me one evening. "I see nothing in those ladies which is at all *déplacé*. They don't complain of anything; they don't meddle; they take what's given them; they leave me tranquil. The Americans are often like that. Often, but not always," Madame Beaurepas pursued. "We are to have a specimen to-morrow of a very different sort."

"An American?" I inquired.

"Two *Américaines*, — a mother and a daughter. There are Americans and Americans: when you are *difficiles*, you are more so than any one, and when you have pretensions — ah, *par exemple*, it's serious. I foresee that with this little lady everything will be serious, beginning with her *café au lait*. She has been staying at the Pension Bonrepas, — my concurrent, you know, further up the street; but she is coming away because the coffee is bad. She holds to her coffee, it appears. I don't know what liquid Madame Bonrepas may have invented, but we will do the best we can for her. Only, I know she will make me *des histoires* about something else. She will demand a new lamp for the salon; *vous allez voir cela*. She wishes to pay but eleven francs a day for herself and her daughter, *tout compris*; and for their eleven francs they expect to be lodged like princesses. But she is very 'lady-like,' — isn't that what you call it in English? Oh, *pour cela*, she is lady-like!"

I caught a glimpse on the morrow of this lady-like person, who was arriving at her new residence as I came in from a walk. She had come in a cab, with her daughter and her luggage; and, with an air of perfect softness and serenity, she was disputing the fare as she stood among her boxes, on the steps. She addressed her cabman in a very English accent, but with extreme precision and correctness: "I wish to be perfectly reasonable, but I don't wish to encourage you in exorbitant demands. With a franc and a half you are sufficiently paid. It is not the custom at Geneva to give a

pour-boire for so short a drive. I have made inquiries, and I find it is not the custom, even in the best families. I am a stranger, yes, but I always adopt the custom of the native families. I think it my duty toward the natives."

"But I am a native, too, *moi!*" said the cabman, with an angry laugh.

"You seem to me to speak with a German accent," continued the lady. "You are probably from Basel. A franc and a half is sufficient. I see you have left behind the little red bag which I asked you to hold between your knees; you will please to go back to the other house and get it. Very well, if you are impolite I will make a complaint of you to-morrow at the administration. Aurora, you will find a pencil in the outer pocket of my embroidered satchel; please to write down his number, — 87; do you see it distinctly? — in case we should forget it."

The young lady addressed as "Aurora" — a slight, fair girl, holding a large parcel of umbrellas — stood at hand while this allocution went forward, but she apparently gave no heed to it. She stood looking about her, in a listless manner, at the front of the house, at the corridor, at Célestine tucking up her apron in the door-way, at me as I passed in amid the disseminated luggage; her mother's parsimonious attitude seeming to produce in Miss Aurora neither sympathy nor embarrassment. At dinner the two ladies were placed on the same side of the table as myself, below Mrs. Ruck and her daughter, my own position being on the right of Mr. Ruck. I had therefore little observation of Mrs. Church, — such I learned to be her name, — but I occasionally heard her soft, distinct voice.

"White wine, if you please; we prefer white wine. There is none on the table? Then you will please to get some, and to remember to place a bottle of it always here, between my daughter and myself."

"That lady seems to know what she wants," said Mr. Ruck, "and she speaks so I can understand her. I can't understand every one, over here. I should

like to make that lady's acquaintance. Perhaps she knows what *I* want, too; it seems hard to find out. But I don't want any of their sour white wine; that's one of the things I don't want. I expect she'll be an addition to the pension."

Mr. Ruck made the acquaintance of Mrs. Church that evening in the parlor, being presented to her by his wife, who presumed on the rights conferred upon herself by the mutual proximity, at table, of the two ladies. I suspected that in Mrs. Church's view Mrs. Ruck presumed too far. The fugitive from the Pension Bonrepas, as M. Pigeonneau called her, was a little fresh, plump, comely woman, looking less than her age, with a round, bright, serious face. She was very simply and frugally dressed, not at all in the manner of Mr. Ruck's companions, and she had an air of quiet distinction which was an excellent defensive weapon. She exhibited a polite disposition to listen to what Mr. Ruck might have to say, but her manner was equivalent to an intimation that what she valued least in boarding-house life was its social opportunities. She had placed herself near a lamp, after carefully screwing it and turning it up, and she had opened in her lap, with the assistance of a large embroidered marker, an octavo volume which I perceived to be in German. To Mrs. Ruck and her daughter she was evidently a puzzle, with her economical attire and her expensive culture. The two younger ladies, however, had begun to fraternize very freely, and Miss Ruck presently went wandering out of the room with her arm round the waist of Miss Church. It was a very warm evening; the long windows of the salon stood wide open into the garden, and, inspired by the balmy darkness, M. Pigeonneau and Mademoiselle Beaurepas, a most obliging little woman, who lisped and always wore a huge cravat, declared they would organize a *fête*. They engaged in this undertaking, and the *fête* developed itself, consisting of half a dozen red paper lanterns, hung about on the trees, and of several glasses of *sirop*, carried on a tray

by the stout-armed Célestine. As the festival deepened to its climax I went out into the garden, where M. Pigeonneau was master of ceremonies.

"But where are those charming young ladies," he cried, "Miss Ruck and the new-comer, *l'aimable transfuge*? Their absence has been remarked, and they are wanting to the brilliancy of the occasion. *Voyez*, I have selected a glass of syrup — a generous glass — for Mademoiselle Ruck, and I advise you, my young friend, if you wish to make a good impression, to put aside one which you may offer to the other young lady. What is her name? Miss Church. I see; it's a singular name. There is a church in which I would willingly worship!"

Mr. Ruck presently came out of the salon, having concluded his interview with Mrs. Church. Through the open window I saw the latter lady sitting under the lamp with her German octavo, while Mrs. Ruck, established, empty-handed, in an arm-chair near her, gazed at her with an air of fascination.

"Well, I told you she would know what I want," said Mr. Ruck. "She says I want to go up to Appenzell, wherever that is; that I want to drink whey and live in a high latitude — what did she call it? — a high altitude. She seemed to think we ought to leave for Appenzell to-morrow; she'd got it all fixed. She says this ain't a high enough lat — a high enough altitude. And she says I must n't go too high, either; that would be just as bad; she seems to know just the right figure. She says she'll give me a list of the hotels where we must stop, on the way to Appenzell. I asked her if she did n't want to go with us, but she says she'd rather sit still and read. I expect she's a big reader."

The daughter of this accomplished woman now reappeared, in company with Miss Ruck, with whom she had been strolling through the outlying parts of the garden.

"Well," said Miss Ruck, glancing at the red paper lanterns, "are they trying to stick the flower-pots into the trees?"

"It's an illumination in honor of our arrival," the other young girl rejoined. "It's a triumph over Madame Bonrepas."

"Meanwhile, at the Pension Bonrepas," I ventured to suggest, "they have put out their lights; they are sitting in darkness, lamenting your departure."

She looked at me, smiling; she was standing in the light that came from the house. M. Pigeonneau, meanwhile, who had been awaiting his chance, advanced to Miss Ruck with his glass of syrup. "I have kept it for you, mademoiselle," he said; "I have jealously guarded it. It is very delicious!"

Miss Ruck looked at him and his syrup, without making any motion to take the glass. "Well, I guess it's sour," she said in a moment, and she gave a little shake of her head.

M. Pigeonneau stood staring, with his syrup in his hand; then he slowly turned away. He looked about at the rest of us, as if to appeal from Miss Ruck's insensibility, and went to deposit his rejected tribute on a bench.

"Won't you give it to me?" asked Miss Church, in faultless French. "J'adore le sirop, moi."

M. Pigeonneau came back with alacrity, and presented the glass with a very low bow. "I adore good manners," murmured the old man.

This incident caused me to look at Miss Church with quickened interest. She was not strikingly pretty, but in her charming, irregular face there was something brilliant and ardent. Like her mother, she was very simply dressed.

"She wants to go to America, and her mother won't let her," said Miss Sophy to me, explaining her companion's situation.

"I am very sorry — for America," I answered, laughing.

"Well, I don't want to say anything against your mother, but I think it's shameful," Miss Ruck pursued.

"Mamma has very good reasons; she will tell you them all."

"Well, I'm sure I don't want to hear them," said Miss Ruck. "You have

got a right to go to your own country; every one has a right to go to their own country."

"Mamma is not very patriotic," said Aurora Church, smiling.

"Well, I call that dreadful," her companion declared. "I have heard that there are some Americans like that, but I never believed it."

"There are all sorts of Americans," I said, laughing.

"Aurora's one of the right sort," rejoined Miss Ruck, who had apparently become very intimate with her new friend.

"Are you very patriotic?" I asked of the young girl.

"She's right down homesick," said Miss Sophy; "she's dying to go. If I were you my mother would have to take me."

"Mamma is going to take me to Dresden."

"Well, I declare I never heard of anything so dreadful!" cried Miss Ruck. "It's like something in a story."

"I never heard there was anything very dreadful in Dresden," I interposed.

Miss Ruck looked at me a moment.

"Well, I don't believe *you* are a good American," she replied, "and I never supposed you were. You had better go in there and talk to Mrs. Church."

"Dresden is really very nice, is n't it?" I asked of her companion.

"It is n't nice if you happen to prefer New York," said Miss Sophy. "Miss Church prefers New York. Tell him you are dying to see New York; it will make him angry," she went on.

"I have no desire to make him angry," said Aurora, smiling.

"It is only Miss Ruck who can do that," I rejoined. "Have you been a long time in Europe?"

"Always."

"I call that wicked!" Miss Sophy declared.

"You might be in a worse place," I continued. "I find Europe very interesting."

Miss Ruck gave a little laugh. "I was saying that you wanted to pass for a European."

"Yes, I want to pass for a Dalmatian."

Miss Ruck looked at me a moment. "Well, you had better not come home," she said. "No one will speak to you."

"Were you born in these countries?" I asked of her companion.

"Oh, no; I came to Europe when I was a small child. But I remember America a little, and it seems delightful."

"Wait till you see it again. It's just too lovely," said Miss Sophy.

"It's the grandest country in the world," I added.

Miss Ruck began to toss her head. "Come away, my dear," she said. "If there's a creature I despise it's a man that tries to say funny things about his own country."

"Don't you think one can be tired of Europe?" Aurora asked, lingering.

"Possibly, — after many years."

"Father was tired of it after three weeks," said Miss Ruck.

"I have been here sixteen years," her friend went on, looking at me with a charming intentness, as if she had a purpose in speaking. "It used to be for my education. I don't know what it's for now."

"She's beautifully educated," said Miss Ruck. "She knows four languages."

"I am not very sure that I know English."

"You should go to Boston!" cried Miss Sophy. "They speak splendidly in Boston."

"C'est mon rêve," said Aurora, still looking at me.

"Have you been all over Europe," I asked, — "in all the different countries?"

She hesitated a moment. "Everywhere that there's a pension. Mamma is devoted to pensions. We have lived, at one time or another, in every pension in Europe."

"Well, I should think you had seen about enough," said Miss Ruck.

"It's a delightful way of seeing Europe," Aurora rejoined, with her brilliant smile. "You may imagine how it

has attached me to the different countries. I have such charming souvenirs! There is a pension awaiting us now at Dresden, — eight francs a day, without wine. That's rather dear. Mamma means to make them give us wine. Mamma is a great authority on pensions; she is known, that way, all over Europe. Last winter we were in Italy, and she discovered one at Piacenza, — four francs a day. We made economies."

"Your mother does n't seem to mingle much," observed Miss Ruck, glancing through the window at the scholastic attitude of Mrs. Church.

"No, she does n't mingle, except in the native society. Though she lives in pensions, she detests them."

"Why does she live in them, then?" asked Miss Sophy, rather resentfully.

"Oh, because we are so poor; it's the cheapest way to live. We have tried having a cook, but the cook always steals. Mamma used to set me to watch her; that's the way I passed my *jeunesse*, — my *belle jeunesse*. We are frightfully poor," the young girl went on, with the same strange frankness, — a curious mixture of girlish grace and conscious cynicism. "Nous n'avons pas le sou. That's one of the reasons we don't go back to America; mamma says we can't afford to live there."

"Well, any one can see that you're an American girl," Miss Ruck remarked, in a consolatory manner. "I can tell an American girl a mile off. You've got the American style."

"I'm afraid I have n't the American *toilette*," said Aurora, looking at the other's superior splendor.

"Well, your dress was cut in France; any one can see that."

"Yes," said Aurora, with a laugh, "my dress was cut in France, — at Avranches."

"Well, you've got a lovely figure, any way," pursued her companion.

"Ah," said the young girl, "at Avranches, too, my figure was admired." And she looked at me askance, with a certain coquetry. But I was an innocent youth, and I only looked back at her, wondering. She was a great deal

nicer than Miss Ruck, and yet Miss Ruck would not have said that. "I try to be like an American girl," she continued; "I do my best, though mamma does n't at all encourage it. I am very patriotic. I try to copy them, though mamma has brought me up à la française; that is, as much as one can in pensions. For instance, I have never been out of the house without mamma; oh, never, never. But sometimes I despair; American girls are so wonderfully frank. I can't be frank, like that. I am always afraid. But I do what I can, as you see. Excusez du peu!"

I thought this young lady at least as outspoken as most of her unexpatriated sisters; there was something almost comical in her despondency. But she had by no means caught, as it seemed to me, the American tone. Whatever her tone was, however, it had a fascination; it was a singular mixture of refinement and audacity.

The young ladies began to stroll about the garden again, and I enjoyed their society until M. Pigeonneau's festival came to an end.

V.

Mr. Ruck did not take his departure for Appenzell on the morrow, in spite of the eagerness to witness such an event which he had attributed to Mrs. Church. He continued, on the contrary, for many days after, to hang about the garden, to wander up to the banker's and back again, to engage in desultory conversation with his fellow-boarders, and to endeavor to assuage his constitutional restlessness by perusal of the American journals. But on the morrow I had the honor of making Mrs. Church's acquaintance. She came into the salon, after the midday breakfast, with her German octavo under her arm, and she appealed to me for assistance in selecting a quiet corner.

"Would you very kindly," she said, "move that large fauteuil a little more this way? Not the largest; the one with the little cushion. The fauteuils

here are very insufficient; I must ask Madame Beaurepas for another. Thank you; a little more to the left, please; that will do. Are you particularly engaged?" she inquired, after she had seated herself. "If not, I should like to have some conversation with you. It is some time since I have met a young American of your—what shall I call it?—your affiliations. I have learned your name from Madame Beaurepas; I think I used to know some of your people. I don't know what has become of all my friends. I used to have a charming little circle at home, but now I meet no one I know. Don't you think there is a great difference between the people one meets and the people one would like to meet? Fortunately, sometimes," added my interlocutress graciously, "it's quite the same. I suppose you are a specimen, a favorable specimen," she went on, "of young America. Tell me, now, what is young America thinking of in these days of ours? What are its feelings, its opinions, its aspirations? What is its *ideal*?" I had seated myself near Mrs. Church and she had pointed this interrogation with the gaze of her bright little eyes. I felt it embarrassing to be treated as a favorable specimen of young America, and to be summoned to enunciate the mysterious formulas to which she alluded. Observing my hesitation, Mrs. Church clasped her hands on the open page of her book and gave an intense, melancholy smile. "*Has* it an ideal?" she softly asked. "Well, we must talk of this," she went on, without insisting. "Speak, for the present, for yourself simply. Have you come to Europe with any special design?"

"Nothing to boast of," I said. "I am studying a little."

"Ah, I am glad to hear that. You are gathering up a little European culture; that's what we lack, you know, at home. No individual can do much, of course. But you must not be discouraged; every little counts."

"I see that you, at least, are doing your part," I rejoined gallantly, dropping my eyes on my companion's learned volume.

"Yes, I frankly admit that I am fond of study. There is no one, after all, like the Germans. That is, for facts. For opinions I by no means always go with them. I form my opinions myself. I am sorry to say, however," Mrs. Church continued, "that I can hardly pretend to diffuse my acquisitions. I am afraid I am sadly selfish; I do little to irrigate the soil. I belong — I frankly confess it — to the class of absentees."

"I had the pleasure, last evening," I said, "of making the acquaintance of your daughter. She told me you had been a long time in Europe."

Mrs. Church smiled benignantly. "Can one ever be too long? We shall never leave it."

"Your daughter won't like that," I said, smiling too.

"Has she been taking you into her confidence? She is a more sensible young lady than she sometimes appears. I have taken great pains with her; she is really — I may be permitted to say it — superbly educated."

"She seemed to me a very charming girl," I rejoined. "And I learned that she speaks four languages."

"It is not only that," said Mrs. Church, in a tone which suggested that this might be a very superficial species of culture. "She has made what we call *de fortes études*, — such as I suppose you are making now. She is familiar with the results of modern science; she keeps pace with the new historical school."

"Ah," said I, "she has gone much further than I!"

"You doubtless think I exaggerate, and you force me, therefore, to mention the fact that I am able to speak of such matters with a certain intelligence."

"That is very evident," I said. "But your daughter thinks you ought to take her home." I began to fear, as soon as I had uttered these words, that they savored of treachery to the young lady, but I was reassured by seeing that they produced on her mother's placid countenance no symptom whatever of irritation.

"My daughter has her little theories,"

Mrs. Church observed; "she has, I may say, her illusions. And what wonder! What would youth be without its illusions? Aurora has a theory that she would be happier in New York, in Boston, in Philadelphia, than in one of the charming old cities in which our lot is cast. But she is mistaken, that's all. We must allow our children their illusions, must we not? But we must watch over them."

Although she herself seemed proof against discomposure, I found something vaguely irritating in her soft, sweet positiveness.

"American cities," I said, "are the paradise of young girls."

"Do you mean," asked Mrs. Church, "that the young girls who come from those places are angels?"

"Yes," I said, resolutely.

"This young lady — what is her odd name? — with whom my daughter has formed a somewhat precipitate acquaintance: is Miss Ruck an angel? But I won't force you to say anything uncivil. It would be too cruel to make a single exception."

"Well," said I, "at any rate, in America young girls have an easier lot. They have much more liberty."

My companion laid her hand for an instant on my arm. "My dear young friend, I know America, I know the conditions of life there, so well. There is perhaps no subject on which I have reflected more than on our national idiosyncrasies."

"I am afraid you don't approve of them," said I, a little brutally.

Brutal indeed my proposition was, for Mrs. Church was not prepared to assent to it in this rough shape. She dropped her eyes on her book, with an air of acute meditation. Then, raising them, "We are very crude," she softly observed, — "we are very crude." Lest even this delicately-uttered statement should seem to savor of the vice that she deprecated, she went on to explain: "There are two classes of minds, you know, — those that hold back, and those that push forward. My daughter and I are not pushers; we move with little

steps. We like the old, trodden paths; we like the old, old world."

"Ah," said I, "you know what you like; there is a great virtue in that."

"Yes, we like Europe; we prefer it. We like the opportunities of Europe; we like the *rest*. There is so much in that, you know. The world seems to me to be hurrying, pressing forward so fiercely, without knowing where it is going. 'Whither?' I often ask, in my little quiet way. But I have yet to learn that any one can tell me."

"You're a great conservative," I observed, while I wondered whether I myself could answer this inquiry.

Mrs. Church gave me a smile which was equivalent to a confession. "I wish to retain a *little*,—just a little. Surely, we have done so much, we might rest a while; we might pause. That is all my feeling,—just to stop a little, to wait! I have seen so many changes. I wish to draw in, to draw in,—to hold back, to hold back."

"You should n't hold your daughter back!" I answered, laughing and getting up. I got up, not by way of terminating our allegory, for I perceived Mrs. Church's exposition of her views to be by no means complete, but in order to offer a chair to Miss Aurora, who at this moment drew near. She thanked me and remained standing, but without at first, as I noticed, meeting her mother's eye.

"You have been engaged with your new acquaintance, my dear?" this lady inquired.

"Yes, mamma dear," said the young girl gently.

"Do you find her very edifying?"

Aurora was silent a moment; then she looked at her mother. "I don't know, mamma; she is very fresh."

I ventured to indulge in a respectful laugh. "Your mother has another word for that. But I must not," I added, "be crude."

"Ah, vous m'en voulez?" inquired Mrs. Church. "And yet I can't pretend I said it in jest. I feel it too much. We have been having a little social discussion," she said to her daughter.

"There is still so much to be said! And I wish," she continued, turning to me, "that I could give you our point of view! Don't you wish, Aurora, that we could give him our point of view?"

"Yes, mamma," said Aurora.

"We consider ourselves very fortunate in our point of view, don't we dearest?" mamma demanded.

"Very fortunate indeed, mamma."

"You see we have acquired an insight into European life," the elder lady pursued. "We have our place at many a European fireside. We find so much to esteem,—so much to enjoy. Do we not, my daughter?"

"So very much, mamma," the young girl went on, with a sort of inscrutable submissiveness. I wondered at it, it offered so strange a contrast to the mocking freedom of her tone the night before; but while I wondered, I was careful not to let my perplexity take precedence of my good manners.

"I don't know what you ladies may have found at European firesides," I said, "but there can be very little doubt what you have left there."

Mrs. Church got up to acknowledge my compliment. "We have spent some charming hours. And that reminds me that we have just now such an occasion in prospect. We are to call upon some Genevese friends,—the family of the Pasteur Galopin. They are to go with us to the old library at the Hôtel de Ville, where there are some very interesting documents of the period of the Reformation; we are promised a glimpse of some manuscripts of poor Servetus, the antagonist and victim, you know, of Calvin. Here, of course, one can only speak of Calvin under one's breath, but some day, when we are more private," and Mrs. Church looked round the room, "I will give you my view of him. I think it has a touch of originality. Aurora is familiar with, are you not, my daughter, familiar with my view of Calvin?"

"Yes, mamma," said Aurora, with docility, while the two ladies went to prepare for their visit to the Pasteur Galopin.

VI.

"She has demanded a new lamp; I told you she would!" This communication was made me by Madame Beaurepas a couple of days later. "And she has asked for a new *tapis de lit*, and she has requested me to provide Célestine with a pair of light shoes. I told her that, as a general thing, cooks are not shod with satin. That poor Célestine!"

"Mrs. Church may be exacting," I said, "but she is a clever little woman."

"A lady who pays but five francs and a half should n't be too clever. C'est déplacé. I don't like the type."

"What type do you call Mrs. Church's?"

"Mon Dieu," said Madame Beaurepas, "c'est une de ces mamans comme vous en avez, qui promènent leur fille."

"She is trying to marry her daughter? I don't think she's of that sort."

But Madame Beaurepas shrewdly held to her idea. "She is trying it in her own way; she does it very quietly. She does n't want an American; she wants a foreigner. And she wants a *mari sérieux*. But she is traveling over Europe in search of one. She would like a magistrate."

"A magistrate?"

"A *gros bonnet* of some kind; a professor or a deputy."

"I am very sorry for the poor girl," I said, laughing.

"You need n't pity her too much; she's a sly thing."

"Ah, for that, no!" I exclaimed. "She's a charming girl."

Madame Beaurepas gave an elderly grin. "She has hooked you, eh? But the mother won't have you."

I developed my idea, without heeding this insinuation. "She's a charming girl, but she is a little odd. It's a necessity of her position. She is less submissive to her mother than she has to pretend to be. That's in self-defense; it's to make her life possible."

"She wishes to get away from her mother," continued Madame Beaurepas. "She wishes to *courir les champs*."

"She wishes to go to America, her native country."

"Precisely. And she will certainly go."

"I hope so!" I rejoined.

"Some fine morning — or evening — she will go off with a young man; probably with a young American."

"Allons donc!" said I, with disgust.

"That will be quite America enough," pursued my cynical hostess. "I have kept a boarding-house for forty years. I have seen that type."

"Have such things as that happened *chez vous*?" I asked.

"Everything has happened *chez moi*. But nothing has happened more than once. Therefore this won't happen here. It will be at the next place they go to, or the next. Besides, here there is no young American *pour la partie*, — none except you, monsieur. You are susceptible, but you are too reasonable."

"It's lucky for you I am reasonable," I answered. "It's thanks to that fact that you escape a scolding."

One morning, about this time, instead of coming back to breakfast at the pension, after my lectures at the Academy, I went to partake of this meal with a fellow-student, at an ancient eating-house in the collegiate quarter. On separating from my friend, I took my way along that charming public walk known in Geneva as the Treille, a shady terrace, of immense elevation, overhanging a portion of the lower town. There are spreading trees and well-worn benches, and over the tiles and chimneys of the *ville basse* there is a view of the snow-crested Alps. On the other side, as you turn your back to the view, the promenade is overlooked by a row of tall, sober-faced *hôtels*, the dwellings of the local aristocracy. I was very fond of the place, and often resorted to it to stimulate my sense of the picturesque. Presently, as I lingered there on this occasion, I became aware that a gentleman was seated not far from where I stood, with his back to the Alpine chain, which this morning was brilliant and distinct, and a newspaper, unfolded, in his lap. He was not reading, however; he was

staring before him in gloomy contemplation. I don't know whether I recognized first the newspaper or its proprietor; one, in either case, would have helped me to identify the other. One was the New York Herald; the other, of course, was Mr. Ruck. As I drew nearer, he transferred his eyes from the stony, high-featured masks of the gray old houses on the other side of the terrace, and I knew by the expression of his face just how he had been feeling about these distinguished abodes. He had made up his mind that their proprietors were a dusky, narrow-minded, unsociable company, plunging their roots into a superfluous past. I endeavored, therefore, as I sat down beside him, to suggest something more delectable.

"That's a beautiful view of the Alps," I observed.

"Yes," said Mr. Ruck, without moving, "I've examined it. Fine thing, in its way, — fine thing. Beauties of nature, — that sort of thing. We came up on purpose to look at it."

"Your ladies, then, have been with you?"

"Yes; they're just walking round. They're awfully restless. They keep saying I'm restless, but I'm as quiet as a sleeping child to them. It takes," he added in a moment, dryly, "the form of shopping."

"Are they shopping now?"

"Well, if they ain't, they're trying to. They told me to sit here a while, and they'd just walk round. I generally know what that means. But that's the principal interest for ladies," he added, retracting his irony. "We thought we'd come up here and see the cathedral; Mrs. Church seemed to think it a dead loss that we should n't see the cathedral, especially as we had n't seen many yet. And I had to come up to the banker's any way. Well, we certainly saw the cathedral. I don't know as we are any the better for it, and I don't know as I should know it again. But we saw it, any way. I don't know as I should want to go there regularly; but I suppose it will give us, in conversation, a kind of hold on Mrs. Church,

eh? I guess we want something of that kind. Well," Mr. Ruck continued, "I stopped in at the banker's to see if there was n't something, and they handed me out a Herald."

"I hope the Herald is full of good news," I said.

"Can't say it is. D—d bad news."

"Political," I inquired, "or commercial?"

"Oh, hang politics! It's business, sir. There ain't any business. It's all gone to" — and Mr. Ruck became profane. "Nine failures in one day. What do you say to that?"

"I hope they have n't injured you," I said.

"Well, they have n't helped me much. So many houses on fire, that's all. If they happen to take place in your own street, they don't increase the value of your property. When mine catches, I suppose they'll write and tell me, — one of these days, when they've got nothing else to do. I did n't get a blessed letter this morning; I suppose they think I'm having such a good time over here it's a pity to disturb me. If I could attend to business for about half an hour, I'd find out something. But I can't, and it's no use talking. The state of my health was never so unsatisfactory as it was about five o'clock this morning."

"I am very sorry to hear that," I said, "and I recommend you strongly not to think of business."

"I don't," Mr. Ruck replied. "I'm thinking of cathedrals; I'm thinking of the beauties of nature. Come," he went on, turning round on the bench and leaning his elbow on the parapet, "I'll think of those mountains over there; they *are* pretty, certainly. Can't you get over there?"

"Over where?"

"Over to those hills. Don't they run a train right up?"

"You can go to Chamouni," I said.

"You can go to Grindelwald and Zermatt and fifty other places. You can't go by rail, but you can drive."

"All right, we'll drive, — and not in a one-horse concern, either. Yes, Chamouni is one of the places we put down

I hope there are a few nice shops in Chamouni." Mr. Ruck spoke with a certain quickened emphasis, and in a tone more explicitly humorous than he commonly employed. I thought he was excited, and yet he had not the appearance of excitement. He looked like a man who has simply taken, in the face of disaster, a sudden, somewhat imaginative, resolution not to "worry." He presently twisted himself about on his bench again and began to watch for his companions. "Well, they are walking round," he resumed; "I guess they've hit on something, somewhere. And they've got a carriage waiting outside of that archway, too. They seem to do a big business in archways here, don't they? They like to have a carriage, to carry home the things, — those ladies of mine. Then they're sure they've got them." The ladies, after this, to do them justice, were not very long in appearing. They came toward us, from under the archway to which Mr. Ruck had somewhat invidiously alluded, slowly and with a rather exhausted step and expression. My companion looked at them a moment, as they advanced. "They're tired," he said, softly. "When they're tired, like that, it's very expensive."

"Well," said Mrs. Ruck, "I'm glad you've had some company." Her husband looked at her, in silence, through narrowed eyelids, and I suspected that this gracious observation on the lady's part was prompted by a restless conscience.

Miss Sophy glanced at me with her little straightforward air of defiance. "It would have been more proper if we had had the company. Why did n't you come after us, instead of sitting there?" she asked of Mr. Ruck's companion.

"I was told by your father," I explained, "that you were engaged in sacred rites." Miss Ruck was not gracious, though I doubt whether it was because her conscience was better than her mother's.

"Well, for a gentleman there is nothing so sacred as ladies' society," replied

Miss Ruck, in the manner of a person accustomed to giving neat retorts.

"I suppose you refer to the cathedral," said her mother. "Well, I must say, we did n't go back there. I don't know what it may be of a Sunday, but it gave me a chill."

"We discovered the loveliest little lace-shop," observed the young girl, with a serenity that was superior to bravado.

Her father looked at her a while; then turned about again, leaning on the parapet, and gazed away at the "hills." "Well, it was certainly cheap," said Mrs. Ruck, also contemplating the Alps.

"We are going to Chamouni," said her husband. "You have n't any occasion for lace at Chamouni."

"Well, I'm glad to hear you have decided to go somewhere," rejoined his wife. "I don't want to be a fixture at a boarding-house."

"You can wear lace anywhere," said Miss Ruck, "if you put it on right. That's the great thing, with lace. I don't think they know how to wear lace in Europe. I know how I mean to wear mine; but I mean to keep it till I get home."

Her father transferred his melancholy gaze to her elaborately appointed little person; there was a great deal of very new-looking detail in Miss Ruck's appearance. Then, in a tone of voice quite out of consonance with his facial despondency, "Have you purchased a great deal?" he inquired.

"I have purchased enough for you to make a fuss about."

"He can't make a fuss about that," said Mrs. Ruck.

"Well, you'll see!" declared the young girl, with a little sharp laugh.

But her father went on, in the same tone: "Have you got it in your pocket? Why don't you put it on, — why don't you hang it round you?"

"I'll hang it round *you*, if you don't look out!" cried Miss Sophy.

"Don't you want to show it to this gentleman?" Mr. Ruck continued.

"Mercy, how you do talk about that lace!" said his wife.

"Well, I want to be lively. There's every reason for it; we're going to Chamouni."

"You're restless; that's what's the matter with you." And Mrs. Ruck got up.

"No, I ain't," said her husband. "I never felt so quiet; I feel as peaceful as a little child."

Mrs. Ruck, who had no sense whatever of humor, looked at her daughter and at me. "Well, I hope you'll improve," she said.

"Send in the bills," Mr. Ruck went on, rising to his feet. "Don't hesitate, Sophy. I don't care what you do now. In for a penny, in for a pound."

Miss Ruck joined her mother, with a little toss of her head, and we followed the ladies to the carriage. "In your place," said Miss Sophy to her father, "I would n't talk so much about pennies and pounds before strangers."

Poor Mr. Ruck appeared to feel the force of this observation, which, in the consciousness of a man who had never been "mean," could hardly fail to strike a responsive chord. He colored a little, and he was silent; his companions got into their vehicle, the front seat of which was adorned with a large parcel. Mr. Ruck gave the parcel a little poke with his umbrella, and then, turning to me with a rather grimly penitential smile, "After all," he said, "for the ladies that's the principal interest."

VII.

Old M. Pigeonneau had more than once proposed to me to take a walk, but I had hitherto been unable to respond to so alluring an invitation. It befell, however, one afternoon, that I perceived him going forth upon a desultory stroll, with a certain lonesomeness of demeanor that attracted my sympathy. I hastily overtook him, and passed my hand into his venerable arm, a proceeding which produced in the good old man so jovial a sense of comradeship that he ardently proposed we should bend our steps to the English Garden; no locality less fes-

tive was worthy of the occasion. To the English Garden, accordingly, we went; it lay beyond the bridge, beside the lake. It was very pretty and very animated; there was a band playing in the middle, and a considerable number of persons sitting under the small trees, on benches and little chairs, or strolling beside the blue water. We joined the strollers, we observed our companions, and conversed on obvious topics. Some of these last, of course, were the pretty women who embellished the scene, and who, in the light of M. Pigeonneau's comprehensive criticism, appeared surprisingly numerous. He seemed bent upon our making up our minds which was the prettiest, and as this was an innocent game I consented to play at it.

Suddenly M. Pigeonneau stopped, pressing my arm with the liveliest emotion. "La voilà, la voilà, the prettiest!" he quickly murmured, "coming toward us, in a blue dress, with the other." It was at the other I was looking, for the other, to my surprise, was our interesting fellow-pensioner, the daughter of a vigilant mother. M. Pigeonneau, meanwhile, had redoubled his exclamations; he had recognized Miss Sophy Ruck. "Oh, la belle rencontre, nos aimables cousines; the prettiest girl in the world, in effect!"

We immediately greeted and joined the young ladies, who, like ourselves, were walking arm in arm and enjoying the scene.

"I was citing you with admiration to my friend, even before I had recognized you," said M. Pigeonneau to Miss Ruck.

"I don't believe in French compliments," remarked this young lady, presenting her back to the smiling old man.

"Are you and Miss Ruck walking alone?" I asked of her companion. "You had better accept of M. Pigeonneau's gallant protection, and of mine."

Aurora Church had taken her hand out of Miss Ruck's arm; she looked at me, smiling, with her head a little inclined, while, upon her shoulder, she made her open parasol revolve. "Which is most improper, — to walk alone or to

walk with gentlemen? I wish to do what is most improper."

"What mysterious logic governs your conduct?" I inquired.

"He thinks you can't understand him when he talks like that," said Miss Ruck. "But I do understand you, always!"

"So I have always ventured to hope, my dear Miss Ruck."

"Well, if I did n't, it would n't be much loss," rejoined this young lady.

"Allons, en marche!" cried M. Pigeonneau, smiling still, and undiscouraged by her inhumanity. "Let us make together the tour of the garden." And he imposed his society upon Miss Ruck with a respectful, elderly grace, which was evidently unable to see anything in reluctance but modesty, and was sublimely conscious of a mission to place modesty at its ease. This ill-assorted couple walked in front, while Aurora Church and I strolled along together.

"I am sure this is more improper," said my companion; "this is delightfully improper. I don't say that as a compliment to you," she added. "I would say it to any man, no matter how stupid."

"Oh, I am very stupid," I answered, "but this does n't seem to me wrong."

"Not for you, no; only for me. There is nothing that a man can do that is wrong, is there? *En morale*, you know, I mean. Ah, yes, he can steal; but I think there is nothing else, is there?"

"I don't know. One does n't know those things until after one has done them. Then one is enlightened."

"And you mean that you have never been enlightened? You make yourself out very good."

"That is better than making one's self out bad, as you do."

The young girl glanced at me a moment, and then, with her charming smile, "That's one of the consequences of a false position."

"Is your position false?" I inquired, smiling too at this large formula.

"Actually so."

"In what way?"

"Oh, in every way. For instance, I have to pretend to be a *jeune fille*. I am

not a *jeune fille*; no American girl is a *jeune fille*; an American girl is an intelligent, responsible creature. I have to pretend to be very innocent, but I am not very innocent."

"You don't pretend to be very innocent; you pretend to be — what shall I call it? — very wise."

"That's no pretense. I am wise."

"You are not an American girl," I ventured to observe.

My companion almost stopped, looking at me; there was a little flush in her cheek. "Voilà!" she said. "There's my false position. I want to be an American girl, and I'm not."

"Do you want me to tell you?" I went on. "An American girl would n't talk as you are talking now."

"Please tell me," said Aurora Church, with expressive eagerness. "How would she talk?"

"I can't tell you all the things an American girl would say, but I think I can tell you the things she would n't say. She would n't reason out her conduct, as you seem to me to do."

Aurora gave me the most flattering attention. "I see. She would be simpler. To do very simply things that are not at all simple, — that is the American girl!"

I permitted myself a small explosion of hilarity. "I don't know whether you are a French girl, or what you are," I said, "but you are very witty."

"Ah, you mean that I strike false notes!" cried Aurora Church, sadly. "That's just what I want to avoid. I wish you would always tell me."

The conversational union between Miss Ruck and her neighbor, in front of us, had evidently not become a close one. The young lady suddenly turned round to us with a question: "Don't you want some ice-cream?"

"*She* does n't strike false notes," I murmured.

There was a kind of pavilion or kiosk, which served as a *café*, and at which the delicacies procurable at such an establishment were dispensed. Miss Ruck pointed to the little green tables and chairs which were set out on the gravel;

M. Pigeonneau, fluttering with a sense of dissipation, seconded the proposal, and we presently sat down and gave our order to a nimble attendant. I managed again to place myself next to Aurora Church; our companions were on the other side of the table.

My neighbor was delighted with our situation. "This is best of all," she said. "I never believed I should come to a café with two strange men! Now, you can't persuade me this is n't wrong."

"To make it wrong we ought to see your mother coming down that path."

"Ah, my mother makes everything wrong," said the young girl, attacking with a little spoon in the shape of a spade the apex of a pink ice. And then she returned to her idea of a moment before: "You must promise to tell me — to warn me in some way — whenever I strike a false note. You must give a little cough, like that, — *ahem!*"

"You will keep me very busy, and people will think I am in a consumption."

"*Voyons,*" she continued, "why have you never talked to me more? Is that a false note? Why have n't you been 'attentive'? That's what American girls call it; that's what Miss Ruck calls it."

I assured myself that our companions were out of ear-shot, and that Miss Ruck was much occupied with a large vanilla cream. "Because you are always entwined with that young lady. There is no getting near you."

Aurora looked at her friend while the latter devoted herself to her ice. "You wonder why I like her so much, I suppose. So does mamma; *elle s'y perd*. I don't like her, particularly; *je n'en suis pas folle*. But she gives me information; she tells me about America. Mamma has always tried to prevent my knowing anything about it, and I am all the more curious. And then Miss Ruck is very fresh."

"I may not be so fresh as Miss Ruck," I said, "but in future, when you want information, I recommend you to come to me for it."

"Our friend offers to take me to

America; she invites me to go back with her, to stay with her. You could n't do that, could you?" And the young girl looked at me a moment. "*Bon*, a false note! I can see it by your face; you remind me of a *maître de piano*."

"You overdo the character, — the poor American girl," I said. "Are you going to stay with that delightful family?"

"I will go and stay with any one that will take me or ask me. It's a real *nostalgie*. She says that in New York — in Thirty-Seventh Street — I should have the most lovely time."

"I have no doubt you would enjoy it."

"Absolute liberty, to begin with."

"It seems to me you have a certain liberty here," I rejoined.

"Ah, *this*? Oh, I shall pay for this. I shall be punished by mamma, and I shall be lectured by Madame Galopin."

"The wife of the pasteur?"

"His *digne épouse*. Madame Galopin, for mamma, is the incarnation of European opinion. That's what vexes me with mamma, her thinking so much of people like Madame Galopin. Going to see Madame Galopin, — mamma calls that being in European society. European society! I'm so sick of that expression; I have heard it since I was six years old. Who is Madame Galopin, — who thinks anything of her here? She is nobody; she is perfectly third-rate. If I like America better than mamma, I also know Europe better."

"But your mother, certainly," I objected, a trifle timidly, for my young lady was excited, and had a charming little passion in her eye, — "your mother has a great many social relations all over the continent."

"She thinks so, but half the people don't care for us. They are not so good as we, and they know it, — I'll do them that justice, — and they wonder why we should care for them. When we are polite to them, they think the less of us; there are plenty of people like that. Mamma thinks so much of them simply because they are foreigners. If I could tell you all the dull, stupid, second-rate

people I have had to talk to, for no better reason than that they were *de leur pays*! — Germans, French, Italians, Turks, everything. When I complain, mamma always says that at any rate it's practice in the language. And she makes so much of the English, too; I don't know what that's practice in."

Before I had time to suggest a hypothesis, as regards this latter point, I saw something that made me rise, with a certain solemnity, from my chair. This was nothing less than the neat little figure of Mrs. Church — a perfect model of the *femme comme il faut* — approaching our table with an impatient step, and followed most unexpectedly in her advance by the preëminent form of Mr. Ruck. She had evidently come in quest of her daughter, and if she had commanded this gentleman's attendance it had been on no softer ground than that of his unenvied paternity to her guilty child's accomplice. My movement had given the alarm, and Aurora Church and M. Pigeonneau got up; Miss Ruck alone did not, in the local phrase, derange herself. Mrs. Church, beneath her modest little bonnet, looked very serious, but not at all fluttered; she came straight to her daughter, who received her with a smile, and then she looked all round at the rest of us, very fixedly and tranquilly, without bowing. I must do both these ladies the justice to mention that neither of them made the least little "scene."

"I have come for you, dearest," said the mother.

"Yes, dear mamma."

"Come for you — come for you," Mrs. Church repeated, looking down at the relics of our little feast. "I was obliged to ask Mr. Ruck's assistance. I was puzzled; I thought a long time."

"Well, Mrs. Church, I was glad to see you puzzled once in your life!" said Mr. Ruck, with friendly jocosity. "But you came pretty straight, for all that. I had hard work to keep up with you."

"We will take a cab, Aurora," Mrs. Church went on, without heeding this pleasantry, — "a closed one. Come, my daughter."

"Yes, dear mamma." The young girl

was blushing, yet she was still smiling; she looked round at us all, and, as her eyes met mine, I thought she was beautiful. "Good-by," she said to us. "I have had a lovely time."

"We must not linger," said her mother; "it is five o'clock. We are to dine, you know, with Madame Galopin."

"I had quite forgotten," Aurora declared. "That will be charming."

"Do you want me to assist you to carry her back, ma'am?" asked Mr. Ruck.

Mrs. Church hesitated a moment, with her serene little gaze. "Do you prefer, then, to leave your daughter to finish the evening with these gentlemen?"

Mr. Ruck pushed back his hat and scratched the top of his head. "Well, I don't know. How would you like that, Sophy?"

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Sophy, as Mrs. Church marched off with her daughter.

VIII.

I had half expected that Mrs. Church would make me feel the weight of her disapproval of my own share in that little act of revelry in the English Garden. But she maintained her claim to being a highly reasonable woman; I could not but admire the justice of this pretension by recognizing my irresponsibility. I had taken her daughter as I found her, which was, according to Mrs. Church's view, in a very equivocal position. The natural instinct of a young man, in such a situation, is not to protest, but to profit; and it was clear to Mrs. Church that I had had nothing to do with Miss Aurora's appearing in public under the insufficient chaperonage of Miss Ruck. Besides, she liked to converse, and she apparently did me the honor to believe that of all the members of the Pension Beaurepas I had the most cultivated understanding. I found her in the salon a couple of evenings after the incident I have just narrated, and I approached her with a view of making my peace with her, if this should prove necessary. But Mrs. Church was as gracious as I could have desired; she put her marker into her

book, and folded her plump little hands on the cover. She made no specific allusion to the English Garden; she embarked, rather, upon those general considerations in which her refined intellect was so much at home.

"Always at your studies, Mrs. Church," I ventured to observe.

"Que voulez-vous? To say studies is to say too much; one does n't study in the parlors of a boarding-house. But I do what I can; I have always done what I can. That is all I have ever claimed."

"No one can do more, and you seem to have done a great deal."

"Do you know my secret?" she asked, with an air of brightening confidence. And she paused a moment before she imparted her secret: "To care only for the *best*! To do the best, to know the best, — to have, to desire, to recognize, only the best. That's what I have always done, in my quiet little way. I have gone through Europe on my devoted little errand, seeking, seeing, heeding, only the best. And it has not been for myself alone; it has been for my daughter. My daughter has had the best. We are not rich, but I can say that."

"She has had you, madam," I rejoined finely.

"Certainly; such as I am, I have been devoted. We have got something everywhere; a little here, a little there. That's the real secret, — to get something everywhere; you always can if you *are* devoted. Sometimes it has been a little music, sometimes a little deeper insight into the history of art; every little counts, you know. Sometimes it has been just a glimpse, a view, a lovely landscape, an impression. We have always been on the lookout. Sometimes it has been a valued friendship, a delightful social tie."

"Here comes the 'European society,' the poor daughter's bugbear," I said to myself. "Certainly," I remarked aloud, — I admit, rather perversely, — "if you have lived a great deal in pensions, you must have got acquainted with lots of people."

Mrs. Church dropped her eyes a

moment, and then, with considerable gravity, "I think the European pension system in many respects remarkable, and in some satisfactory. But of the friendships that we have formed, few have been contracted in establishments of this kind."

"I am sorry to hear that!" I said, laughing.

"I don't say it for you, though I might say it for some others. We have been interested in European *homes*."

"Oh, I see."

"We have the *entrée* of the old Genevese society. I like its tone. I prefer it to that of Mr. Ruck," added Mrs. Church, calmly; "to that of Mrs. Ruck and Miss Ruck, — of Miss Ruck, especially."

"Ah, the poor Rucks have n't any tone at all," I said. "Don't take them more seriously than they take themselves."

"Tell me this," my companion rejoined: "are they fair examples?"

"Examples of what?"

"Of our American tendencies."

"'Tendencies' is a big word, dear lady; tendencies are difficult to calculate. And you should n't abuse those good Rucks, who have been very kind to your daughter. They have invited her to go and stay with them in Thirty-Seventh Street."

"Aurora has told me. It might be very serious."

"It might be very droll," I said.

"To me," declared Mrs. Church, "it is simply terrible. I think we shall have to leave the Pension Beaurepas. I shall go back to Madame Bonrepas."

"On account of the Rucks?" I asked.

"Pray, why don't they go themselves? I have given them some excellent addresses, — written down the very hours of the trains. They were going to Appenzel: I thought it was arranged."

"They talk of Chamouni now," I said; "but they are very helpless and undecided."

"I will give them some Chamouni addresses. Mrs. Ruck will send a *chaise à porteurs*; I will give her the name of a man who lets them lower than you get

them at the hotels. After that they *must* go."

"Well, I doubt," I observed, "whether Mr. Ruck will ever really be seen on the Mer de Glace, — in a high hat. He's not like you; he does n't value his European privileges. He takes no interest. He regrets Wall Street, acutely. As his wife says, he is very restless, but he has no curiosity about Chamouni. So you must not depend too much on the effect of your addresses."

"Is it a frequent type?" asked Mrs. Church, with an air of self-control.

"I am afraid so. Mr. Ruck is a broken-down man of business. He is broken down in health, and I suspect he is broken down in fortune. He has spent his whole life in buying and selling; he knows how to do nothing else. His wife and daughter have spent their lives, not in selling, but in buying; and they, on their side, know how to do nothing else. To get something in a shop that they can put on their backs, — that is their one idea; they have n't another in their heads. Of course they spend no end of money, and they do it with an implacable persistence, with a mixture of audacity and of cunning. They do it in his teeth and they do it behind his back; the mother protects the daughter, and the daughter eggs on the mother. Between them, they are bleeding him to death."

"Ah, what a picture!" murmured Mrs. Church. "I am afraid they are very — uncultivated."

"I share your fears. They are perfectly ignorant; they have no resources. The vision of fine clothes occupies their whole imagination. They have not an idea — even a worse one — to compete with it. Poor Mr. Ruck, who is extremely good-natured and soft, seems to me a really tragic figure. He is getting bad news every day from home; his business is going to the dogs. He is unable to stop it; he has to stand and watch his fortunes ebb. He has been used to doing things in a big way, and he feels 'mean' if he makes a fuss about bills. So the ladies keep sending them in."

"But have n't they common sense? Don't they know they are ruining themselves?"

"They don't believe it. The duty of an American husband and father is to keep them going. If he asks them how, that's his own affair. So, by way of not being mean, of being a good American husband and father, poor Ruck stands staring at bankruptcy."

Mrs. Church looked at me a moment, in quickened meditation. "Why, if Aurora were to go to stay with them, she might not even be properly fed!"

"I don't, on the whole, recommend," I said, laughing, "that your daughter should pay a visit to Thirty - Seventh Street."

"Why should I be subjected to such trials, — so sadly *éprouvée*? Why should a daughter of mine like that dreadful girl?"

"Does she like her?"

"Pray, do you mean," asked my companion, softly, "that Aurora is a hypocrite?"

I hesitated a moment. "A little, since you ask me. I think you have forced her to be."

Mrs. Church answered this possibly presumptuous charge with a tranquil, candid exultation: "I never force my daughter!"

"She is nevertheless in a false position," I rejoined. "She hungers and thirsts to go back to her own country; she wants to 'come out' in New York, which is certainly, sociably speaking, the El Dorado of young ladies. She likes any one, for the moment, who will talk to her of that, and serve as a connecting link with her native shores. Miss Ruck performs this agreeable office."

"Your idea is, then, that if she were to go with Miss Ruck to America she would drop her afterwards."

I complimented Mrs. Church upon her logical mind, but I repudiated this cynical supposition. "I can't imagine her — when it should come to the point — embarking with the *famille* Ruck. But I wish she might go, nevertheless."

Mrs. Church shook her head serenely, and smiled at my inappropriate zeal. "I

trust my poor child may never be guilty of so fatal a mistake. She is completely in error; she is wholly unadapted to the peculiar conditions of American life. It would not please her. She would not sympathize. My daughter's ideal is not the ideal of the class of young women to which Miss Ruck belongs. I fear they are very numerous; they give the tone, — they give the tone."

"It is you that are mistaken," I said; "go home for six months and see."

"I have not, unfortunately, the means to make costly experiments. My daughter has had great advantages, — rare advantages, — and I should be very sorry to believe that *au fond* she does not appreciate them. One thing is certain: I must remove her from this pernicious influence. We must part company with this deplorable family. If Mr. Ruck and his ladies cannot be induced to go to Chamouni, — a journey that no traveler with the smallest self-respect would omit, — my daughter and I shall be obliged to retire. We shall go to Dresden."

"To Dresden?"

"The capital of Saxony. I had arranged to go there for the autumn, but it will be simpler to go immediately. There are several works in the gallery with which my daughter has not, I think, sufficiently familiarized herself; it is especially strong in the seventeenth-century schools."

As my companion offered me this information I perceived Mr. Ruck come lounging in, with his hands in his pockets and his elbows making acute angles. He had his usual anomalous appearance of both seeking and avoiding society, and he wandered obliquely toward Mrs. Church, whose last words he had overheard. "The seventeenth-century schools," he said, slowly, as if he were weighing some very small object in a very large pair of scales. "Now, do you suppose they *had* schools at that period?"

Mrs. Church rose with a good deal of precision, making no answer to this incongruous jest. She clasped her large volume to her neat little bosom, and she fixed a gentle, serious eye upon Mr. Ruck.

"I had a letter this morning from Chamouni," she said.

"Well," replied Mr. Ruck, "I suppose you've got friends all over."

"I have friends at Chamouni, but they are leaving. To their great regret." I had got up, too; I listened to this statement, and I wondered. I am almost ashamed to mention the subject of my agitation. I asked myself whether this was a sudden improvisation consecrated by maternal devotion; but this point has never been elucidated. "They are giving up some charming rooms; perhaps you would like them. I should suggest your telegraphing. The weather is glorious," continued Mrs. Church, "and the highest peaks are now perceived with extraordinary distinctness."

Mr. Ruck listened, as he always listened, respectfully. "Well," he said, "I don't know as I want to go up Mount Blank. That's the principal attraction, is n't it?"

"There are many others. I thought I would offer you an — an exceptional opportunity."

"Well," said Mr. Ruck, "you're right down friendly. But I seem to have more opportunities than I know what to do with. I don't seem able to take hold."

"It only needs a little decision," remarked Mrs. Church, with an air which was an admirable example of this virtue. "I wish you good night, sir." And she moved noiselessly away.

Mr. Ruck, with his long legs apart, stood staring after her; then he transferred his perfectly quiet eyes to me. "Does she own a hotel over there?" he asked. "Has she got any stock in Mount Blank?"

IX.

The next day Madame Beaurepas handed me, with her own elderly fingers, a missive which proved to be a telegram. After glancing at it, I informed her that it was apparently a signal for my departure; my brother had arrived in England, and proposed to me to meet him there; he had come on business and was to spend

but three weeks in Europe. "But my house empties itself!" cried the old woman. "The famille Ruck talks of leaving me, and Madame Church *nous fait la révérence*."

"Mrs. Church is going away?"

"She is packing her trunk; she is a very extraordinary person. Do you know what she asked me this morning? To invent some combination by which the famille Ruck should move away. I informed her that I was not an inventor. That poor famille Ruck! 'Oblige me by getting rid of them,' said Madame Church, as she would have asked Célestine to remove a dish of cabbage. She speaks as if the world were made for Madame Church. I intimated to her that if she objected to the company there was a very simple remedy: and at present *elle fait ses paquets*."

"She really asked you," I said, "to get the Rucks out of the house?"

"She asked me to tell them that their rooms had been let, three months ago, to another family. She has an *aplomb*!"

Mrs. Church's aplomb caused me considerable diversion; I am not sure that it was not, in some degree, to laugh over it at my leisure that I went out into the garden that evening to smoke a cigar. The night was dark and not particularly balmy, and most of my fellow-pensioners, after dinner, had remained in-doors. A long straight walk conducted from the door of the house to the ancient grille that I have described, and I stood here for some time, looking through the iron bars at the silent, empty streets. The prospect was not entertaining, and I presently turned away. At this moment I saw, in the distance, the door of the house open and throw a shaft of lamp-light into the darkness. Into the lamp-light there stepped a female figure, who presently closed the door behind her. She disappeared in the dusk of the garden and I had seen her but for an instant, but I remained under the impression that Aurora Church, on the eve of her departure, had come out for a meditative stroll.

I lingered near the gate, keeping the red tip of my cigar turned toward the

house, and before long a young lady emerged from among the shadows of the trees and encountered the light of a lamp that stood just outside the gate. It was in fact Aurora Church, but she seemed more bent upon conversation than upon meditation. She stood a moment looking at me, and then she said, —

"Ought I to retire, — to return to the house?"

"If you ought, I should be very sorry to tell you so," I answered.

"But we are all alone; there is no one else in the garden."

"It is not the first time that I have been alone with a young lady. I am not at all terrified."

"Ah, but I?" said the young girl. "I have never been alone" — Then, quickly, she interrupted herself: "Good, there's another false note!"

"Yes, I am obliged to admit that one is very false."

She stood looking at me. "I am going away to-morrow; after that there will be no one to tell me."

"That will matter little," I presently replied. "Telling you will do no good."

"Ah, why do you say that?" murmured Aurora Church.

I said it partly because it was true; but I said it for other reasons, as well, which it was hard to define. Standing there bare-headed, in the night air, in the vague light, this young lady looked extremely interesting; and the interest of her appearance was not diminished by a suspicion on my own part that she had come into the garden knowing me to be there. I thought her a charming girl, and I felt very sorry for her; but, as I looked at her, those reflections made to me by Madame Beaurepas on her disposition recurred to me with a certain force. I had professed a contempt for them at the time, but it now came into my head that perhaps this unfortunately situated, this insidiously mutinous, young creature was looking out for a preserver. She was certainly not a girl to throw herself at a man's head, but it was possible that in her intense — her almost morbid — desire to put into effect an ideal which was perhaps after all

charged with as many fallacies as her mother affirmed, she might do something reckless and irregular,—something in which a sympathetic compatriot, as yet unknown, might find his profit. The image, unshaped though it was, of this sympathetic compatriot filled me with a sort of envy. For some moments I was silent, conscious of these things, and then I answered her question: “Because some things—some differences—are felt, not learned. To you liberty is not natural; you are like a person who has bought a repeater, and, in his satisfaction, is constantly making it sound. To a real American girl her liberty is a very vulgarly-ticking old clock.”

“Ah, you mean, then,” said the poor girl, “that my mother has ruined me?”

“Ruined you?”

“She has so perverted my mind that when I try to be natural I am necessarily immodest.”

“That again is a false note,” I said, laughing.

She turned away. “I think you are cruel.”

“By no means,” I declared; “because, for my own taste, I prefer you as—as”—

I hesitated, and she turned back. “As what?”

“As you are.”

She looked at me a while again, and then she said, in a little reasoning voice that reminded me of her mother’s, only that it was conscious and studied, “I was not aware that I am under any particular obligation to please you!” And then she gave a little laugh, quite at variance with her voice.

“Oh, there is no obligation,” I said, “but one has preferences. I am very sorry you are going away.”

“What does it matter to you? You are going yourself.”

“As I am going in a different direction, that makes all the greater separation.”

She answered nothing; she stood looking through the bars of the tall gate at the empty, dusky street. “This grille is like a cage,” she said at last.

“Fortunately, it is a cage that will

open.” And I laid my hand on the lock.

“Don’t open it,” and she pressed the gate back. “If you should open it I would go out—and never return.”

“Where should you go?”

“To America.”

“Straight away?”

“Somehow or other. I would go to the American consul. I would beg him to give me money,—to help me.”

I received this assertion without a smile; I was not in a smiling humor. On the contrary, I felt singularly excited, and I kept my hand on the lock of the gate. I believed (or I thought I believed) what my companion said, and I had—absurd as it may appear—an irritated vision of her throwing herself upon consular sympathy. It seemed to me, for a moment, that to pass out of that gate with this yearning, straining young creature would be to pass into some mysterious felicity. If I were only a hero of romance, I would offer, myself, to take her to America.

In a moment more, perhaps, I should have persuaded myself that I was one, but at this juncture I heard a sound that was not romantic. It proved to be the very realistic tread of Célestine, the cook, who stood grinning at us as we turned about from our colloquy.

“I ask *bien pardon*,” said Célestine. “The mother of mademoiselle desires that mademoiselle should come in immediately. M. le Pasteur Galopin has come to make his *adieux* to *ces dames*.”

Aurora gave me only one glance, but it was a touching one. Then she slowly departed with Célestine.

The next morning, on coming into the garden, I found that Mrs. Church and her daughter had departed. I was informed of this fact by old M. Pigeonneau, who sat there under a tree, having his coffee at a little green table.

“I have nothing to envy you,” he said; “I had the last glimpse of that charming Miss Aurora.”

“I had a very late glimpse,” I answered, “and it was all I could possibly desire.”

“I have always noticed,” rejoined M.

Pigeonneau, "that your desires are more moderate than mine. *Que voulez-vous?* I am of the old school. *Je crois que la race se perd.* I regret the departure of that young girl: she had an enchanting smile. *Ce sera une femme d'esprit.* For the mother, I can console myself. I am not sure that *she* was a *femme d'esprit*, though she wished to pass for one. Round, rosy, *potelée*, she yet had not the temperament of her appearance; she was a *femme austère*. I have often noticed that contradiction in American ladies. You see a plump little woman, with a speaking eye and the contour and complexion of a ripe peach, and if you venture to conduct yourself in the smallest degree in accordance with these *indices*, you discover a species of Methodist, — of what do you call it? — of Quakeress. On the other hand, you encounter a tall, lean, angular person, without color, without grace, all elbows and knees, and you find it's a nature of the tropics! The women of duty look like coquettes, and the others look like alpenstocks! However, we have still the handsome Madame Ruck, — a real *femme de Rubens*, *celle-là*. It is very true that to talk to her one must know the Flemish tongue!"

I had determined, in accordance with my brother's telegram, to go away in the afternoon; so that, having various duties to perform, I left M. Pigeonneau to his international comparison. Among other things, I went in the course of the morning to the banker's, to draw money for my journey, and there I found Mr. Ruck, with a pile of crumpled letters in his lap, his chair tipped back and his eyes gloomily fixed on the fringe of the green plush table-cloth. I timidly expressed the hope that he had got better news from home, whereupon he gave me a look in which, considering his provocation, the absence of irritation was conspicuous.

He took up his letters in his large hand, and crushing them together held it out to me. "That epistolary matter," he said, "is worth about five cents. But I guess," he added, rising, "I have taken it in by this time." When I had drawn my money, I asked him to

come and breakfast with me at the little *brasserie*, much favored by students, to which I used to resort in the old town. "I could n't eat, sir," he said, "I could n't eat. Bad news takes away the appetite. But I guess I'll go with you, so that I need n't go to table down there at the pension. The old woman down there is always accusing me of turning up my nose at her food. Well, I guess I shan't turn up my nose at anything now."

We went to the little *brasserie*, where poor Mr. Ruck made the lightest possible breakfast. But if he eat very little, he talked a great deal; he talked about business, going into a hundred details in which I was quite unable to follow him. His talk was not angry or bitter; it was a long, meditative, melancholy monologue; if it had been a trifle less incoherent, I should almost have called it philosophic. I was very sorry for him; I wanted to do something for him, but the only thing I could do was, when we had breakfasted, to see him safely back to the Pension Beaurepas. We went across the Treille and down the Corratierie, out of which we turned into the Rue du Rhône. In this latter street, as all the world knows, are many of those brilliant jewelers' shops for which Geneva is famous. I always admired their glittering windows, and never passed them without a lingering glance. Even on this occasion, preoccupied as I was with my impending departure and with my companion's troubles, I suffered my eyes to wander along the precious tiers that flashed and twinkled behind the huge, clear plates of glass. Thanks to this inveterate habit, I made a discovery. In the largest and most brilliant of these establishments I perceived two ladies, seated before the counter with an air of absorption which sufficiently proclaimed their identity. I hoped my companion would not see them, but as we came abreast of the door, a little beyond, we found it open to the warm summer air. Mr. Ruck happened to glance in, and he immediately recognized his wife and daughter. He slowly stopped, looking at them; I wondered what he would do.

The salesman was holding up a bracelet before them, on its velvet cushion, and flashing it about in an irresistible manner.

Mr. Ruck said nothing, but he presently went in, and I did the same.

"It will be an opportunity," I remarked, as cheerfully as possible, "for me to bid good-by to the ladies."

They turned round when Mr. Ruck came in, and looked at him without confusion. "Well, you had better go home to breakfast," remarked his wife. Miss Sophy made no remark, but she took the bracelet from the attendant and gazed at it very fixedly. Mr. Ruck seated himself on an empty stool and looked round the shop.

"Well, you have been here before," said his wife; "you were here the first day we came."

Miss Ruck extended the precious object in her hands toward me. "Don't you think that's sweet?" she inquired.

I looked at it a moment. "No, I think it's ugly."

She glanced at me a moment, incredulous. "Well, I don't believe you have any taste."

"Why, sir, it's just lovely," said Mrs. Ruck.

"You'll see it some day on me, any way," her daughter declared.

"No, he won't," said Mr. Ruck quietly.

"It will be his own fault, then," Miss Sophy observed.

"Well, if we are going to Chamouni we want to get something here," said

Mrs. Ruck. "We may not have another chance."

Mr. Ruck was still looking round the shop, whistling in a very low tone. "We ain't going to Chamouni. We are going to New York city, straight."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that," said Mrs. Ruck. "Don't you suppose we want to take something home?"

"If we are going straight back I must have that bracelet," her daughter declared. "Only I don't want a velvet case; I want a satin case."

"I must bid you good-by," I said to the ladies. "I am leaving Geneva in an hour or two."

"Take a good look at that bracelet, so you'll know it when you see it," said Miss Sophy.

"She's bound to have something," remarked her mother, almost proudly.

Mr. Ruck was still lurking round the shop; he was still whistling a little. "I am afraid he is not at all well," I said, softly, to his wife.

She twisted her head a little, and glanced at him.

"Well, I wish he'd improve!" she exclaimed.

"A satin case, and a nice one!" said Miss Ruck to the shopman.

I bade Mr. Ruck good-by. "Don't wait for me," he said, sitting there on his stool, and not meeting my eye. "I've got to see this thing through."

I went back to the Pension Beaurepas, and when, an hour later, I left it with my luggage, the family had not returned.

Henry James, Jr.

A DAY IN COLORADO.

INTENT the conscious mountains stood,
The friendly blossoms nodded,
As through the canyon's lonely wood
We two in silence plodded.
A something called our presence good;

The very breeze that stirred our hair
Whispered a gentle greeting;
A sweet, grand courtesy was there,
A welcome, from the summit bare
Down to the brook's entreating.

Stray warblers in the branches dark
Shot through the leafy passes,
While the long note of meadow-lark
Rose from the neighb'ring grasses;
The yellow lupines, spark on spark,
From the more open woodland way,
Flashed through the sunlight faintly;
A wind-blown little flower, once gay,
Looked up between her petals gray
And smiled a message saintly.

The giant ledges, red and seamed,
The clear, blue sky, tree-fretted;
The mottled light that round us streamed,
The brooklet, vexed and petted;
The bees that buzzed, the gnats that dreamed,
The flitting, gauzy things of June;
The plain, far-off, like misty ocean,
Or, cloudland bound, a fair lagoon, —
They sang within us like a tune,
They swayed us like a dream of motion.

The hours went, loitering, to the west,
The shadows lengthened slowly;
The radiant snow on mountain crest
Made all the distance holy.
Near by, the earth lay full of rest,
The sleepy foot-hills, one by one,
Dimpled their way to twilight;
And ere the perfect day was done,
There came long gleams of tinted sun
Through heaven's crimson skylight.

Slowly crept on the listening night,
The sinking moon shone pale and slender;
We hailed the cotton-woods, in sight,
The home-roof gleaming near and tender,
Guiding our quickened steps aright.
Soon darkened all the mighty hills,
The gods were sitting there in shadow;
Lulled were the noisy woodland rills,
Silent the silvery woodland trills, —
'T was starlight over Colorado!

Mary Mapes Dodge.

NEW LIVES OF THE OLD MASTERS.

WHEN Giorgio Vasari, in the golden age of the Italian Renaissance, wrote his *Lives of the Most Excellent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects* of his time, he gave to the world, if not the very best body of biographical writing in all literature, certainly the most significant and interesting. It is true that his biographies have been found imperfect in parts; that in essential points they are full of inaccuracies; and, as literary performances, that they can scarcely challenge comparison with Plutarch's *Lives*, for instance; but he was an artist writing of artists. Plutarch's heroes were statesmen, orators, soldiers, philosophers,—men whose lives and deeds were a part of the history of nations and races, whose thoughts were darkly reflected in traditions and stories, whose individualities were more or less merged in the events of their time. But Vasari's heroes were creators of beautiful ideals; their essential personalities were plainly set forth in pictures, statues, and works of art; in these they lived and moved and had their being. Their quarrels and rivalries, their births, marriages, and deaths, their relations with princes and popes, were the accidents of their mortal parts, interesting only in so far as they affected the development of the immortal genius which was their true life. They were the fortunate men of the world's history; for the artistic faculty is preeminently a faculty of works and deeds, and enjoys at least one advantage over all the other faculties of humanity in the fact that every step of its development is marked by a permanent, visible and outward sign. In the succession of these signs, properly considered, resides all that it is really necessary to know of the artistic life. But as these are, to most of us, scattered and practically inaccessible; we have peculiar need to seek in the biographies of the masters some explanation or justification of their fame, so that we may compre-

hend somewhat of the working of the curious machines out of which such great results could come.

A sympathy which is more than sentimental or emotional, which in fact is professional and informed with especial knowledge, must be brought to the task before the full significance of the life can be understood. In the perfect biography of the artist, the growth of the individual and the growth of his genius are inseparable. It is a dual existence with which we have to deal, of which the two members are often in apparent opposition,—grossness, vulgarity, and sensuousness in the one not unfrequently coinciding with devotion, spirituality, and poetic feeling in the other. It is the business of the competent biographer to reconcile these opposing elements, and to illustrate their condition of interdependence. Of course the combination of the peculiar literary and artistic faculties which such a work supposes in the writer is so rare that the desire of the reader to know his Paul Veronese, his Domenichino, his Vandyck, or his Rubens as well in their especial functions as he knows his Goethe, his Johnson, or his Sterling in theirs is not likely to be gratified until the modern scientific spirit shall have created a race of artistic scholars, or scholarly artists, capable of the task. But the fortunate Vasari does not stand alone. Such sympathy as he was enabled to bestow, and such literary faculty as he was endowed with, have been far surpassed in modern times by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, in his remarkable analysis of the life and genius of Turner; by Professor Sidney Colvin, in his study of Albert Dürer and his school; by certain biographers of Raphael and Michael Angelo, notably among them our own Perkins; by Crowe and Cavalcaselle, in respect to Titian; by Vosmaer, in respect to Rembrandt; by Michaelis, in respect to Vandyck; by Edmund Cartier, in regard to

Fra Angelico; and by other writers and thinkers more or less capable of seeing the living spirit behind its mask of humanity.

There has thus been formed a mass of biographical literature very interesting to the specialist and to the scholar, but to the general reader forbidding from its quantity, and in great part practically inaccessible. A very capable hand has undertaken the task of bringing together all the essential points of these biographies, and of putting them in a convenient and inviting form for the service of popular education in art. This work has been accomplished by Mr. M. F. Sweetser, in a series of *Artist Biographies*,¹ comprising in separate books, of about one hundred and sixty pages each, the lives of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, Fra Angelico, Guido, Dürer, Murillo, Claude, Rembrandt, Vandyck, Reynolds, Turner, Landseer, and Allston. To this list it is to be hoped the publishers will find it to their interest to add such names as will readily occur to the reader, and which are needed to give to the series greater completeness, and more fully to realize a scheme which in its conception is ingenious and timely. It is perhaps difficult to draw the line between what should be included in and what excluded from such a series as this; but of the Italian Renaissance, such representative names as Cimabue and Giotto, Correggio, Andrea del Sarto and Giorgione, Bellini and Sebastiano del Piombo, Tintoretto and Paul Veronese; of that of Germany and the Low Countries, Jan van Eyck, Lucas van Leyden, Rubens and Hans Holbein, Teniers, Cuyp, and Van Ostade; of that of France, Poussin and Watteau; of that of England, Hogarth, Wilkie, and Lawrence; of that of Spain, Velasquez and Spagnoletto, — such names as these can hardly be excluded, and such names as Landseer and Allston can hardly be included, without challenging criticism as to the scope of the enterprise, or exposing it to the charge of caprice in its selections. But the execu-

tion of the work, so far as it is carried, — and the public may really be more responsible for its limitations than the publishers, — is so good that to ask for more of it is perhaps the highest compliment which we can bestow.

A principal merit of these volumes is that they are brief and impressive. Their plan embraces a sufficiently copious *catalogue raisonné* of authorities in the preface. In the text, when the abundance of material is ample, the narrative is close and flowing, the exclusions are managed with discretion and skill, no essential point is omitted, and there are no wearisome digressions. Where the material is sparse, the story develops with greater tranquillity than in the more crowded biographies, and the available space is well occupied with extracts from the best critiques of the master, and with illustrative glimpses of contemporary art and history. In all these lives the popular errors and the absurdities of tradition and fable are carefully eliminated; all the accessible necessary facts are brought together and handsomely arrayed; in no case is the relation of the subject of the biography to the civilization of his time permitted to be a matter of difficult inference; in none is anything omitted essential to a general understanding of methods of workmanship, style, and composition; and the close of each volume leaves upon the mind a comfortable sense of symmetry and completeness, a clear image of a personality. In an appendix at the end of each book is a useful list of the chief works of the master, and their present locations so far as known. According to the capacity of the volumes to receive it, they contain a reasonably complete digest of the best critical estimates of the genius of the master in each case.

In the three or four most conspicuous lives, those of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Leonardo in especial, around which successive generations of admirers have accumulated commentaries, speculations, theories, and conjectures like mists, which, if they enlarge, have at the same time a tendency to obscure the central light, — in these, of course,

¹ *Artist Biographies*. By M. F. SWEETSER. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

the weighing of conflicting evidence and the exclusion of irrelevant matter, so as to make the most judicious use of the material at hand and to bring the story neatly within the prescribed limits, have presented the most serious difficulties to the biographer. But the results of his labors, as here bestowed, are such as to fulfill all the requirements of his task as a popular writer. Michael Angelo, at war with the world, divinely preoccupied by the great imagery of his thought, but not consoled by it, walks alone, embittered by a fortune which is not adjusted to his exacting ideal, and permitting no approach to break his chosen solitude; Raphael, the happy prince of art, with his outer and his inner being completely balanced and harmonized, an ideal creature, surrounded by an adoring court, burns brightly to the early end; Leonardo, the restless schemer, the audacious investigator and enthusiast, anticipating science by a hundred years, in his intervals of repose stoops to conquer in the world of art, and, with half a dozen works, founds a new school, and opens to posterity a new world of contemplative delight. These imposing figures are clearly presented to view in these little volumes, — perhaps the more clearly because the volumes are little, and because the limitation of space has compelled a careful rearrangement of the story, to the end that it may develop in each case with directness and completeness. The literature of the subject is enormous in quantity and embarrassing in quality, and it requires literary skill, patience, and industry of no common kind to separate all the wheat from the chaff, and to give a presentment sufficiently lucid and bright, without any undue demand upon the imagination or judgment of the reader. Brevity has its sweet uses as well as adversity.

Out of the ponderous records of Crowe and Cavalcaselle, Gilbert, Northcote, Vasari, Taine, Blanc, etc., the figure of Titian emerges in like manner, with the same pleasing clearness and fidelity; a semi-pagan, devoting himself with equal power and interest to sacred and profane subjects, his prolific art seemed

to stand as a type of the Italian civilization of the sixteenth century, by turns, so far as regards subject, spiritual and gross, religious and corrupt, but always abounding in life and color. Whether he delineated Venus or the Virgin, he gave himself up to the subject with the same frankness and ardor. No man since has been able to unravel the secret of his marvelous technique, and he bequeathed to posterity an inspiration of color which has conferred upon the ideals of art a new and unapproachable mystery of beauty. In strong contrast to this tumultuous life of sensuous energy, the progress of which left immortal and shining foot-prints in every gallery of Europe (there are nearly four hundred known and accredited pictures or groups of pictures from the hand of this master), the sweet mysticism and spiritual purity of Fra Angelico are the last expression of mediæval devotion. The rhetorician could not ask for a happier theme than the delineation of these two typical biographies, so significant, as they are, of the spirit of the two great eras of intellectual activity on the one hand, and of religious contemplation and aspiration on the other. The art of Titian was a part of the pomp and circumstance of the princes of his time, and the secular part of his life — if the part not directly concerned with his professional labors may be so defined — was given up to the duties of the courtier and the man of the world, and mainly concerned with contracts, intrigues, disputes about commissions, and petitions for the payment of arrears of salary and pension. The art of the Angelic Brother was never sold for hire; it was simply and innocently at the service of religion, wherever and whenever it was needed. He painted less than two hundred panels and canvases, but they were all acts and incentives of worship. As a matter of technique, he is represented as subject to three separate influences: the first, that of tradition; the second, that of nature; the third, the result of his visit to Rome, that of the antique. Thus, although essentially spiritual, he was an artist, and exquisitely sensitive to ar-

tistic impressions; but the complicated ideal bequeathed to modern art by the masters of this time owes to this gentle ascetic a distinct element of spiritual grace and pure aspiration. This remote and cloistered life has been treated mainly by the Dominican brothers, Edmund Cartier and Padre Marchese, in a rapturous and ecstatic fashion, and the cool biographer of modern times must have had great ado, with such authorities, to eliminate the panegyric elements without leaving for his readers a dry husk, destitute even of the virtues of dates and facts, with never a purse to gild it or a prince to give it color. But he has nevertheless succeeded in showing us, in his little book, the soul of the religious art of the fifteenth century; because it is merely one out of a dozen or fifteen other little books uniform with it, it should not be regarded as a piece of perfunctory literary task-work. It is better than that,—it deserves life for its own sake; it would be instructive and profitable to read it consecutively with Delaborde's *Lettres et Pensées d'Hypolite Flandrin*, or perhaps with Mrs. Lear's *Christian Painter of the Nineteenth Century*, to illustrate what curious differences are made by time and circumstance in the character and motifs of art.

Perhaps the most fortunate part of Mr. Sweetser's work is the opportunity offered him, in the lives of Guido, Claude, and Murillo, of presenting the first monographs on these subjects in the language,—no small merit in these days of sleepless research and incessant compilation. If the paucity of record as regards the details of these three careers (especially in the case of Claude and Murillo), as compared with the abundance of circumstance at the command of the biographer of Angelo, Raphael, or Titian, has a tendency to render the personal narrative in places rather meagre and thin, the spaces thus opened for a fuller critique of their works and genius, and for a larger treatment of the accessories, have been used with industry and discretion.

As for Guido, it is worth while to tell

the tale of this noble but eccentric genius; for while we are under the spell of the broad and vigorous technique of the modern French school, which now completely possesses our best work, that of Guido is stigmatized as effeminate, daintiness, and affected, and the phase of art which this master seems to represent is for the moment neglected as unworthy of consideration. Although this little book does not, of course, attempt any scientific analysis of his style, and does not enter into any detailed study of his manner of composition, yet enough is said, in quotations from accepted authorities and otherwise, to convey to a public to which the originals or even good copies of this master are absolutely inaccessible a distinctive notion of his real claims to immortality. The excellent list of Guido's accepted works which closes the volume contains more than five hundred titles, and yet, by a strange caprice of fortune, the master is known in this country only as the painter of the *Aurora* and the *Beatrice Cenci*, two works which, however, may in a manner be accepted as fairly representative of the artist's first and second styles,—the former painting being rendered familiar to us by engravings and photographs, the latter by such innumerable copies that the fair face, to which the ingenuity of modern criticism has attributed such strange complications of emotions, has become a haunting image. The most important contribution to the popular knowledge of Guido, therefore, in this little book is contained in the ample evidence herein collected to prove not only that the title to this picture is extremely doubtful, but that it is not a work of Guido's, although undeniably a production of his school, and characteristic of one of his manners of portraiture. It is written that two hundred of his pupils became famous; these so multiplied the expressions of his exquisite ideal, and so impressed his style upon the history of art, that to know Guido is to know one of the great eras of artistic thought.

In like manner as regards Claude: here is a master who is known in this

country only by engravings, which of course give no impression of color, and by the criticisms in Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, wherein this artist is used merely as an offset to Turner, and wherein his position in the history of art is not fairly recognized. But in the little volume devoted to this master, who "first set the sun in heaven," are collected the critical summaries of Ruskin, Lanzi, Lubke, Blanc, Reynolds, and others; and out of the obscure or scattered records of Sandrart, Baldinucci, Meaume, Blanc, and others have been rescued or collected enough of his personal history to make a connected narrative, and to leave a clear impression of the true position of this modest but most important figure in the history of landscape art.

The titles and positions of three hundred and eighty-five priceless Murillos are given in the proper place. Among these the traveler may gather what he can of knowledge of the prolific genius which left behind him scarcely another sign of his existence. His life is mainly set forth in perpetual visions of ecstatic saints, seraphic madonnas, the hosts of heaven, and the Holy Mother with her child. But our author's industry has been well spent in collecting for the first time, from various sources, mainly from the *Diccionario Histórico* of Cean Bermudez, and in setting in order, the few authentic incidents of the master's career, and in relating how, when, for whom, and for what purpose his greatest works were produced; in describing the condition of the contemporary art in Spain, Italy, France, and the Low Countries, and also in giving the proper historical accessories among which the short-lived era of Spanish art was developed and a Murillo became possible.

These little books, by their neatness of statement and by their brevity, have at least the merit of facilitating and inviting instructive comparisons of the parallel lives of the Italian, Spanish, and Flemish painters. Indeed, the very uniformity of literary style seems to place the subjects in a position of more significant contrast one to the other, saving

us from the fatigues and distractions of laborious research. Thus, both Guido and Murillo are exhibited to us as religious devotees, "continuing instant" in service to the mother church. Guido, like Titian, imbibed the pagan Renaissance in all its fullness, and divided his art about equally between religion and mythology; his abundant work was bright with joy and sunshine. But the Spaniard was not only a devotee but an ascetic, and in the list of his pictures there is scarcely a pagan example; he was emphatically a serious painter of Christian art, and worshiped his own ideal; he never sported with it, and his pure life betrayed no taint of paganism.

The art of the Netherlands is represented in this series by Rembrandt and Vandyck. The basis of the Rembrandt study is chiefly the elaborate *Life and Works* by C. Vosmaer; that of Vandyck, Michaelis's *Histoire de la Peinture Flamannde*. Of the former there is abundant record; much of it, however, is painfully derogatory. The jealous Houbraken has taught us to regard the master as mean, vulgar, and obstinate, a phenomenon of avarice and ignorance, and much of the interest which fairly belongs to Rembrandt as an artist has thereby been lost to literature. But the diligent researches of Vosmaer have succeeded in clearing the record to a large extent, and our author has promptly adopted his amendments, to the great benefit of the artist's reputation. He now appears in the more imposing attitude of a dignified and melancholy recluse, proud of his mastery of northern art, disdainful to court the great or to associate with the vulgar; his only intimate companion his own genius, his only occupation its complete development and fulfillment in his art; a man of immense industry and triumphant accomplishments, the acknowledged leader of a great new school, which was the proud rival of those of Italy, and the first to free itself in any degree from the religious and from the pagan service in which it had hitherto found all its inspirations. In short, he introduced the modern methods. This new narrative is most excellent reading,

and the analysis of the master's works in color and etching is based upon that of the highest authorities, but is not without marks of original observation.

Except for W. Hookham Carpenter's memoirs of Vandyck and his contemporaries, published forty years ago, and now practically inaccessible, this picturesque character would be merely a name, like Claude, Murillo, and Guido, at least to American readers. At best, little is known of him as a man, although the greater part of his active life was spent in the full light of the English court, where he became the founder of the English school of painting, and although, like Velasquez, he lived in society, and maintained a certain ruinous state of his own which renders him one of the most interesting figures in the gallery of the masters. But our author has succeeded in filling out the vacant spaces of biography with materials sufficiently authentic, and in completing the story of this luxurious but busy life, the beginning of which has been suggested to us by the smiling portrait of the gallant and handsome master at the Uffizzi, and the close by that at the Louvre, which gives us, as Michaelis says, "the coquettish *déshabillé* of a man of the world," weary with its pleasures and overtaken by its labors. The number of his works now remaining and known is incredible; but his fame is upheld mainly by the noble series of portraits through which, after his disappointed expectations of accomplishing more worthy and monumental work upon the walls of the banqueting-room of Whitehall and at the Louvre, he succeeded in proving that, although high art could no longer expatiate in the field of sacred and mythological traditions, as in earlier times, there was opened to it, by the changed conditions of life, yet another which genius could render hardly less fruitful.

This new province of art, made illustrious first, perhaps, by Titian, the greatest master of portraiture, then by Rubens, Holbein, Velasquez, and Vandyck, has been occupied by innumerable followers in modern times, among whom, conspicuous and rivaling the earlier masters,

appears the familiar figure of Sir Joshua Reynolds, to whom Mr. Sweetser devotes one of the most interesting of his biographical series; interesting not only because, perhaps, this career took up and revived the memories of great and monumental art, but because it was intimately associated with the foremost *literati* and nobles of the Georgian era, and as such must commend itself with especial force to the man of letters as well as to the critic of art. As Baretti once remarked of Sir Joshua, he was a genius and a mere ordinary mortal at the same time, and thus, more than any other of the great masters, seemed to illustrate in his own person the duality of the artistic nature divided by circumstance. At no point of his experience did the outer and the inner life appear to be reconciled to each other. Between the two there was thrust a world of modern gossip and thrifty business, which kept them wide apart throughout all his career. The record of the apparent life is mixed up with the social history of the time, and is full of entertaining anecdote; that of the higher life is expressed only in his portraits and in his discourses. In the former, at least so far as the technical qualities are concerned, many of the traditions of the heroic and religious art of the Renaissance are preserved and transmitted to the later days, infused, however, with that intellectual character without which they could not be acclimated or adjusted to our uses.

The other modern masters presented in this series are Turner, Landseer, and Allston, the first two essentially modern in their inspiration and their methods; the last a legitimate descendant and heir of the great painters of the Renaissance, a man whose learning and high conceptions furnished him with a lofty ideal to which his art never sufficed. As for Turner, the enthusiasm of Ruskin, the keen and pitiless analysis of Hamerton, the diligent but tedious inspection of Thornbury, are all so united in the little book devoted to this many-sided painter that the general reader can have but little more to ask in the service of his biography. In like manner, Land-

seer, the painter who is said to have discovered the dog, finds himself, strangely enough, in the august company of masters, but is introduced with such a pleasant narrative of the events and surroundings of his fortunate career that the attention of the reader is claimed to the end; if there is less of art about the book, there is more of life and prosperity.

Not only as a matter of local interest, but as a study of the new conditions under which high art is developed in modern times, the life of our own Allston must always possess a peculiar significance, particularly when placed in contrast with other modern lives which have been devoted to this pursuit. It has been observed that the first artistic developments of new nations, especially those unblessed by the incentive and instruction of accessible galleries of the old masters, have always been in the direction of landscape art. Thus, in the last Paris Exposition, a distinguished critic has placed Russia in the first rank in this department, while the Scandinavian countries, Denmark, Switzerland, and the United States claim consideration only for their performances in this branch of art. Nature is always open to study, and the art of interpreting her various moods and aspects is less embarrassed by traditions, less overweighed by precedents, requires far less accuracy and experience in the study of forms, than the religious and heroic art of the great times. When, therefore, a man like Allston devotes himself to this higher art, he is placed in a position of peculiar disadvantage; he is confronted by a complicated and difficult ideal which fascinates and, unless he is exceptionally brave and loyal, dismays him. To such a man art becomes a very serious business indeed, — a thing not to be played with, but to study with devotion and supreme respect, — and his life

is little more than a record of unavailing and pathetic efforts to give adequate expression to his thought. Instead of the enormous and easy productiveness of the types which he would emulate, his art, however fruitful in ideas, leaves to posterity only a few unfinished studies, full of great promise, inspired with high intention, but unintelligible to the common mind. Instead of Raphael and Titian and Rubens with a thousand masterpieces, we have Allston with equal inspirations and greater learning, but with a result of only a few tentative canvases, cherished in collections as the rare records of a pure and earnest but unavailing service to art.

Perhaps, after all, the best result from the modest labors of Mr. Sweetser is in the encouragement which they give to a comparison of the genius of the masters. The uniformity of the series, the characteristics of literary style, which are the same of course in all the books, and the apparent freedom from bias which is an excellent part of the author's equipment for this especial task, — all these seem to place the subjects in such relative positions that the reader is invited to note differences and resemblances among them which under other circumstances would have escaped his attention. In the consideration of these differences and resemblances is involved a curious study of the effects of time and conditions upon the evolution of genius, and if Mr. Sweetser can find it to his interest to add to his series the biographies of other ancient and modern masters, treated with the same love for art and with the same intelligence and fidelity, he will have accomplished a work of no little importance, not only to the study of art, but to the wider study of the human mind in its comparative aspects of exceptional development.

Henry Van Brunt.

A WORKINGMAN'S WORD ON OVER-PRODUCTION.

I WANT to say a word upon one of the urgent topics of the hour; a word which could be better said by another, — for I have had all too little training in the art of expression, — but to the saying of which my experience peculiarly urges me. I was driven into the machine-shop when thirteen years old, and have been held there until now I have passed full a quarter of a century as a worker for daily wages. I have had my share of the vicissitudes of the times. I do not stand among the least skillful or trustworthy of mechanics, and yet for years now I have not found the opportunity to earn at my trade the means of a decent and comfortable subsistence, and my heart has ached in view of the privation and suffering which industrious and worthy men, and those dear as life to them, have had to endure under the stern grip of circumstance.

The ages have scarcely produced a more helpless and pitiable object than a man out of work in the midst of our roaring century. To such a one, or to one over whom such a fate seems impending, over-production is apparently a self-evident, as it certainly is a terrible inference. No one who would understand the present state of affairs, and especially no one who is in any measure a shaper of other men's thoughts, can safely ignore the thorough fright and desperation of the workingman in the presence of this gigantic bugbear. To comprehend how completely the fear of over-production has taken possession of the minds of workingmen, we may note how perfect a key it is to the interpretation of every distinctive workingman's "movement." To check the advance of this towering terror is the motive of their every proposition. The workingman depends upon the labor of his hands to obtain for him every good, but over-production is suggesting to him that his opportunities are hopelessly circumscribed. The hope of advancement,

which was once with him a strong incentive, is gone; he cannot even hope long to hold his own. Circumstances have narrowed about him, until, so to speak, he can no longer use his fins, and, like a fish in a water-pipe, he is borne helplessly down by the current.

Many, blindly following the lead of this idea, attain to positions as absurd as they are pitiable. It has been argued to me personally, and in all sincerity, that even those who live upon the vices of the people, in so far as they are therefore not competitors for the work which is already insufficient for the workers, are a help and a blessing.

Holding such a conviction very distinctly, the workingman is impelled by the instinct of self-preservation to oppose the tendency of the times with all his strength and persistence. The trades-union attempts to limit the number of apprentices in any given trade, and thereby hopes to keep down the number of competing workmen. It attempts in the shops to limit the amount that a man may do for a day's work. It would reduce the hours of daily labor. So the workingman's party opposes all productive convict labor, because it competes with paid labor. The national labor party lately proposed that government should print a vast amount of greenbacks, and pay them out for constructing various public works, as a way of "making work" for workingmen.

So far as I know, propositions of this character constitute the whole of the workingman's wisdom upon the subject. But if the danger be really so great as he honestly believes it, is it not evident that these are all temporizing and contemptible expedients against it? Even the indefinite extension of our foreign trade, of which we have now some glimmering hopes, carries with it a promise of lasting help scarcely less illusory. We must eventually diffuse our methods where we diffuse our products, and then

we shall be as bad off as ever, so far as that assistance is concerned. We have been trying quack specifics for a cure which can be brought about only by a radical change of life.

If over-production be the terrible fact, machinery is as clearly the cause of it. But machinery is human success. It is the accomplishment, still but partial, of the life-long purpose of the race. It wrests from nature as much as possible of material good at as little cost as possible of human exertion. To check its action is simply not to use what we have toiled long to attain. It is a ripened fruit of the tree of knowledge, whose roots are in primal soil, and it were indeed unwise to cast it from us, or to let it rot on our hands, instead of filling ourselves with its lusciousness.

The joy of the worker, too, is not a thing to be lightly taken from him. What is life worth to me if I must hereafter aim to do as little as possible of whatever I undertake? What of health or vigor may I know if I must always crawl at a snail's pace? I count it not less than a misfortune to a man that he may not swing to the full reach and strength of it the faculty which for the time he is using. Over-production is a false landmark. The road which, in sight of it, we are laying out for ourselves is a most unsatisfactory one, and the view ahead, if we look straight and far, is gloomier still. The way is so bad that there must be a better.

Double-entry is of great service as a preventive of errors in accounts, and is a necessity in recording the transactions of any extensive business. Why will not men more generally keep their ideas by double-entry? Over-production affords a striking illustration of its applicability. While over-production apparently expresses what is meant with satisfactory precision, it is merely a relative term, and it at best expresses but a single relation of an extensive fact. There is a correlative term equally applicable to precisely the same facts, but referring to other relations and suggesting a very different view of the sequences of events; and if we can learn to employ

the two terms instead of the one, they will together open to our view a wider field in which to choose the path of our progress.

We hear much on every hand concerning over-production, but we hear little anywhere of under-consumption. What workingman, or, indeed, who of any class, habitually remembers the reciprocal relation which he holds? When we make the debit entry, who of us are equally careful to make the corresponding credit entry? Let the workingman who is so troubled about over-production consider his relations as a consumer also, and he may see that he is a shaper of circumstance even as others are, and that he is not so helpless and abject as he has been in the habit of thinking himself. I gather from the self-styled "workingmen's" papers that there is but one perfect thing in this world: the blamelessness and innocence of the working classes is the only thing without a flaw. "The king can do no wrong" was the doctrine of the olden time; but the doctrine of to-day, taught him at least by implication and by suggestive silence, is that the workingman can do no wrong. Yet in the face of it I venture to probe my fellows with a searching practical question. Let every one who complains that sufficient remunerative employment is not provided for him ask himself whether he does, or whether in better times he did, so use his own earnings as best to provide work for others. I do not know why that is not a perfectly fair and proper question, although I doubt not I actually surprise some workingmen by suggesting it. If there be any obligation of support, it is certainly a mutual one, and that is how I would have it. The workingman has the power, in natural and peaceful ways, of directing the relative tendencies of supply and demand, and by a wise and wide use of that power of enhancing the value of his services. The value of a man's labor, or its ability to purchase the results of another man's labor, is determined by two distinct considerations. The practical value of a man's wages varies: first, with the ratio which his

labor bears to the total labor of the people; and, secondly, with the ratio which the product of his labor bears to the total consumption. Let the consumption of the world be fixed; then, if we increase the product of the worker, as machinery has done, the relative value of the individual product is lessened. If the product of the world be fixed and the consumption of the world increased, the relative value of the product, and so of the ability to produce, is increased. The value of a man's labor varies directly with the consumption, and inversely with the production, of the world.

If, then, we can but maintain the due ratio of consumption to production, the same number of people in the world may have and enjoy much as well as they may enjoy little; and in the use of the much instead of the little, in the fuller and larger life of all the people, is the true intent and the practical realization of progress. The workingman looks every way but upward; and yet upward is the way of safety, and the one way toward which circumstances urgently beckon him. Our wisdom has been at fault in that we have dealt with but one of the two elements of labor value. While we have been trying, by puny and contemptible methods, to check the current of production, we have paid little attention to consumption, allowing it to stand unchanged, or witnessing with unconcern instances of actual retrogression. The promise of succor for the workingman appears to me to lie in his working at the other end of the line. The promotion of a wider and healthier consumption, and of the fuller life which it implies, and not a compulsory reduction of production, is the thing to be attempted. The workingman holds the consumption end of the chain of life with a far more commanding grasp than he does the production end of it. A man must take what work he can get, and follow it steadily; his production is closely limited by circumstances, and he can do little either to increase or diminish it. But the expenditure of every cent of his wages involves some choice as to the channel in which it shall be spent, and

every change of expenditure makes a difference as to the amount of consumption involved in or promoted by it.

The necessity of a broader popular education may be enforced by higher considerations than those which we have got the habit of urging for it. Perhaps what we esteem our weightiest reason for desiring a better education for the masses is in the increased security which it promises the state, by securing to her in each educated man a more law-abiding citizen. But education is growth: the educated man is a man of larger appetite; he draws more vigorously of all the good things of life; he reaches out after and enjoys more of the appliances of culture; he uses more of the world's products; he is a greater consumer. We find in workingmen as markedly as in any class this difference, due to the various degrees of their development. Of men working side by side in the shop and earning equal wages, there is a vast discrepancy in the scope of their expenditure, and in the good which it is made to yield them. Can we for a moment think of them each as giving equal stimulus to the productive forces of the country? The struggle for respectability; the keeping up of appearances, as the stereotyped phrase is, — the keeping up of facts, rather, — against formidable obstacles; the heroic upholding of a home where love and truth and purity shall dwell secure, where taste and knowledge shall increase, is worthy of all honor. They of the humbler classes who would maintain and indeed advance the standard of our home life against all opposing forces are in truth, though they perhaps know it not, the patriots of today; and in them, if anywhere, is the hope and promise of our restoration.

It will be well for the world to remember that the workingman is to be led, even as other men are. There is a trace of human nature remaining in him, and there is a directing power in the example and sympathy of other men by which, in part consciously, and in part unconsciously, his course is modified. The broad plan of a man's life and the elaboration of its details are determined by

what he thinks of himself, what others think of him, and, as important as either, what he thinks that they think of him; and he who is wise and seeking the good of all will aim to treat all with just consideration. It is not a little thing for one man to lose his influence among his fellows; but when a class despises and throws away, or when it transforms and reverses, its influence upon another class, the evil is a serious one. The self-respect of the workingman, bracing him to rectitude and widening the range of his necessities, is an important industrial factor; and they who, from whatever motive, or lack of motive, do aught to diminish it, or to weaken his honest pride, not only wrong him, but strike at the national life a blow whose force

recoils upon themselves. The workingman needs good advice, of course; but he needs sympathy and appreciation more. Through the lack of these, he is driven away from some of the sources of sound information and elevating influence by which the course of this age is directed. The respectable press has less than its due weight with him. Of course he can be only a loser by it. The papers published "in the interest of labor" are not in the interest of intelligent thought or of fair discussion. I really do not know how to bring my convictions fairly and directly to his notice. I can only start my word as high as possible, hoping that the farther it is to sift down through the masses, the wider it may spread in its descent.

Frank Richards.

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE, AND OTHER NOVELS.

THE greatest novel of the year is none the less interesting and impressive because the incessantly laborious process whereby the author draws near to his severe ideal is everywhere apparent to the thoughtful reader. Nobody who has read Hardy's *Return of the Native*¹ can doubt that this is the book meant, and most of those who admire his previous books will, we think, share our opinion that the latest, in its own singular and sombre fashion, is nearer perfect than any other of them. Like *Under the Greenwood Tree* and *Far from the Madding Crowd*, it is a tale confined to the obscurest level of society. But it is perfectly sustained in the low key where it is pitched, which the *Madding Crowd* is not: along the edges of the narrow life portrayed there are frequent glimpses of infinite horizons; the cumulative tragedy into whose forecast shadow we so strongly and naturally shrink from entering is all simple, circumstantial, inevit-

able, never once, not even on the black night of the suicide, breaking down into melodrama; and at the last we are led into the twilight of better days, with a touch gentle as that of time itself, so that we look back as over an experience, and recognize with admiration the exquisite fitness of the wistful motto from Keats which Mr. Hardy has chosen for his title-page:—

"To sorrow I bade good-morrow,
And thought to leave her far away behind;
But cheerly, cheerly, she loves me dearly,
She is so constant to me and so kind!
I thought to deceive her, and so leave her,
But ah, she is so constant and so kind!"

It has become rather a commonplace to call Mr. Hardy Shakespearean, and we once heard a witty commentator suggest the reason,—because his characters talk like nobody either in life or in books except the clowns in Shakespeare. To us he seems not so much to have borrowed as to have evolved out of one of his own quaint theories that racy and antiquated mode of speech which is so amusing in the mouths of his country-folk; but

¹ *The Return of the Native.* By THOMAS HARDY.
New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1878.

he has this other quality in common with Shakespeare and all the veritable immortals, that his work leaves one in an exalted frame of mind, disposed either to dreamy reflection or to vague and fervid eulogy. Such mental exercises, however, being neither here nor there in the way of critical appreciation, let us try soberly to learn something of the manner in which he produces his remarkable effects.

We note first his peculiar but masterly treatment of scenery. Most novelists, since Scott first invited his readers out-of-doors, have more or less affected landscape; but they have either sketched it in around their characters, or set it up as a reflector of their emotions, or themselves sought it as a refuge in the intervals when the languid creatures of their brains positively declined to act. Hardy only, and conspicuously in his last book, elaborates his landscape first, in its utmost breadth, down to its minutest features, and then sets his people in it in their true physical proportions, — sparse, feeble, and insignificant, as human beings are, by comparison with mountain and moorland, sea and sky. It is a method undreamed of in what are called pagan times, but of which the effect is pagan and pantheistic to the last degree. The delineation of Egdon Heath, with which the *Native* opens, is so solemn and scrupulous that it seems levy to call it picturesque. It is simply one of the most tremendous pieces of verbal realization in the language. It is too long to quote entire, and extracts cannot illustrate the grand and massive plainness of Mr. Hardy's descriptive style.

There follow some very subtle reflections about the way in which the world seems gradually to be outgrowing its taste for mere external beauty, as children outgrow a taste for sweet things. It is one of the author's favorite fancies. We are ceasing, he says, to require beauty and symmetry in landscape. We have already ceased to require it in the persons of men. We may some day cease to require it in the persons of women. Is this the self-same dreary consummation toward which the unhappy Mr.

Swinburne is looking in those strange lines of his concerning

"The obscure Venus of the hollow hill,
The thing transformed which was the Cytherean"?

But to return to Egdon. "The most thorough-going ascetic could feel that he had a right to wander there. He was keeping within the line of legitimate indulgence when he laid himself open to influences such as these. Colors and beauties so far subdued were at least the birthright of all. Only in summer days of highest feather did its mood touch the level of gayety. Intensity was more usually reached by way of the solemn than by way of the brilliant, and such a sort of intensity was often arrived at during winter darkness, tempests, and mists."

"Then Egdon was aroused to reciprocity. The storm was its lover; the wind was its friend. Then it became the lair of strange phantoms; it was found to be the hitherto unrecognized original of those wild regions of obscurity which are vaguely felt to be compassing us about in midnight dreams of flight and disaster, and are never thought of after the dream till revived by scenes like these."

"It was at present [late on a November afternoon] an environment perfectly accordant with man's nature, — a scene neither ghastly, hateful, nor ugly, neither commonplace, unmeaning, nor tame, but, like man, slighted, enduring, and withal singularly colossal and mysterious in its swarthy monotony. As with some persons who have lived long apart, solitude seemed to look out of its countenance. It had a lonely face suggesting tragical possibilities."

Anywhere else we might be tempted to condemn as clap-trap a device like that of the map or plan of the heath, with its natural features and scattered dwellings, prefixed as a frontispiece to the volume; but at Mr. Hardy's hands we accept it respectfully, and find it a great practical help to the thorough understanding of a mysterious and momentous thing. Once fairly apprehended, this mighty vision of waste country,

scorned of civilization and unchanged by history, becomes a permanent fact of the imagination. The heath precedes everything, determines everything, outlasts everything. The transit of the intensest human life modifies it no more than that of a cloud modifies the ether. We perceive it to be quite natural and necessary that primeval customs and idioms and superstitions should flourish undecayed in this isolated spot; that there should be no conventional division, even for women, between night and day; that Clement Yeobright, the hero who was born here, should have been drawn backward, by its stern fascination, from the world's gayest centre, to sacrifice himself for its half-heathen people; and that Eustacia Vye, the heroine *par excellence*, when forcibly imprisoned within its melancholy limits, should have fought blindly against its alien spell, until she found in it her doom. The book ought by all means to have been named *Egdon Heath*. Hardy is apt to be far fetched and infelicitous in his titles, but this one is so decidedly below the dignity of the book that it has the air of having been suggested by a bookseller.

Over and above this tyranny of place under which Mr. Hardy's people labor, there is a crushing tyranny of circumstance. The most trivial accidents are fraught with the grimmest consequences, like the infamous-looking yet comparatively innocent mistake whereby Mrs. Yeobright was turned away from her son's house, and the chance by which Eustacia failed to receive her husband's conciliatory letter. A sense of the omnipotence of accident is no uncommon mode of modern fatalism. There are places even in George Eliot's writings where it seems to nullify, for the time, her fiercest protestations of faith in moral responsibility. In Mr. Hardy's case, added to his superhuman ingenuity in devising unheard-of incidents and wild and memorable scenes, it leaves us with but a feeble suspicion of the freedom and accountability of his people. We are so impressed by them as the strenuously developed logical result of their circumstances that is only by an

after-thought that we consider them as either good or bad. Eustacia and her lover Wildevie, in the *Native*, are alike vain, selfish, and lawless, yet our instinctive sympathies are allowed to go with Eustacia under the burst of her blameless husband's terrific wrath, and we are inclined to give Wildevie credit, at the last, for behaving uncommonly well, under the circumstances, *and for him*. Yeobright, on the contrary, is a great soul with a disinterested purpose, who stands nobly the test of terrible tribulations, and we are glad, after his happiness is slain, to have him become an itinerant preacher, if he thought it his vocation, but we find it utterly impossible to imagine what gospel he can have preached. Far-looking philosophical results and cosmic consolations, like those which the author, in his own person, frequently suggests in eloquent asides, were surely not relevant to the heath-dwellers. However, if Mr. Hardy teaches us nothing, it should be admitted that nobody less than he assumes to teach. The self-denying toil whose traces are so palpable in every page he writes is vowed to art purely, and, artistically, his last performance is almost without a flaw.

William Black is hardly more didactic than Hardy, and he is certainly not more so than usual in the wild tale of *Macleod of Dare*,¹ yet he makes a very different sort of appeal to his readers. He is as full of passionate prejudice and exclusive individual sympathy as Hardy of sad generalities and pantheistic prepossessions. He is boldly romantic where Hardy is sternly realistic, hot and headlong where Hardy is deliberate and analytical. Black always identifies himself with his favorite characters; Hardy seems to keep remote from all of his. Black also is a noble painter of one kind of landscape, and gives us some of his most finished work in *Macleod*, but human beings are first with him, and the most impressive and important landscape still accessory; while with Hardy, as has been said, the peo-

¹ *Macleod of Dare*. A Novel. By WILLIAM BLACK
New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879

ple are depressed almost into features of the natural scene. These two writers seem curiously to divide between themselves the proverbial functions of tragedy. Hardy "purifies," if at all, by wholesome "terror;" Black, by a slightly morbid "pity."

Macleod of Dare is much more like a great poem than a great novel. It begins like a modern tale, but it ends like an ancient ballad. We have noticed before that the two halves of some of Mr. Black's best efforts do not entirely correspond. He seems to have a constitutional objection to ending on the common chord. In Macleod his theme is extremely, poetically, simple. There are really only two characters: the untamed and intrepid, yet gentle and chivalrous, Highland chief, with a chorus of wild retainers; and the fine London lady, the actress spoiled by flattery and feigning, with her natural *entourage* of relatives and friends in her own circle. The lover is impassioned, generous, constant; the lady beautiful, of course, selfish through timidity, fickle, and shallow. Moreover, the lover is precisely five hundred years behind the lady and his own time in all his modes of action and habits of thought. If Mr. Black had been content to rely upon the incompatibility of nature and the strange anachronism between these two, he would have had matter quite enough for pathos and even tragedy. He made a great artistic mistake in driving his hero mad, and especially when he allowed us to suspect a congenital taint in the high-souled creature, by revealing symptoms of insanity in him while all his prospects were yet fair. And has anybody, since Shakespeare's day, ever succeeded in making madness artistically effective, — more interesting, that is to say, in a fictitious character than distressing? If so, it is not Black himself in the case of Madcap Violet, nor Tennyson in that of the atrabilious lover of Maud, nor even Scott in that of Lucy Ashton. The fact is that there is not much romance about it. When the most devoted lover goes mad for love, we experience a revulsion of feeling. We cannot possibly help re-

flecting what an escape the beloved object has had of him or her. It is probably better to die at the hands of such unfortunates than to have them as life partners, but, in life or death, we must perforce extend our sympathies to the victim of one de-natured. If, therefore, poor Macleod had slain himself and his Gertrude in simple and likely fashion, we should still have pitied the cold-hearted little coquette more than she deserved; but murder under such aggravated and also aggravating circumstances as those which render chaotic the last pages of Macleod of Dare has a leaning toward the grotesque. It might very well have entered into the mediæval soul of Keith Macleod to try to kidnap an unwilling bride, but a creature so mindful of her own comfort and safety, so fond of her own dainty personality, and so generally clever and collected as Gertrude White would never, *never* have been kidnaped. She would by no means have gone awake and unattended on board his yacht, or if spirited thither by accident or craft she could not have failed of the solitary grain of courage and common sense needful for her escape. Still less is it conceivable that a whole ship's crew, however loyal to a beloved master and wrathful for his wrongs, should calmly have furthered his maniacal purpose and made themselves accessory to a monstrous crime. Nay, we can hardly help feeling as if the author himself were somehow a guilty accomplice in what is done. He is so feverishly identified with his hero, and exults so fiendishly, the moment she is absolutely helpless, over the heroine, whom he has hated from the first, and, in short, *es treibt so toll* generally in the last twenty pages of the tale that we begin to be alarmed for the balance of Mr. Black's own faculties; and we feel like recommending him to keep away from the North Sea, take bromide, and rest for a brief interval from production.

The pity is great, for Macleod of Dare is a book of a thousand for its unity and fire. It is eloquent, tender, and profoundly touching. It soars to a height of simple passion seldom attained in these sophisticated days, but it topples

over at the very last, and misses the crown of ultimate symmetry.

Hardly less lamentable than the *fiasco* of Macleod is the disappointment reserved for those who read to the end, at one fascinated sitting, the dainty little volume which inaugurates the second series of No Name novels. The literary grace and refinement of Signor Monaldini's Niece¹ are quite exceptional. The author is a new one, but she has had much practice in writing, and of a certainty she is not young. How can it be, then, that she is an American, as rumor says? Was a clever American woman ever yet known to wait for the ripeness of her powers and the high noon of her emotions before publishing? Were it for her retiring temper only, we are ready to be extremely proud of this new writer the moment she proves her nationality. Yet the fine workmanship of her book is the least of its attractions. The greatest and rarest is its fullness of feeling, — a sad, unfathomable flood, over whose high surface, made smooth and tranquil by the very repression of the waters, the tenderest love story since Doctor Antonio glides quietly, until it shocks us by its final plunge. The two principal characters seem almost purely ideal personages: the exquisite heroine, gentle, proud, and spotless, harassed and saddened, but never once moved from her serenity of soul by the suffocating espionage and insulting precautionary measures of her vulgar guardian; and the king of men who loves her from the height of his throne with so glorious an ardor, though, until the very last, may be, with such a magnanimous mindfulness of the barrier between them. Yet, though these two and their love are thus highly romantic, they are linked with admirable skill to the commonplace beings around them; the latter are depicted with the light and accurate touch almost of a French society novel, the intensest situations appear unforced, and we believe implicitly even where we read with most emotion. We do not cease to believe, perhaps, though we pine to

remonstrate, when the simple and stately movement of the story is broken near its end by the unpleasant and irrelevant episode of Miss Conroy, and we would by no means anticipate the sensation of those who have not yet read the book by hinting what it is upon the final page which occasions a revulsion of feeling and a sort of indignation as though one had been cheated out of a gem.

There is a certain kinship between this nameless writer's talent and that of the exuberant author of *Kismet*, but there is a balance, a restraint and repose about the new writer to which Miss Fletcher has not yet attained; and while of her we still hope for many more and always better and better things, we are more than half inclined to regard Signor Monaldini's Niece as the aloe flower of a self-centred and unambitious genius, which required many years for its maturing, and is not certain to be matched in as many more. The author is evidently a sincere Roman Catholic, yet sufficiently imbued with the independent spirit of young Italy to have no hesitation in making the one priest in her book, Father Paladino, a timid, timeserving, and unsatisfactory director.

Dr. Eggleston's *Roxy*² is hardly an agreeable book. The situation and scenery are too carefully studied and sincerely represented. Were it possible for a man to have offered him the choice of his place and epoch in the world, it is not to be supposed that any sane person would select a town in Southern Indiana at the date of the Tippecanoe campaign. The beginnings of civilization, like the beginnings of life itself, are strange and shapeless everywhere, and the first stages of its struggle with barbarism are inevitably blind and brutish, painful for a highly organized individual to witness, and gloomy to remember. Yet such things Dr. Eggleston saw in his youth, and in such participated. We are no less sure, after reading his vigorous, humorous, and (the theme considered) marvelously picturesque narrative, that he met them like

¹ *Signor Monaldini's Niece*. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1879.

² *Roxy*. By EDWARD EGGLESTON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1878.

a man than that he afterward grasped them like a philosopher, and has now portrayed them like a genuine artist.

The book is appropriately named after the heroine, who is the centre of all its action, and on whom, as on his worthiest subject, the author has shed the strongest light and bestowed the most careful study. The remarkable character of Roxy Adams is not only clearly conceived, but thoroughly and admirably developed. She reminds one a little of Dinah Morris, but she is more human and adorable than the Methodist preacher. She is a veritable saint in unstinted good works and spiritual aspiration and self-mortification, but her courage is uncalculating and her temper quick and high, and under certain provocations terribly obstinate. She is capable of prostrate self-sacrifice, yet her personal pride is enormous, and there is that touch of the chivalric in her scorn and defiance of all things base for which it would be extremely gratifying to find distinct authority in the New Testament. She stands between the two men, each of whom loves her as well as he can love,—her husband, Mark, with his strong passions, vulgar ambitions, and conceited carnal piety, and her clergyman, sincere, conscientious, courageous in his way, but effeminate,—and she dwarfs both by her grandeur, even in the act of serving them. A pair of quotations will suffice to show how under all circumstances we are made to feel the elevation and magnanimity of her nature. It is thus that the minister Whittaker finds her when he makes his first call at her father's humble house:

"Roxy looked like a figure out of an ancient picture, as she sat there, with the high lights brought out by the soft illumination of the candle, and with her background of visible obscurity. Hers was not what you would call a handsome face, in the physical sense. There was no sensuous beauty of red lips and softly rounded cheeks. But it was indeed a very extraordinary face, full of passionate ideality, and with high enthusiasms shining through it. I have seen an emblematic face in an illuminated title to

the Gospel of Matthew that was full of a quiet, heavenly joy, as though there were good tidings within, ever waiting to be told. This pure gladness there was in Roxy, as she looked up now and then from her knitting. It was such a face as a master would have loved to paint, and would have worshiped after he had painted it. So it seemed to Whittaker, as he sat on one side of the table, trying to guess which it was of all the saints he had seen in old prints that she was like. His eye took in the mantel-piece and the old clock in the corner, almost lost in the shadow, and though he was not an artist the sentiment of the picture moved him deeply. Like most men who have lived bookish lives, Whittaker thought it needful to adapt his speech to the feminine understanding. He began talking to Roxy of her father, her garden, her chickens, her friends; but to all of his remarks or inquiries upon these subjects Roxy answered half absently. The minister was puzzled by this, and while he debated what course was best the conversation flagged, and an awkward silence ensued which was presently broken by Roxy asking him what he thought of the experience of President Edwards's wife."

When Roxy went to her little chamber that night, she humbly recorded a "refreshing conversation" with the docile priest, and no better proof is needed that Dr. Eggleston has performed a rare feat of characterization than the fact that this scene and the very different one far on in the book, where Roxy, after the discovery of her husband's disgraceful intrigue with Nancy, shakes the dust of his dwelling from her feet, seem equally natural and necessary to the woman.

"Mark rode into his own gate with dread. Martha Ann [a servant who had followed her mistress] had not felt obliged to close the doors, so that the place had the air of being inhabited yet. He threw the bridle-reins over the hitching-post in front of the house and alighted. He went across the porch into the hall, through the sitting-room, into the parlor. The horrible foreboding that he was too late to make the con-

fession he should have made before gradually deepened into certainty. He hurried up-stairs, hoping that Roxy might be there. There was Roxy's apparel as she had left it. He opened the drawers; there were all the things he had ever given her. Her dresses hung in the old-fashioned clothes-press. He did not doubt that she had gone. But she had gone — Roxy-like — not meanly, but proudly. . . . Not an unnecessary shoelatchet of his would she carry away. These things strewn about the room said plainly that, having loved her husband and not his possessions, she utterly rejected what was his when she cast him off. Mark cursed his own folly and wickedness. In his hour of desertion and loneliness he loved Roxy as he had never loved her before."

Mark is almost as good a study as Roxy, though so much less agreeable a subject; in fact every character in the tale is well and clearly discriminated. Much of the action goes on among deeply vulgar people, but while the author himself is never vulgar, he bestows his pains on baser as well as better folk with a respectful impartiality, which again recalls the earlier and less labored manner of George Eliot. And while Roxy is inferior to the Scenes from Clerical Life in intellectual grasp, it has more spontaneity, and gives the reader no such sense of intellectual effort.

One fault this clever novel has, however, into which the author of *Silas Marner* never fell while the poise of her powers was perfect, nor is even now like to fall. The book continues after it is done. How strange is the vanity or the fatality whereby so many authors fail to cut short their performances at the proper point! The poems may be reckoned by the score which are spoiled by the last three stanzas; the novels by the hundred, which are stultified by the last three chapters. The fact is the more exasperating, because it is only works of unusual merit which come within three verses or chapters of being exactly right. There is momentum, and, of necessity, force, in all things which rush past their proper goal, spreading confusion and catastrophe like that which blunts what might have been the fine ending of *Roxy*. The story should have closed with the adoption of Mark's illegitimate child by Roxy, and the reconciliation of husband and wife. Roxy's illness and supposed death, Mark's insanity, the steamboat explosion, are all superfluous and suicidal to the symmetry of the tale. They are the reintrusion of chaos into cosmos. "Let no man be called happy till his death," and let no author be called happy till his inebriated imagination is safely chained up, and his work removed where his own last touches cannot ruin it.

LIVING IN LONDON.

My search for lodgings in London ended in my fixing myself in Maddox Street, which runs from Regent Street near its upper end across New Bond Street. Here I had a parlor, bedroom, and dressing-room on the second floor; and, although they were not handsome, perhaps hardly cheerful, I was very comfortable. I did not mind it that my little sideboard, my sofa, and my chairs

were old mahogany of the hideous fashion of George IV.'s day. They were respectable, and there was a keeping between them and the street into which I looked through chintz window-curtains that reminded me not unpleasantly of those that had hung over my mother's bed in my boyhood. They were much more grateful to my eye than those which formed the canopy of my bed,

which were heavy moreen of such undisturbed antiquity that they made the room somewhat stuffy. But I liked the old bedstead, which was a four-poster so high that I ascended to it by steps; and those also brought back my boyhood to me in the recollection of a dreadful fall which I had from just such a pair, which I had mounted to blow a feather into the air, in defiance of parental injunction. The low French bedstead long ago drove the four-poster out of American bedrooms, in the Northern cities at least; but the stately and, to uneasy sleepers, somewhat dangerous old night tents still hold their own, not only in London lodgings of the higher class, but in great country houses, where they have stood, many of them, for more than a century, some of them for more than two. English beds are, in the day-time, among the few things in England which I did not find pleasant to look upon. This is because of the fashion in which they are made up, which I found to be invariable. The coverlet is drawn up over the pillows; and the curtains, hanging from the canopy or pushed up to the head-posts, are then drawn across the upper part of the bed, one curtain being folded over the other. To an eye accustomed to the sight of white pillow-cases and of the upper sheet turned down over the coverlet, the effect of the English arrangement is gloomy, stuffy, and forbidding. But at night, when the maid has released and half drawn the curtains and turned down the coverlet, and has prepared everything for your night toilet, an English bed-chamber, even in lodgings, has a very attractive and sleep-provoking aspect. The bed, too, keeps the promise to the eye. English beds are delightful to sleep upon, and are something in feeling between a hair mattress and a well-stuffed feather bed, soft upon the surface yet firm beneath. I found all English beds so, even in hotels in small provincial towns.

The locality in which my rooms were had a little interest for me, and would have had more if I had been a woman, from the fact that they were within a few yards of St. George's Church, Hanover Square, where the marriages

of which accounts are published in the London newspapers almost always take place. My fair readers I believe have wondered, some of them I know have wondered, why the Lady Arabella must always be married at St. George's. The reason is simply this: that St. George's is, or till lately has been, the westernmost parish of London, the "West End" parish, that which is nearest the quarter known as Belgravia or May-Fair. Now an Englishwoman of position is married, as a rule, at her parish church; if from her father's country-seat, at the little old stone building which has stood just outside the park perhaps for centuries; if in London, at St. George's, Hanover Square. The church is, however, not upon Hanover Square; not nearer it, indeed, than Grace Church is to Union Square, or than the "Old South" is to Boston Common. It has its designation, after the London fashion which I have mentioned before, because it is in the neighborhood of Hanover Square. The church itself is ugly enough, like most of the London churches built in the last century; but it is somewhat imposing from its large portico, over which is a handsome pediment supported by six Corinthian pillars. Inside, however, it is mean and frivolous, almost vulgar. It is remarkable that this portico stands out over the pavement or sidewalk, the steps rising abruptly from the edge of the road, so that pedestrians walking upon that side of the street must go into the road, or mount the steps and pass within the pillars as if they were going to church. The effect is somewhat that of a huge ecclesiastical trap set to catch wayfaring sinners.

When I took these lodgings, I was struck with another manifestation of that confidence which I have already mentioned. One day, as I passed through the street, I stopped and looked at the rooms, attracted by a neat little card in the lower window, announcing that there were apartments to be let. Three days afterward I came unannounced in a cab with my luggage, and, finding that the rooms were still unlet, said that I would take them for an indefinite time between

a fortnight and six weeks. I was made welcome, and my luggage was taken upstairs. I had not yet given even my name; but now I presented my card, the name on which I am sure my landlady had never seen before, and asked if I should pay a week in advance. The answer was, "Oh, no, we don't want that, sir." Inquiries were then made as to how I would like to be taken care of, at what hour I should breakfast, and so forth. For the rooms I paid a guinea and a half a week, exclusive of fire and candles. For breakfast, and for luncheon when I chose to take it there, I was to pay just the cost of what was furnished to me. I found the bills for these "extras" very moderate; and from the time when this arrangement was made I never saw my landlady, or heard the sound of her voice, or knew of her existence, except by her bill, which appeared, with every item carefully priced, weekly upon my breakfast table. I was expected to pay for every article that I asked for, no matter how trifling. An extra candle appeared in the bill; and I remarked, when the arrangement as to my occupation of the rooms was making, that Mrs. — said, "As you won't dine at 'ome, you say, there'll be no charge for kitchen fire." It seems that the cost of heat expended in making breakfast is counted in the room rent of London lodgings, but that for every dinner that may be served there is an extra charge for kitchen fire. I paid also for the washing of my bed-linen, towels, and napkins. My own clothes were sent out for me to the laundress, of whom I knew nothing but the wonderfully written bills on minute scraps of paper which came with the returned garments. The price of their lavation looked very small to me, as indeed it should have been if price bore any proportion to purification; for it seemed to me sometimes, when they came back, as if the smoke and dirt of London, which was upon them in streaks and patches when they were sent out, had been merely dissolved and diffused through them, and fixed in them by heat and starch. For once I sympathized heartily with that selfish snob, George

Brummell, — the sufferance of whose impudent vulgarity by English gentlemen and gentlewomen was always a marvel to me, — in his insistence upon country washing. Was his charm a singularity in being clean in his person and neat in his dress? Country washing in England is as fine as can be; the clothes come to you as white as snow, and seeming to bring with them a suggestion of daisies and lavender. But London washing seems to be done in a dilution of grime; and how, indeed, could it be otherwise?

This homely subject leads me to remark upon the relief of the English housekeeper of middling rank from one great trial of her American sister in a corresponding condition of life. In no English household of a station above that in which washing is done as a means of livelihood is any washing done at all. The weekly wash which is the ever-recurring torment of most American housekeepers is unknown in England. Everything is sent out to a laundress. I think that the effect of this is one element of the greater serenity and repose of English life. Nor would English kitchens — and I saw not a few, in full operation, in houses of all grades — admit of the laundry work that is carried on in so many American kitchens where there is no separate laundry. The English kitchen in the houses of men of moderate means — for example, professional men and merchants not wealthy — is not half so large as that in corresponding American houses. A set of standing-tubs would more than half fill it. And that Moloch of the American kitchen, the great mass of heated iron known as a range, is almost unknown in England. The fire-places are comparatively small; the fire is open, and although there is the hob and the hot closet and the boiler, the whole affair is much less formidable than our range, which looks like an iron-clad gun-boat stranded upon the hearthstone.

I dined, when not at the house of a friend, at restaurants of various grades. Eating and drinking is such serious business in England, and is taken so much to heart by everybody, that one expects

to find ample and worthy provision for it in the great capital. But although a stranger need not go hungry in London if he has money in his pocket, he is not sure of being able to breakfast, lunch, dine, or sup to his satisfaction, at short notice, if he is at all fastidious as to viands, cookery, or table service. There are eating-houses in great numbers and variety, at some of which you may fare sumptuously, and at many of which excellent cold beef and hot, tender chops may be had, with good beer, and even good wine; but of restaurants at which you may order from a copious bill of fare to your liking, there are very few. I did not find one that would compare favorably with half a dozen that I could name in New York, or with Parker's in Boston. At most of the London eating-houses of the first class there is a set dinner at set hours, or rather two or three set dinners of different grades, which are served at corresponding prices. The courses, few or many, are placed before you in due order, and the cooking is tolerably good; but you cannot travel out of the record; and as to coming in at your own hour and making up your own *menu*, the preparation of which begins while you are dallying with oysters and soup, that is almost out of the question. Of course, there is good reason for this; for it need hardly be said that London can and will have anything that it wants; and I find the reason in the habits of the people, who are prone to regularity of life, and as a rule have a liking for the simple and the solid, and are not inclined to be fanciful. Notwithstanding the introduction of French cookery and dinners *à la Russe* among the luxurious classes, the average Englishman, even if he can afford to be fanciful and luxurious, has a liking for his joint, and is satisfied with that if it is well cooked, juicy and large enough. Lord Palmerston used to tell his butler, when people were coming to dinner, to get what he pleased for the rest, but to be sure to have a good joint of roast mutton and an apple-pie for him, — and "Pam" was a typical Englishman. Moreover, the Englishman generally

likes to eat his dinner at home, even if he is living at lodgings; if not at home, at his club; if neither at home nor at his club, then at some eating-house, where he goes regularly and takes the regular course of things, content if his dinner is plentiful, his wine sound and strong, and his cheese mild, but reserving the right to grumble, with good occasion or without. He is not inclined, like the Frenchman, to take his wife and children to a restaurant and make his dinner a work of art, more or less varied and rich in design and costliness, according to the condition of his purse or the festiveness of the occasion. Such, too, if I mistake not, were the habits and tastes of Yankees, until the Delmonicos introduced into New York, some thirty or forty years ago, I believe, the French restaurant system, which has gradually exercised a modifying influence upon habits of life in this respect throughout the country. It may be questioned whether, all circumstances and consequences being considered, this influence has been in every respect benign, even upon cookery.

The joint is still dominant upon the average English table. Its rule is visible, tangible, almost oppressive. It appears in various forms, even at breakfast. That greasy Juggernaut of many American breakfast tables, a hot beefsteak, or a beefsteak which is not hot, is almost unknown in England; at least, I had the pleasure of never seeing it, even at a hotel; but mighty cold sirloins, and legs of mutton, and hams, and birds in pies, and mysterious potted creatures weigh down the buffet at all the great hotels. Your eggs and bacon, your sole or your whiting, with your muffin kept hot by a bowl of hot water beneath the plate, are set before you upon your special table; but to yonder mountainous holocaust of cold heterogeneous flesh you may take your plate at pleasure, and carve for yourself, and cut and come again. In private houses the same arrangement obtains, but modified and gently tempered to more fastidious eyes and delicate appetites than are generally found in the coffee-room of a hotel.

In the windows of the middling restaurants, soon after midday, placards begin to appear, announcing in large letters, "A Hot Joint at 2 o'clock," and a like announcement is repeated at intervals of an hour or thereabout. It seemed to me as if there was a degree of solemnity about this, and I am sure that the word joint in reference to the table is uttered with a notable unctuousness and emphasis by the average Englishman.

At a restaurant of high class just out of Regent Street, at which I dined twice, the worship of the joint was impressively brought home to me. The room was a handsome one, and the service rich, almost elegant; the diners seemed to be all of such a condition in life as one would expect to find in such a place. In due time I was asked whether I would have roast beef or roast mutton. I chose mutton, of course. Whereupon my waiter disappeared, and presently returned, slowly followed by a man clothed in a white garment and with a white cap upon his head. In one hand he bore a huge blade that looked like a sabre, in the other what seemed to be some pronged instrument of torture. Behind him came an assistant who pushed forward on rollers a small staging of dark wood, which was solemnly set before me. I looked in amazement, but not with apprehension; for was I not in the land of Magna Charta, and trial by jury, and the Bill of Rights? It was in truth not a block, and the man in the white cap was not a headsman who had come to take my head, although upon the seeming block was a charger large enough to have held that of John the Baptist if he had been as big as Goliath of Gath. But it was already occupied by a huge roast saddle of mutton, and the man in white was only the carver. The blade gleamed in the air and descended upon the joint, and the only result of this solemnity was that there lay upon my plate a large slice of mutton so delicious that the eating of it marks an era in my gastronomic life. I shall date my dinners back and forth from the day when I ate that mutton.

In no other eating-house that I re-

member was there so formal and elaborate a *cultus* of the joint as this, which I found was peculiar to the house where I saw it. But in all others, and particularly in those of a somewhat lower grade, I observed that the joint was spoken of with a certain deference and unction, much as, for example, when it was said that Mr. Blank was particularly engaged; "Lord Soandso was with him." The manager of the place where the joint was solemnly sacrificed to the god of Phillistia had but finely apprehended and boldly conformed to the spirit of the public, one of whose priests he was. His carving performance was a little above and yet closely akin to that of the grill-rooms, the attraction of which is that your chop, or your kidney, or your steak, is broiled before your eyes. You may pick out your chop, if you like to do so, see it put upon the gridiron, and stand by while it steams and smokes and hisses and sputters before you, and, hastening to your table, send it steaming, smoking, hissing, and sputtering down your throat. The smell of cooking is one of the sensuous miseries of life; and the sight of a gashed and dismembered joint, with its severed tendons and fibres, its gory gravy, and the sickening smell of its greasy vapor, is, it would seem, what any man not a Fijian of the old school would gladly avoid. But in England, eating, with us a necessity, with the French an art, is a religion, and the joint is, like some other fetiches, at once god and sacrifice. The devouring of hot, red, half-roasted flesh is high among the duties and the beatitudes.

I said that when asked to choose between beef and mutton of course I chose mutton, and that I was richly rewarded for my preference. Much as English mutton has been praised, not half enough, so far as I know, has been said of its excellence. As to the roast beef of Old England, it is good enough, but although I suppose that I had opportunities of eating the best that could be had, I found it no better in flavor or in fibre than that to which I had been accustomed. On the whole, I think that although we have nothing better, one is rather more

sure of getting very good beef here than there. I found the beefsteaks decidedly inferior to ours. But with English mutton eaten in England there is none to be compared. Canada mutton, and even English eaten here, is inferior in every respect. I had such a distaste for mutton, particularly when roasted, that I had often said, to the discomfiture of the domestic powers, that I should be glad never to see it again upon the table; but in England I ate it always when I could obtain it. There it was mutton which was mutton, and yet was not muttoney. For tenderness, juiciness, and flavor, it was beyond praise. It was merely to be eaten with thankfulness.

To return to my lodgings: for my comfort in them I was chiefly, and indeed it seemed almost entirely, dependent upon a maid-servant who took care of them and of me, and who was always ready when I touched my bell. Emma — for that was her name — was a typical specimen of her class. I have said that the prettiest women I saw in England were, with few exceptions, among the chamber-maids and the bar-maids; and Emma's fine figure, bright eyes, and ever pleasant and respectful manner of course enhanced the agreeable effect of her careful and thoughtful service. They even caused me to be somewhat disturbed by the consciousness of the fact that she cleaned the shoes which she brought with my hot water in the morning. I did not quite like to feel that a woman, and a pretty young woman, performed that service for me.

The freedom, innocent and unconscious, of the English chamber-maid was also a surprise to me. When at the house of a friend, in one of the suburbs of London, just after my arrival, I was awakened by a slight tap at the door, and a rosy, blue-eyed, fair-haired young woman, of that type of English beauty which is not too often seen in England, walked into my bedroom with a can of hot water. I was startled, although I did not find the shock at all unpleasant. She set out my "tub" and my rough towels, and disappeared with a pleasant "Good morning, sir." One reason for this

agreeable ceremony is that bath-rooms are very rare in English houses; and in households in which men-servants are not kept, the maid-servants perform all such offices. For that a "gentleman" should do anything for himself, even in the preparation for his own toilet, is not to be thought of, except in some great emergency.

The care with which one is looked after by these good creatures — and they seemed to me to be the perfection of good nature and of thoughtful kindness, and made me wish that I had sovereigns to give them instead of shillings — was illustrated to me on my return to my lodgings from my first dining out. It was after midnight when I came in. In the passage below stood a lighted candle, and against it leaned something, I forget now what, which showed that it was meant for me. I found the door of my sitting-room wide open, with a chair set against it to keep it so; for, like all the other doors in my rooms, it was hung upon beveled hinges, which caused it to shut gently of itself. Upon the table directly in front of the door stood two candles unlit; between them were the letters and cards that had been left for me during the evening. The door between my sitting-room and bedroom was also wide open, and was stayed back, as also was that of my dressing-room. In both bedroom and dressing-room everything was prepared for my night toilet, even to the laying out of my night-shirt "in a wow" upon the bed, like Dundreary's dozen. This careful setting open of all the doors did indeed suggest to me a suspicion on Emma's part of the condition in which I might possibly return from dinner; but that I readily forgave her for the forethought. Briefly, there was nothing that I could wish or reasonably expect to have done for my comfort that this good girl did not do for me, generally without my asking it. After I had been in my rooms a day or two, she seemed to understand me, and to know what I should like, and to set herself to making my stay as pleasant as possible. And like most of her class that I saw, she added to her ministra-

tions the grace of cheerfulness, while at the same time, although she was not without the capacity of enjoying a little complimentary chaff, her manner was perfectly modest and proper, mingling respect for herself and for me with an ease of manner very uncommon in the Hibernian maid-servant of America.

She illustrated to me one day a superstition which had quite faded out of my memory. I had asked for a fire, which she laid and lit, but which, owing to some ill condition of the air, smoldered in blackness. I went into my bedroom for a minute, and, returning, found the open tongs laid over the top of the coals, and Emma standing over the grate watching it intently. "What is that for?" I asked, pointing to the tongs. "To draw up the fire, thir," replied the girl, who added a little lisp to the charm of her soft English voice; and then I remembered that I had read of this superstition, but I did not suppose that it still held its own in England, and that I should ever see it acted upon in simple good faith. But the blaze came up, and the girl lifted off the tongs with a little look of triumph at my face, which I suppose showed some of the amusement and the doubt I meant to conceal.

With all their respectfulness and deference, English servants and people in humble life indulge in a freedom of speech of which democracy has unfortunately deprived us. I made purchases from day to day; they were greater in number and in bulk than in value, and one day, being a little annoyed by the clutter which they made upon my table and sofa, when Emma brought in an addition to it which had just come home, I cried out against them. "And yet they keepth a-comin', thir," said the girl, as she turned to go out. Another time, being very much vexed at a mistake that I had made, I exclaimed, "I do sometimes think that I act like a born fool!" "I thuppoth tho, thir," demurely said Emma, who entered from my bedroom just as I spoke. I looked at her a moment, and we both laughed, — I heartily, she shyly and blushing. And yet in all this there was not the slightest lack of

respect; she never forgot her place, and I could not but think in regard to her, as I thought in regard to others in like condition, how much better this freedom of intercourse was, how much more human, than an absolute interdiction of all communion between the server and the served, and how much it might do to smooth and sweeten life for both.

I was witness to a scene of freedom between the server and the served in which the conditions and the sexes were reversed. One morning I went to take an early walk in Hyde Park. It was not later than nine o'clock, which for London, and particularly for that end of London, is very early. And indeed, as I walked at my will through path, or over lawn, beneath great trees, with that perfect freedom the consciousness, or rather the unconscious possession, of which adds so much to the charms of an English park, the rays of the sun slanting through a golden mist, the cool freshness of the turf, and a moisture yet upon the leaves made the landscape seem like one seen soon after dawn in an American summer. I had crossed the Serpentine, and was walking slowly along the foot-path by the side of the road, when I saw coming towards me a young lady on horseback. She was riding alone, but at the usual distance behind her I saw her groom. Till then I had found the park as deserted as if it were midnight; and now I and the two distant riders were the only living things in sight; and sound there was none except a gentle murmur faintly coming from the town, as it slowly wakened into life. The riders walked their horses, and as we gradually approached each other I saw that my horsewoman was a large, fair girl, some twenty years of age. She rode a handsome bright bay, remarkably tall and powerful, as indeed the horse that carried her had need to be; for she herself was notably tall, and her figure was full to the utmost amplitude of outline consistent with beauty. Plainly neither she nor the groom saw me, and as I wished to have a good look at her without seeming rude, I withdrew myself into a position which enabled me to do

so, as she passed within a few yards of me. Her face was not beautiful, and pretty would have been too small a word to apply to it in any case, but she certainly was a fine, handsome girl; her face breathed health and sweetness and good nature; she was very fair, with glowing cheeks, and teeth that made me thank her for smiling as she passed. She wore a blue riding-habit that fitted very close, and of course a chimney-pot hat. As she drew near to me, I saw that the groom gradually shortened the distance between them, and spoke to her, he speaking first. She answered, and they began to talk, he bringing his horse step by step nearer hers. Looking at him attentively, I found him one of the handsomest men I had ever seen. He was tall, and strongly although sparsely built, with fair skin, dark hair and whiskers, steel-gray eyes, and a firm yet persuasive-looking mouth. He was in complete groom's costume, top-boots, livery - buttons, and striped waistcoat, but these did not seem able to subdue a certain distinction in his bearing. Perhaps, however, he was only a fine, handsome animal, and would have been vulgarized by being put into a dress-coat and a white neck-tie, — that crucial test of a man's ability to look like a gentleman. Nearer and nearer he came to his young mistress, closer and closer his horse sidled up to hers, till when they had just passed me he was only about a head behind her, — just enough to say behind. He spoke earnestly now, leaning over toward her from his saddle; and she did not lean the other way, but turned her head slightly, and looked down with a sidelong glance upon the ground. I could hear her voice as well as his, and although I was not able to distinguish the words of either, and the sounds became fainter with the slow stepping of their horses, I felt somewhat ashamed of my position. And yet the place was public, and I had expected only to see an English lady ride past me. Gradually I lost the sound of their voices, but I still saw the groom leaning toward her and her head not turned away from him. At length it seemed

as if their saddle-girths must touch, and I almost expected to see him put his arm around her, as she sat there, except for the blue woolen surface, Lady Godiva from the saddle up. But he was discreet, and merely held his place; the blue outlines of her noble figure became indistinct, the great gleaming knot of her golden hair waned and faded in the distance, and they rode out of my sight, leaving me to wonder what might come of all this.

Another of my early walks was to Covent Garden market, where I went soon after sunrise to see the early traffic. Covent Garden, with an adherence to the signification of its name, is a market for flowers and vegetables only. It is not much frequented by private purchasers, but is the place where dealers, green-grocers and coster-mongers, supply themselves. Half London gets its supply of garden stuff from Covent Garden. I found little peculiar in the place, except its size and the filling of this vast expanse with vegetable produce. I arrived in the height of the early business. All around the place were the little carts of the little dealers, waiting to be filled, or just filled and hurried off at that break-neck pace with which such people think it necessary to drive as well in London as in New York. Even the donkey-carts went off with rapidity. The number of these was amazing and amusing. I never saw so many donkeys on four legs before, nor shall I ever see so many again. There were ears enough there to have stretched in a straight line through London. The hurry and bustle was bewildering. Every dealer seemed to think that his fortune for the day depended upon his making his purchases and getting off with his load five minutes before his neighbor. But in the midst of all, here and there auctions went on, — Dutch auctions, as they were called. For it has long been the strange custom to sell vegetables and flowers every morning by auction at Covent Garden; but the sale is called an auction because the offered price does *not* increase, but diminish. The things are put up at a certain price, which is grad-

ually lowered by the crier, until they are taken at the rate named. When this so-called Dutch form of auction came in I did not learn. The vegetables were much what may be found in American markets, but seemed fresher, perhaps because I saw them earlier in the morning than it is my wont to see anything. I took note of no novelty except the vegetable marrow, that fruit of the soil which Mrs. Nickleby's admirer cast at her feet. On eating this vegetable, I thought it most ill adapted to the expression of an ardent passion, in which it might yield to the pretensions of a pumpkin. It looks like a long, smooth squash, and, even when it passes through the hands of a skillful cook, it tastes like squash and water. The fruit at Covent Garden, some of it, was fine and fair to the eye; but in this respect I found in England much to be desired. I shall not say with Hawthorne that I never tasted anything there that had half the flavor of a New England turnip; but, excepting grapes, I found the taste even of wall fruit and hot-house fruit comparatively tame. Apples were small and tough; pears, mostly from France, were better, but still inferior; peaches were often fair to the eye, yet at best rather greenish in tint, but within always an almost tasteless, watery pulp. Indeed, the climate of England is not well adapted to the growth either of fruit or of grain. For both there seems to be required a drier and longer continued heat than her skies afford. The hot-house supplies this in part for fruit, but only in part, except, I am told, as to the strawberry; but that I did not eat; it was not in season. The melons, even those which came from Spain, were poor, flashy things, far past the help even of pepper and salt. Yet it is poor melon the flavor of which is not spoiled by condiments. As to grain, it remains to be proved, and will probably ere long be tested, whether England might not better abandon its culture, and depend, for wheat at least, upon other countries. To this end come the corn laws.

It is not very far from Covent Garden to Seven Dials. This place is so called

from the fact that by the meeting of seven streets seven corners are formed, at each of which there was once, it is said, a dial. This place has a reputation like that of Five Points in New York; and it is remarkable that the meeting of many streets should in both cities have been followed by a degradation of the neighborhood. But Seven Dials, although I found that it richly deserved the ill odor in which it stands, is not, as Five Points is, or was, the lowest and most wretched part of the town. There are neighborhoods in London which are to Seven Dials as Seven Dials is to May-Fair. These are regions which stretch away to the east and north from the city proper. They are a city in themselves. The formation of a nest of slums one can understand; but it was inconceivable to me how this vast area of wretchedness and vice, and of moral and physical filth and gloom, could have been formed in a civilized country. I went into the innermost recesses of it, into quarters which I found few London men knew of, and where I was warned by those who did know them not to go, for the danger of it. But although remarked and gazed at, I was not molested; and although I had nothing with me for self-protection but an umbrella, I came out unharmed. Indeed, I have found that a man may go almost anywhere and among almost any people, if he will only behave to them as if he neither fears nor hates them; and the only way of doing that is neither to fear nor to hate. I found here nothing to provoke hate, nothing ludicrous, nothing amusing. The sadness of it weighed heavily upon my spirit. The houses were high and without any character whatever; plain brick walls, lead-colored for the most part, and pierced with modern windows. Indeed, all this part of London is quite modern. In one little court, however, that I penetrated running out of Whitecross Street, (a street named twice by Defoe in his *History of the Plague in London*, once as the street in which a shop-keeper lived who was summoned to the closed door of his deserted shop to pay money, and who, with death in his face, told the

messenger to stop at Cripplegate church and bid them ring the passing bell for him, and died that day; next as the scene of the burning to death of a plague-stricken citizen in his bed, and, as it was supposed, by his own hand), I found a remnant of the old city, a relic of the great fire which so closely followed the great plague more than two hundred years ago. It was the rounded corner of an old peaked-roof stone or plaster house, only two stories high, which had escaped the burning, and although not more than about twenty feet square of it had been left, this had characteristically been preserved, and was built into the modern building. From the quaint windows of this ancient habitation two girls, not more than twelve or thirteen years old, but with pallid faces and a hideous leer, began to chaff me as I stood in the little court. I felt that to be the most dangerous place that I had ever been in, although I had walked under the walls in Havana more than twenty years ago; and I turned away and got out of it as soon as possible, but went leisurely, and nodded good-by to the girls.

And in these streets there were shops, although of what forlornness of aspect who can tell! But they told that even these people buy and sell and get gain, and live upon each other. It would seem that they must live altogether by thieving and burglary. One business was a strange one to me. Cooked food was sold at stands, at not very remote distances from each other. A board or two was stretched across two trestles or two barrels, and on this were a few potatoes, bits of bacon, and other viands. I saw no one eating, at which I did not wonder. There might have been much of interest to be learned from the people in these houses, but upon that I could hardly venture; externally, they but oppressed me by the seemingly endless sameness of their dull and formless misery.

The mention of the great fire reminds me that one day I passed the place where it was stayed. This is Pye Corner, and the fact is recorded in a little inscription on one of the houses. It had an

interest to me beyond that of the event thus announced; for Pye Corner is the place where Mrs. Quickly tells us that Falstaff came continually to buy a saddle. Most unexpectedly I came upon this memorial of the old London of Elizabeth's and Henry V.'s days; and I confess that by the help of Mrs. Quickly I felt myself nearer to Shakespeare there than when I stood in his father's cottage in Stratford, or looked upon his signature in the British Museum.

The scene of Falstaff's continual shopping for a saddle is also celebrated by Defoe, who tells us, in his *History of the Devil*, that the fact that Satan had a cloven foot is certified by "that learned familiarist Mother Hazel, whose writings are to be found at the famous library at Pye Corner." Did the circulating library spring up at Pye Corner to flower into Mudie?

What proportion of intelligent Londoners know that there is such a place as Pye Corner, and such a street as Whitecross Street, I shall not undertake to say; but I think that the number must be very, very small. And apart from the general ignorance about places of interest, but not of celebrity, which is not peculiar to Londoners, I was much impressed by the Englishman's ignorance of everything that did not concern him, if it were a little out of his daily beat, even if it were daily before his eyes. I was walking, one day, with an elderly London friend through precincts where he told me he had passed his boyhood and his youth. Going from one charmingly secret and mysterious court to another, as much in private, it would seem, as if we were going through a succession of back yards, I saw just on one hand a great gate-way with square posts surmounted with balls; it must have been twelve feet high. I asked my friend what it was. He hesitated a moment, and then said, smiling, "Indeed, I don't know. Strange to say, although I've seen it all my life, I never did know." Just then another elderly gentleman came out of some hidden by-way to worm himself into another, and my friend exclaimed, "Oh, here's A——! He'll tell us; he's

lived near here all his life." But A— knew no more about the gate-way than my friend did himself, and they were not such Philistines but that they laughed at each other for their common ignorance.

Not only did I find this sort of ignorance, but actual ignorance of their own neighborhoods, of the principal streets, great thoroughfares, and public places. The very cabmen were not to be trusted; and I had to set one right when I had been in London only a fortnight. I found that it was much better to trust to my own general knowledge, and to my feeling for form and distance, than to ask direction from any one but a policeman. They were always right, always attentive, always civil. Before I left London I came to look upon every policeman that I met as a personal friend.

I was lost but once, and that was after midnight, and because, instead of trusting to my own instincts, I was misled and misdirected. I was on my way home from dinner at a suburban house (it was the occasion when Emma set all the doors open for me), and found myself set down, or turned out, at the Victoria Station about twelve o'clock. I had been there only once before, but I wanted the walk home; and, confident in my ability to go back over any road by which I had passed one way, I called no cab, and set out to walk to my lodgings by way of St. James's Park, St. James's Street, and Regent Street. To my surprise, as I was turning into the street leading, as I thought, to Buckingham Palace Road, I saw all the cabs going my way turn off at another street. I waited a few moments, and, seeing that they all went that way, I inferred that I had at last gone wrong, and I followed the lead of the cabs. I had not gone a hundred yards before I thought that I must be astray. That was not the street I had come through before; everything was strange to me. But I reflected that the night was very dark, and I kept on for a while, the impression of strangeness and of lengthening distance still increasing on me. The cabs were out of sight and out of hearing long ago. Just as I

was about stopping to reconsider my ways, I saw a young man — a gentleman he seemed — come out of a house just ahead of me. When we met I asked him if this was the way to St. James's Park. "Oh, yes," he kindly replied, "quite so, quite so. You'll keep on for about off a mile, and then go straight through it." The distance, half a mile in addition to what I had walked, struck me as too great, and I asked if he was sure, and mentioned again that it was St. James's Park I wanted. "Oh, yes," he replied, "quite sure, quite so, quite so." I thanked him, and walked on. But at every step I was more and more impressed by the feeling that I had not been driven through that street on my way to the station, and after walking full "off a mile" I saw no sign of the park, or of anything of its surroundings. I did, however, see a policeman, and glad I was of the sight. To my inquiry how far it was to St. James's Park, he replied, "Why, bless your art, sir, I dun know ow far it may be the way you're goin'. You're a-walkin' halmost right away from it. You must turn back for near a mile," etc. In a word, I was to go back to where I had first turned off. I started, but before I got there along came a belated cab, which, thinking I had had walk enough for that night, I hailed and took. It was well that I did so. My cabman astonished me by the route *he* took; so much so that I turned and called to him, "Maddox Street, Maddox Street!" "All right, sir," he answered, and on he drove, up and down, through ways unknown to me. At last I recognized my street through the darkness, and was set down at my own door. "Why did n't you come by Buckingham Palace Road?" I asked. "It's much shorter." "I knows it, sir. *Hof* course. But the pok was shut up this afternoon, sir; mendin' the road, sir." And this was the reason that the cabs had turned off into another street, to my misleading.

Another little experience of this kind amused me and made me wonder. A gentleman had asked me to his house on Sunday morning. He lived in Knightsbridge, and was an author of high re-

pute, — a very distinguished author. I had never been to Knightsbridge; did not even know where it was; but I found out that it was to be reached through Piccadilly, and I set out to walk there. I had come, I was sure, pretty near to the place, and I thought that I would ask to be directed to this gentleman's house; less that I felt in need of direction, than for the sake of trying an experiment; for the ignorance of these London people about London had become a matter of observation to me, and of amusement. I looked about and saw a gentleman descending the steps of a very handsome house near Albert Gate, Hyde Park. I went to him and asked if he could tell me where my friend lived, mentioning the celebrated name, of course, and adding that I was sure it was very near there. The gentleman was not only polite, but kind, as I always found people in England; but he hemmed and hawed, and said he ought to know, yet at last was obliged to confess that he didn't. "But come," he said, "we'll find somebody to tell you. Here's a crossing-sweeper; he'll be sure to know, if it's near by." But the old sweeper was as ignorant as the gentleman, and touched his hat and

looked at us with a lack-lustre eye. I had a delightful inward smile, said good morning, and in less than three minutes I was at Charles Reade's door, which was not much more than a hundred yards off, and in five minutes more I was sitting with him in a pleasant parlor (not a drawing-room) before a sea-coal fire, talking fiddle, — a subject which he understands better and warms up about more than any other except one; and what that is no woman need be told who has read his novels, from Peg Woffington down to *The Cloister and the Hearth*, and onward through the brilliant list. I wish to write of things, not persons, but I may say that I found Charles Reade far more attractive than authors generally are. He is tall, distinguished in person and in manner, yet easy and simple in speech and bearing, with no more vanity than he has the right to have (and this I mention only because he is credited with more); and as to his companionableness, I only wished for greater opportunity of testing it. I did not tell him that his near neighbors did not know where he lived; but I wish that I had done so, for the sake of the hearty laugh that we should have had together.

Richard Grant White.

THE BURIAL OF THE POET.

IN the old churchyard of his native town,
And in the ancestral tomb beside the wall,
We laid him in the sleep that comes to all,
And left him to his rest and his renown.
The snow was falling, as if Heaven dropped down
White flowers of Paradise to strew his pall; —
The dead around him seemed to wake, and call
His name, as worthy of so white a crown.
And now the moon is shining on the scene,
And the broad sheet of snow is written o'er
With shadows cruciform of leafless trees,
As once the winding-sheet of Saladin
With chapters of the Koran; but ah! more
Mysterious and triumphant signs are these!

Henry W. Longfellow.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

NOTWITHSTANDING Professor Tyler's investment of the colonial period of American literature with the fascination of romance, it is only the master of quaint materials who can make it interesting to the general reader. It was not until this century had been well begun that any piece of writing was produced which could be said to make its mark in imaginative literature. Nearly all the men who first gave tone and nationality to our literature were born in the last part of the last quarter of the last century, and had begun to make their mark before 1825. Salmagundi and Irving's Knickerbocker led the way; the Monthly Anthology stood for New England culture; Buckminster's discourses had made a wonderful impression; Moses Stuart had begun his Hebrew Grammar; Edward Robinson was thinking of his Biblical Researches; Buckingham and Stone were raising the standard of journalism; Silliman was investing scientific study with the charm of his discursive genius; Allston had just returned from Europe, fresh from English studios and from Coleridge's home at Highgate; George Ticknor had given an impulse to letters by his lectures at Harvard College on modern literature; Timothy Dwight had shown what a man of universal acquirements could do as a college president; Edward Everett had begun his work at Cambridge and in the North American Review; Halleck had published his Fanny; Drake was musing airy nothings for the fantasy of The Culprit Fay; Cooper was initiating a new school of fiction; Channing was just entering upon his great controversy; James Hillhouse had produced The Judgment; Percival was writing fugitive poems in his happiest vein; in England, Wordsworth and Coleridge were founding a new school of poetry and philosophy; Goethe and Schiller were making German literature famous by their writings; Dr. Marsh was introducing the study of

Coleridge in this country; and in every branch of letters and of thought the lines were being laid by which what is distinctively American in literature, philosophy, politics, and theology has been developed. It was the day before Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, and Whittier had begun their work; even Bryant had hardly entered upon his career, and Allston was best known by *The Sylphs of the Seasons*.

It was in this company that Richard Henry Dana grew up to leadership. It was the day of ventures the world over; with us it was the day of venturous beginnings. In 1821 Dana began the occasional publication of *The Idle Man*, as Percival, about the same time, began the occasional pamphlet called *Clio*; but even earlier than this he had made his mark with vigorous critical articles in the *North American Review*. Bryant and Allston assisted him with their poems, and an intimacy began between these three which may be called the most touching friendship yet known in American letters. It was the day when authors wrote because they must, and thought themselves well off if they were not obliged to pay the expenses of publication.

In Dana's case it was the push of genius which impelled him to authorship. He was the first to discover the merit of the author of *Thanatopsis*, and no one saw more clearly than he the elements which were to control the higher departments of thought during the century. He welcomed Coleridge when only one beside himself among American scholars, President Marsh, of Vermont, had discovered his merits. He first stood up for Wordsworth in America; he shared with George Ticknor the merit of turning the tide of American literary life away from the artificial school of Pope, and made himself so unpopular in his efforts to break up the clannishness of the Cambridge culture of that

day that when his cousin, Edward Tyrrel Channing, retired from the editorship of the *North American* he was too unpopular to succeed him in that position. But it was this very independence of contemporary opinion, so marked a feature of his prose writings, that enabled him to be true to himself. He had the prophetic instinct in letters. If, as has been thought, he is more of a critic than a poet, he is still a critic who interprets his author through a sympathetic, powerful imagination, and his prose is often the best kind of imaginative writing. The merit of *Thanatopsis* was so akin to his own intuitions of what is true in nature and experience that it bound him to Bryant for life, and the discovery of the same poetic and artistic instinct in Allston was the secret of their intimacy. Through half a century the attraction of Dana's work in poetry and in prose has brought to his home nearly every foreign or native author or eminent person who has visited Boston, and, much as he shrank from the visits of literary idlers, the persons who sought him with honest purpose never left the quiet home in Chestnut Street without feeling affection and reverence for the remarkable man who dwelt within it. Every one felt that he must see Dana if he were to trace American literature to its leading mind. It was seen and felt even by his own contemporaries that he held this place. Percival, shy and sensitive, found in the home of Dana not less than in that of Ticknor the appreciation which he craved; Charles Brockden Brown found him the true interpreter of his genius; he was the one man in America who saw what was in Edmund Kean; he introduced the criticism of Shakespeare which is now universal, and never grew tired of quoting and interpreting him; men old and gray to-day say that he discovered Shakespeare to them. One by one, the very people who once turned against him came to honor the man who had broadened American culture; and the things for which he stood firm fifty years ago — the return to nature, the spiritual philosophy of Coleridge, the sympathetic interpretation of

life and thought, the masculine elements in English style, the breadth and truthfulness of culture — have now become the common property of the generation that has followed him to his grave. The career is unique; the position in American letters is secure; as time dwarfs the men of that age, he stands out more and more clearly as the prophet of the new day.

It is the simplest justice to his memory that his literary position should be understood at the start, but it is not easy to understand why he ceased to be an author without entering a little into his family and personal history. The Dana family draws its blood from the best stock in New England, and has been distinguished for over two centuries in our history. Richard Henry Dana's father was the first minister to Russia, John Quincy Adams acting as his private secretary, and is well remembered as Chief-Justice Dana. He resided in Cambridge, and owned nearly the whole of the tract of land between the University grounds and the Charles River. In those days it was believed that the mouth of the Charles would be the port of Boston. In accordance with this conviction, immense sums of money were spent upon docks and wharves and other improvements to render the land more available for business purposes. The chief-justice lived to inaugurate these plans, but they were for the most part developed by his children. The property involved is now valued at some fifty millions of dollars. When it was too late, it was discovered that commercial interests were taking a different direction, and the rapid depreciation of the estate, with the cost of improvements along the water-line, greatly impaired the family fortunes. It was believed in those virtuous days that if people failed they were not honorably discharged until they had returned dollar for dollar. This was the feeling with the children of the elder Dana. They surrendered their property; a brother returned from his studies abroad; horses and carriages were sold; valuable lands were turned into cash at forced sales; and every claim of honor

and justice was fully met and satisfied. Although the property of the family was somewhat impaired, the brothers and sisters were still in good circumstances, as in fact they always were, and united their homes in one, which was entirely agreeable to the wonderful strength of their affection for one another. Richard Henry, however, was not satisfied to be without a profession, and chose the law, — a profession for which he found himself unfitted by his extreme sensitiveness and enfeebled constitution. Foreign travel was beyond him, and there was little to spare for the indulgence of his private tastes. He would have been graduated from Harvard University in 1808 had it not been that he was one of the insurgents in what is known as the Rotten Cabbage Rebellion, which resulted in the expulsion of all the members of his class who refused to say that they were properly fed at the college commons. Dana was not the youth to refuse to stand by his convictions, and never got his college diploma till within the last eight years of his life, when the university which had long ago honored itself by making him an LL. D. performed its tardy duty of conferring upon him his bachelor's degree. He shrank from the law soon after he passed from its study to its practice, and virtually remained a private gentleman all his life; but his original mind found expression in prose and poetry, and before his fortieth year had passed he had written what Christopher North, in 1835, pronounced "by far the most powerful and original of American poetical compositions." The Idle Man found few readers and fewer purchasers, and when his publisher came to him after the issue of the last number and asked for a hundred dollars to balance the accounts, Dana felt that he had no further right to indulge his literary tastes at the expense of the comfort of his family. He had symptoms of apoplexy in his thirtieth year which caused him to be careful of himself, and his health, never firm in earlier life, was greatly broken for many years. It was these causes combined which withdrew this remarkable man from both professional and lit-

erary life, and when he had once abandoned writing as a vocation and had no stimulant to use his pen for the pleasure of it, there was little to call out his very rare abilities in the more ambitious forms of literary production. When his poems and prose writings first appeared in 1833, his pen was no longer used for print. It is to this date, however, that his lectures on Shakespeare, said to contain the freshest criticism then known in America, and to have anticipated by at least a quarter of a century the best criticism of our own time, are to be referred.

Yet, if Dana's active literary career ended half a century ago, he did not cease to have an important influence upon American literature and upon the men who have been most engaged in shaping its future. His intimacy with Bryant dated back to their early manhood, and letters between them, covering every interest, political, literary, social, passed to and fro for the last sixty years. He revered and loved Bryant, and nothing pleased him better than to repeat *The Future Life* and *The Conqueror's Grave* and dwell upon the beauties of separate lines and particular words or images, as he walked up and down the wild coast of his sea-side home. If ever this correspondence is given to the public, it is truth to say that it will be the most interesting American literary correspondence of the century, a likeness of the correspondence between Goethe and Schiller, and yet as purely American as that is thoroughly German and national. Even more intimate, and longer by far in years, was his friendship with Washington Allston. It was Allston who was married to his sister; who had precious letters from Coleridge; who had heard the great transcendentalist tell ghost stories by the hour; who had actually seen Wordsworth, Lamb, Hazlitt, and others; whose words had sunk deepest into his soul; who was doing with his brush, and even with his pen, the work that Dana most loved. The sympathy between them was boundless, and when Allston died suddenly, in 1843, he felt that he had lost his dearest friend.

He could never afterward pronounce his name without an accent of tenderness, and always liked to have his pictures near him. It was one of his strongly expressed wishes that those of Allston's pictures now in the Art Museum, with other unfinished pictures like *Belshazzar's Feast* and *Jason and the Golden Fleece*, might be placed in a room by themselves, so that artists might have the full benefit of all that Allston had done as a painter; and when Mr. Edward A. Brackett, then a young sculptor, cut in marble the bust of Allston, and Dana saw it for the first time, he was deeply moved. He took his seat before it, and, after a long and reverent gaze, said, with infinite tenderness of manner, "Ah, he makes us all look down." In the sculptor and in his brother, Mr. Walter M. Brackett, the portrait painter, as well as in other young artists, he took a kindly and personal interest.

For Dana to write the life of Allston was most natural. He collected the materials and began the manuscript, but his very love for his friend disabled him; the precious story was beyond his power to tell; he could not hope to realize to the world what Allston had been to him. Allston's letters from Coleridge he was never tired of reading, and Allston's life was ever after enfolded in the sacred memories of his own.

The interest in Dana's later years centres about his home. While still a young man he was married to a woman of wonderful beauty, "a bit of sunshine," whose sweetness and charm still linger like remembered music in the traditions of the family. She was called away after she had borne to him three children, — Richard Henry, Ruth Charlotte, and Edmund Trowbridge. His sisters, with whom he had lived on terms of the closest intimacy, Martha Remington, Elizabeth Ellery, and Sarah, took their brother to their own home in Cambridge after the death of Mrs. Dana, and cared for his children with peculiar tenderness. No man more exemplified the words of Scripture, "I dwell among mine own people." And this was not changed in all the generations through which he

lived. I am told that when he decided to come into Boston, he could not bear to have his sisters away from him, and their affectionate intercourse was not broken until he found himself the sole survivor.

The affection for him in his own home controlled the servants, and extended even to animals. He made them love him. A waif among dogs which came to his door, and which the old man refused to have turned away, watched by his bedside in his last days, caressing him in the animal's dumb way, and seeming to take in the whole meaning of the scene. The strength of this affection was its charm, and it reached, though he had few intimates, to those who knew him best beyond the family circle. These friends were always welcome at his home, and he could never see too much of them.

In the early period of his acquaintance with the Brackett brothers, when their studios were on the same floor, he found much pleasure in watching their work. One summer, before the home at Manchester was purchased, Dana and Bryant spent the season at Pigeon Cove. It was here that Edward A. Brackett modeled his bust of Bryant. Later, he made the bust of Dana in Boston, which is still in plaster, waiting to be cut in marble. Mr. Walter M. Brackett says of Dana's conversations, "I could no more keep his sayings than I could bottle up the perfumes of a flower." He never courted the society of strangers, but off in the country, or at the sea-side among plain people, he was the most accessible of men. In the freedom of unconventional life, the painter speaks of him as "the most simple man I ever saw." He took in the character of people at once, and his immediate judgments generally proved to be correct.

Two Episcopal clergymen were intimate with him, Moses P. Stickney, formerly his pastor at the Church of the Advent, and the venerable Dr. C. S. Henry, of Stamford, Connecticut; and the Rev. H. N. Hudson was valued by him for his own sake and for what he had done to make people understand Shakespeare. Mr. Stickney adminis-

tered the holy communion to him shortly before he died, and their intimacy in the religious life was close and strong. The late Dr. Harry Crowell, the first rector at the Church of the Advent, was also one who found the way to his heart. There were others who crossed his path now and then, at the shore or in town. At the tercentenary Shakespeare festival he was present, silent until called upon, and then wonderfully energetic in his expressions. Occasionally he was found at Parker's, dining with the Saturday Club, of which he was a member, but latterly hardly at all, and was never known to make a speech. To the world outside he was a silent, pensive man, who derived refreshment from the company of others, but was greatly reserved, and held his abilities somewhat in check.

Mr. James T. Fields relates an amusing story of the only time when Dana appeared in public after the lectures on Shakespeare had been laid upon the shelf. There was a private company of school-girls, called the Saturday morning Club, who greatly desired to hear one of these lectures, and Mr. Fields was asked to do their errand to the venerable poet. He consented to plead their case, and said to him, "It is a great thing for these bright young girls to hear the man who has done so much years ago." Dana replied, folding his hands one over the other, nervously, "I can't think of it. I am too old." "You are just as capable as you ever were." Mr. Fields's words touched him. He was beginning to yield. "Do you mean the whole course?" said he. "Oh, no, only one, if you are willing to do that." He consented; the day was named, and Mr. Fields called with a carriage at the appointed hour, nine A. M., to take Dana to the lecture-room. He found him dressed with the greatest care as for an evening party, but the poet pleaded a cold; he was not well; he could not speak; he was too nervous for such an effort. "But," said Mr. Fields, who understood the man he was dealing with, "Mr. Dana, the carriage is here at the door, and surely you will not disappoint these young ladies who have counted so much on hear-

ing you." At the lecture-room the scene was an ovation. The cheerful, sympathetic faces contrasted strongly with the patriarchal beard and strong features of the poet. The lecture was on Hamlet. He read it sitting. His voice was exquisite, — the voice of youth; and when he came near the close, and applied in a voice of pathetic pleading the lesson of Hamlet to their young lives, the effect was such that at the end they crowded around him and gave him in flowers and words the fervent testimony of their joy. The old poet told Mr. Fields, as they drove home, that it was one of the most delightful experiences of his life.

His fondness for music was great and marked, and he had a profound sensibility to it.

His interest in Edmund Kean is one of the theatrical traditions of Boston, and his comments upon Kean's acting have been pronounced the most perfect piece of dramatic criticism ever written in this country. Of his Othello, when Kean said to Iago so touchingly, "Leave me, leave me, Iago," and, turning from him, walked to the back of the stage, raising his hands and bringing them down upon his head with clasped fingers, and stood thus with his back to us, Dana often declared, "I have never seen such a picture of woe as the bent back of Kean's body." The acting of Kean was a subject he liked to talk of. He used to quote Coleridge's saying, "To see Kean act is like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning," and add that it was literally true. He also remembered Kean's singing, in a beautiful, pathetic voice, Thomas Moore's songs. From all the accounts we get from Coleridge, Dana, and Allston, it must be decided that David Garrick was not the greatest actor, and that Edmund Kean was his superior. This was the opinion of Samuel Rogers.

The most charming way to see Dana was on his own coast, on the rocks, under a gray sky, as the small black figure moved slowly up and down the beach, with the face to the sea. He was the first person to build a summer home on the delightful stretch of shore between

Salem and Newburyport, and wisely left his home, when the house was built and the necessary paths were made, in its original wildness. He said that the easterly winds were like champagne to him, and even in Boston he welcomed an east wind as others welcome the sunshine. He was more fond of the sea than of the land, and never tired of the marvelous sunsets to the northwest, or of the glimmering lights on Baker's Island and along the coast. He liked the roar of the surf along his coast, and could look out upon the sea from his window when the storms were too wild for him to venture out. The *Buccaneer* and *The Little Beach Bird* express the spirit of his sea-side reveries, and the former is said to have been inspired by the scenery off Newport, where he used to spend his summers before Manchester was discovered. The Manchester home stands upon a cliff some sixty feet above the beach, which forms a semicircle below. The beach itself is isolated on one side by a projecting ledge called Eagle Head, and on the other by the steep base of a cliff known by the name of Shark's Mouth. A wild growth of bushes and low trees fringes the edge of the bluff in front of the house, before it descends to the beach. The estate contains a hundred acres of such land as may be called a poet's paradise; everything about it was in keeping with the strong melancholy and wonderful intuitions of Dana's vigorous mind.

He was not a collector of books. He was too near the libraries to need them. He was a diligent if not discursive reader. The family often read to him in his later years, but he stopped the perusal of many a volume because he could not endure its barbarous style. He deeply admired the genius of Hawthorne. The story of *Iris*, in the *Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, greatly pleased him. He never tired of Sir Kenelm Digby's *Broad Stone of Honor*. He was eager to read everything from the pen of Mr. Gladstone. The poems of Crashaw and Southwell, also of Crabbe and Cowper, were often in his hands. He fed upon the works of the old dramatists.

The writings of Principal Shairp excited his warmest admiration, and his article in a late number of the *Princeton Review* on *The Aim of Poetry*, lent him by a city pastor, was thoroughly enjoyed, and returned with the message, "It will do your sermons good to read it." Mallock's *New Republic* furnished him very keen enjoyment. He read the book through twice, and the same author's recent magazine articles on points in religious inquiry were read to him not more than a fortnight before his decease. He was particularly pleased with the article on *Faith and Verification*. When something in a book had pleased him, it was refreshing to hear him talk. His conversation was always in good, strong English, without any brushwood in it. I shall never forget a talk I had with him in the spring of 1875, when John Morley's celebrated readjustment of Macaulay's fame (he was a diligent reader of English and American magazines) was the universal topic in literary circles; he indorsed Morley's positions, and went into their justification as if he had given special attention to the subject.

He sat beneath his portrait, the work of William M. Hunt, and as I cast my eyes at the portrait the thought came that this was an octogenarian, but as he drew me into conversation upon current literatures I could not but feel that I was talking with a man of my own age. To one who was specially intimate with him he recently said, "I never remember I am old. I feel young." In fact, he never grew old. His beard grew to be silver gray, but he never used glasses, and even the print of the *London Guardian* was not too close for him to read by gas-light only a few days before his death. And so I found him the youngest old man I have ever met. His conversation was as fresh as salt-sea spray; it was racy; it sparkled. I never met a man who put more meaning into words.

It was his occasional lament, as the years drew nigh when he knew that he must go away, that he had not done more with himself. The assurances from persons as wide apart as William Henry Channing and Bayard Taylor that his

life was already in many another man comforted him.

His religious life, if less prominent than his literary life, was what was chief and best in him. He took the conservative side in the famous controversy in which his cousin, Dr. Channing, led the liberal side. His opinions were broad and strong; they were his own. He was not satisfied with the Calvinism of his day, and finally found his home in the Episcopal church, in which communion he henceforth lived and in which he died. He was one of the original founders of the Church of the Advent, and as long as it kept to its old position was warmly attached to it, and worshiped there to the last. Though a very staunch churchman, however, and holding his opinions with great tenacity, he was a man of too

much breadth and strength to look at truth otherwise than with his own eyes. The underlying purpose of his published writings is religious; they have the sombre tinge of the puritanism in which he was bred, but his religious temper mellowed as he ripened in years. He felt that practical goodness was of more importance than mere rightness of opinion. He had crosses, but bore them in silence, and went down to his grave with intellect unclouded and with faith undimmed.

During the autumn he had been failing so rapidly that he remarked to one of the family that he could not stay much longer with them. It was the loosening of the silver cord. His day had come, and at ten o'clock on Sunday morning, February 2d, he began his sleep until the dawning of the new day.

Julius H. Ward.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT, AND MR. STORY'S DESIGN.

I HAVE been surprised to find how little attention our people are willing to pay to what is really the most important artistic undertaking with which the nation as a whole has been concerned since the building of the United States Capitol. To build a monument to Washington was the loyal intention of our great-grandfathers, of our grandfathers, and of our fathers. Successive generations of Congress pledged the national government to it, and when at last the pledges were seen to be of no effect, the matter was taken up in a burst of popular enthusiasm, and on a correspondingly ambitious scale. We all know how the movement faltered and came to a stand-still; how only the persistence of a handful of men, who inherited the care of it, has at last got the momentary attention of Congress, and extracted a rather grudging dole of money for it. The curious thing about it is the apathy with which everybody now looks on who looks at all, and the paucity of those who

look. Here is the man whom our fathers delighted to honor above all men, and whom it is our tradition still to honor; his statues are in our legislative halls, his head on our money and our postage-stamps, his name strewn over all the towns in the country. Here is our public, the cultivated part of it, much occupied with every form of art, stirred, in fact, with more apparent enthusiasm for art than for anything else; the people at large blazing lately with ardor, not yet spent, to cover the land with monuments, and set up statues to all their perishable celebrities. Here is the memorial, begun on such a scale that all our other monuments are toys to it, resumed in the centennial year with a general appeal for public support, taken up later by Congress, and then made the subject of a very exciting quarrel among engineers over its construction, of a warm competition among some artists of note over its design. Yet nobody outside of Washington shows any interest in it. I

doubt if more than one in fifty thousand of our people has given it any serious thought, and am sometimes tempted to wonder if one tenth as many care anything about it.

There are some obvious reasons why the matter should have been neglected in the stirring years that we have passed. One is the puerile character of the design on which work was begun; another, the inevitable presumption against a belated and somewhat threadbare project. But the intrinsic importance of the project made it worth while to aim at a better design, while in the last year or two there has been every opportunity to revive it with freshness. A more controlling reason has been that the men who had the monument in charge, clinging to an obsolete idea in the midst of an unparalleled growth of interest and activity in art throughout the country, have held aloof from all who had part in this growth, and persistently refused to take counsel with the artistic portion of the community to whose greatest artistic undertaking they were giving shape. This was a fatal administrative blunder. It left them with no following, and no resource but to coax what money they could out of a Congress that had no interest of its own in the monument, and lacked the impulse which an interested public might have communicated. The case illustrates with curious emphasis the absolute separation there is between the working political class in the country and the cultivated class. It also illustrates, what is to our purpose here, a certain narrowness and wayside absorption of our æsthetic class, of which we do not see much account made, but which is a serious check to our progress in art, and is accountable to a great degree for the failure of our public attempts in it, — greatly accountable for the misguided way in which the Washington monument has made its manful struggle for existence.

But now, at least, the old excuses for indifference are removed. Congress has made an appropriation for the work, and it is resumed. United States engineers are busy with its discredited foundation,

and we may assume that if they are let alone they will make it secure, whatever form is finally given it. What is most to the point, the question of form itself is at last fairly reopened. Some prominent men have interested themselves in its design. The joint committee on public buildings and grounds, which represents Congress in the business, wisely distrusting their unaided judgment, appealed for advice to Mr. Story when he was last in the country. Mr. Story took a livelier interest than his countrymen at home have shown, and made some suggestions, which seemed at first to bear little fruit. He has lately submitted a design, however, which the monument commission has approved and recommended to the congressional committee for adoption. The inviolability of the old design having been at last renounced and a new one officially proposed, it is important that the nation should not again be hastily committed to a scheme which may not, after all, be the best. The fact that Mr. Story's design is incomparably better than the old one, or pleases the committee better than others which have, without solicitation, been laid before them, is not enough to warrant them in adopting it without further trial, and especially without subjecting it to careful criticism.

It has been described as a copy of the famous campanile of St. Mark's in Venice; this is not accurate, but it has apparently been studied exclusively from Florentine and Venetian models. At least, it is such a structure as might be designed by a person who had never seen anything outside of Florence and Venice, and the towns on the railroad between them. This I say not to condemn, but to characterize. Mr. Story has incased the existing stump and carried it up with vertical sides to a height of three hundred and fifty feet, including its pyramidal capping. Around the base he has built a square lower story, projecting six or eight feet, against the sides of which he has set four gabled porches a hundred feet high. These porches are carried on a composite order of detached columns, and in the faces of them are

niches, in one of which stands a colossal statue of Washington on a high pedestal. To the shaft above he has added small octagonal angle-turrets, as it were, like those of Giotto's tower at Florence, which do not any more than Giotto's rise into roofs, but, like his, stop short at the crowning cornice. The shaft is in three stories, divided by cornices: the lowest, above the porches, is short, and ornamented with a double arcade and paneling; the middle division is very high, — a hundred feet and more, — with a triple arch-headed paneling through its whole height, enriched by shafting and tracery, and cinctured at the middle by a paneled belt; the upper is a kind of belfry stage with a blind arcade, and upon it is a pyramidal roof crowned with a bronze statue of Fame poising lightly upon one foot. The whole monument is incrustured with marbles, which on the porches, on the friezes, cornices, and panelings of the upper part, are richly inlaid after the fashion of the Tower and Duomo at Florence.

Without venturing on minute criticism, it may be said that the general aspect of the design has the qualities that might be expected in Mr. Story's work. Its outline is agreeable; it has an expression of rather dignified and elegant repose; its detail looks refined and delicate. Nevertheless, critically examined, it brings disappointment, as was, it must be said, inevitable. It is very questionable whether a design of this kind is suited to its position. There is absolutely nothing in its surroundings, or in Washington, with which it would be at all in keeping. In no city in the country have the public buildings so consistent and uniform a character as in Washington, despite some recent innovations. It is the only city of importance to which its public buildings give an architectural expression of its own. Needlessly to violate this expression would be a great injury. Mr. Story's design would be in hopeless conflict with it, and must appear like an immense exotic, or suggest a diplomatic importation. It is more than questionable, too, whether a structure of this kind would suit with

our climate, even in Washington, with our time or our people. An incrustured monument, like Giotto's tower or the Albert memorial, which would need, as has been said of them, to be kept under a glass case, would look sadly astray in an outlying and probably neglected spot on the banks of the Potomac. A sterner style is required by its position and its historic associations. The grand severity of Washington's character and bearing, the simplicity of the time in which he lived, would be ill commemorated by a monument of such ornate delicacy. Even Sir Gilbert Scott's ability could not prevent the Albert memorial from seeming a *tour de force*, factitious and out of place, and we should hardly fare better here. The style of Giotto's and Arnolfo's work is not the best for a monument on such a scale. To use it successfully at all requires the richness, the delicacy, and the spirit of Giotto's work. It is no discourtesy to say that we could not expect these here, and if we could have them the cost would be overwhelming. We have not the means or the aptitude for such work. The poverty-stricken baldness of the new front of Santa Croce, or the proposed façade of the Duomo of Florence itself, shows rather what we should be likely to accomplish.

As to the question of design there is a word to be said. In spite of the merit I have ascribed to Mr. Story's project, it is not satisfactorily carried out. The effect is mechanical, after all, — one is almost tempted to say amateurish. First of all, it lacks scale. It is pretty sure that at any distance from which this monument could be seen as a whole, its real size would not be felt, but would be greatly underrated. There is nothing in the detail by which to gauge it, and there is an unfortunate discrepancy in scale between the shaft and the porches at its base. To these porches, and to the statue of Washington under the chief of them, one would naturally look for the measure of the monument; but the statue is eighteen or twenty feet high, while the colossal porches, one or which covers it, are so proportioned that they must necessarily dwarf it to some-

thing like ordinary dimensions. They are as large as the façades of ordinary churches, and higher; being composed of few members, however, and serving only as canopies for the statues, they cannot look so, but must confuse the beholder's idea of scale, and rob the monument of much of its effect of size and grandeur. The porches are effective in themselves, but too heavy for the slender order that supports them. The shaft, agreeable in its proportion, is badly divided. The belfry stage is not adequate for the upper story of such a tower. The junction of the shaft with the portion below it, and the setting on of the pyramidal roof, two crucial points in the design, are not accomplished without some effect of dislocation. When it comes to the detail, although it may be inferred that Mr. Story had the assistance of a professional hand, it is evident that the hand was not quite adequate to its task. The attempt to amalgamate the fully developed Renaissance with details of the thirteenth century was in fact too ambitious to succeed. The attenuated spiral shafting of the builders of the thirteenth century, and the poor reminder of northern tracery which their successors contrived in the sixteenth were not the best inventions of Italian architecture. It is not strange that the designer should fail to harmonize these, or the slender balustrades and inlaid decoration of the earlier period, with the orthodox classic orders. One cannot examine Mr. Story's design critically without being impressed with these short-comings, or without hoping that something more successful may be the outcome of this great opportunity.

The public has reason to thank Mr. Story for giving a new life to the project, important as it is, and for relieving it of the incubus of a design that made its completion a thing to be dreaded. There is one thing more which he might gracefully have done, that he did not do. Seeing that the monument could not possibly be made a monument of sculpture, but must be one of architecture, he might have advised the committee to appeal to those men in the country — or even, if they liked, outside

of it — who have made it the study of their lives to design monuments of architecture. There is no one architect among us who occupies the universally recognized position which Mr. Story occupies in his own art; perhaps because architects are so much more abundant than sculptors. But there are among them men of signal ability, of thorough training, and of great experience; the presumption of success would naturally be in favor of some of these. It may be that the only means by which it was possible for Mr. Story to clear the ground was to submit a design which should show by contrast the utter inadequacy of the first one. It was natural that a brilliant and versatile artist should be strongly impelled to try the problem himself. We may admire the boldness of the attempt, — the audacity we may fairly call it; we should call it audacity if a painter or an architect had tried to do an equivalent thing in sculpture. That he should have succeeded so far as he has is witness to Mr. Story's exceptional ability; that he should fail of absolute success was a foregone conclusion.

It seems to me time that those in our nation who value its historic memories and those who care for the progress of its art, those even who wish to know that its wealth is spent on worthy objects, should wake up and see that one of the world's great works is going on before their eyes; should use what influence they can to insure its carrying out in the worthiest way, and that, being worthy, it shall not fail. It belongs to those who have the direction of it to make sure, now that the question of form is open, that they are not hastily committed to what might be bettered, and that they use due means to discover what is the best thing they can build. The ultimate decision whether Mr. Story's design or another shall be adopted rests with Congress, it is understood. Congress should not be left to such a difficult and unusual decision without all the help it can get from the opinion of those who are best qualified to judge and to propose, or from the stimulus of an intelligent public interest.

An Architect.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I HAVE run over in a most matter-of-fact way, brutally if you please, the indices of the three leading magazines for February. Any idea of comparison of merits is furthest from my mind. In order to remain perfectly unbiased, I shall not read these magazines for a day or so. I simply look at these indices as catalogues of goods, with the names of the makers. All I want to do is to fix the number of people, insiders or outsiders, who contribute to magazines, and to calculate the chances men and women have of earning bread, butter, or fame in this special class of literature.

I find the sum total of all the articles in the three best known magazines, poetry, prose, reviews, etc., to be about sixty-seven. Something, then, like twenty-two articles and a fraction make up a magazine. From there being rather more short bits of poetry than usual in the present batch, twenty-two articles per magazine I deem rather in excess, about twenty being a fair average.

Do these sixty-seven articles represent the brains of exactly that number of individuals? I think they do; for your additions and subtractions will leave that number sixty-seven about intact. The book reviews must have been written by at least four persons for each magazine. But in every magazine there is about the same number of salaried persons, the editor, sub-editor, etc., who regularly contribute their quota to every number of the magazine, the year round. Sixty-seven, then, I think not very much out of the way, — neither too many nor too few. Now, having secured this number sixty-seven as a foundation, let us examine the stones which uphold the literary fabric. My sixty-seven contributions in the three magazines I class into three categories: the Well Known, the Little Known, and the Unknown. I trust it may not be thought that I am guessing at the value of these brains, for without prejudice I believe I am

fairly acquainted with the names and writings of the majority of them. I shall want to apply to these contributors exactly the process I should use had their manuscripts been submitted to my paid judgment.

Here are Messieurs et Mesdames A., G., P., Q., D., E., H., O., letters taken entirely at random. Now, I know that G., E., and H. have a good reputation. I believe that they write excellent English. I am positive that their stories, essays, or verses have interested the public for the last five years. I am satisfied that the credit they have obtained is deserved. The chances are ninety-five in the hundred that their copy can be accepted without any reading at all. The authors may have stumbled over a bad plot, or worked out something not exactly in their vein; still their clearness, elegance, and force will carry them through. I cannot call them outsiders, for they are insiders. As an editor I am glad to have G., E., and H. So much, then, for the Well Known. Now come A., P., O. These are names of more recent date. True, there is great promise in some of them, as good as the best. But in others, the spurt has been too evident, and the trouble is that they do not pull evenly. Here and there come out luminous spots in their pictures, but their drawing is often out of line, and they want the power of blending. They have not as yet put a stamp on their coins. So far the public are not quite ready to pass them from hand to hand. A., P., O., I should have to read over and weigh carefully. Such are the Little Known. Now for Q., D., the Unknown. Blessed be that unknown quantity, though it may take ever so much bother to find it out! Q. may be as limpid as Henry James, Jr., or as turbid as —. D. might be the Balzac of America! A., P., O., Q., and D. are the true outsiders.

Now to my indices. I am going

through my sorting process again. Here are no less than thirty-three well-known writers, eighteen little-known, ten unknown, with six articles bearing no signature. As our magazines are issued monthly, my sum total of contributors for the year to the three magazines will be eight hundred and four. The thirty-three well-known brains will represent three hundred and ninety-six articles, or very little less than one half of the whole. Of course, the very same names will not appear over and over again in the same places, but we may be quite positive that the heavier proportion of the Well Known will be kept up all the time. The real fight, then, will be with the eighteen Little Known and the ten Unknown, who are essentially the outsiders. (The anonymous people hardly disturb the equation, for they may be among either the regularly hired writers, the Well Known, the Little Known, or the Unknown.) These twenty-eight Little Known and Unknown will ship annually their three hundred and thirty-six packages to the magazine. Now it is appalling to think of the number of intelligent people in the United States who are trying to get into the places of exactly these three hundred and thirty-six outside contributors.

In making this summary, the result of some thought and experience, I would by no means wish to wet-blanket the incipient magazine writer. Success depends solely on merit. There are no cliques in magazines. All an editor wants is really good goods. With so much offering, as the difficulty of selection increases, the editor has a right to become more exacting. No one is quicker than your editor to appreciate and appropriate. He will go through great heaps of dry shells, vast kitchen muddjens, to find a single implement which shows the power of man's brain, thought, or ingenuity. The magazine statistician has not as much sympathy for the thirty-three knights who, with spear *en joute* and fluttering banderole, have fought their fight with the public and won their spurs, as with those sturdy knaves the twenty-eight outsiders, varlets who as

yet only twirl quarter staffs, or at best do their fencing-bout with buttoned foils. Battle on, then, ye patient, hopeful multitude. Who can tell how long it may be before a man (only one perhaps of the twenty-eight in the ten thousand outsiders) will batter down the castle gate with that sledge hammer whose ringing blows will echo throughout the land?

— There seems to be a mystery about the cause of the Cheyenne exodus; but their lot in the Indian Territory must have been a hard one. They were exiles who longed for the land where (to use their own words) their fathers were buried and their children were born. The climate had proved fatal to other Northern tribes, the Modocs having decreased one third since 1873. Beside, there are stories about privation and diseased horse-flesh for food.

We know of their long journey through two great States, crossing both the great continental railroads, fighting whenever overtaken, and evading with wonderful adroitness every effort made to intercept them. Some of their male members retaliated savagely on innocent persons, but four fifths of them, at least, were women and children, who *could not* have committed the crimes charged against the party.

Near their former home they surrendered. This surrender, they afterwards declared, was based on the promise that they should be allowed to remain where they were born. But after they had been disarmed (as was supposed) and brought near a strong military post, they were coolly informed that they must go back to their hated Southern reservation. Then, in wrath and despair, they broke away and dug holes in the side of a ravine, where they could use their few secreted weapons to fight the United States. But in spite of their splendid pluck, their plight was wretched. Men and women were weeping together in impotent, outraged despair; children were clinging, frozen and famishing, to their gaunt, half-naked, suffering mothers. Pen never drew a more piteous picture.

It did not soften the commandant of

Fort Robinson. He surrounded them with several companies of troops, and sent back for cannon. In the end, after two days' starvation, the valorous threat that he (in perfect safety) would blow their wives and children from the face of the earth brought the Cheyenne braves to the *status* of captives again.

But as soon as they thawed into human beings once more, their bitter protests against exile recommenced. So this officer cut off their supply of food as a punishment. One is tempted to suspect that he designed to force an outbreak, as an excuse for an economical massacre. At any rate, that is what occurred. After twenty-four hours of this treatment, the Cheyenne men ("fleeing desperadoes," the dispatches term them) snatched up their children, and, leaping through the windows, dashed out upon the prairie, followed by their wives. Can it be believed that human beings could be found so devilish as to slaughter fathers running with their infants for food and freedom, and murder women and little girls and boys? Yet this was exactly the work which Captain Wessell's cavalry performed for mile after mile. Officers and privates together poured volley on volley into the poor creatures, and blew out with their pistols the brains of the wounded who writhed on the ground. These monuments of American heroism strewed the entire trail to the hills. Nearly all were shot through the head, obviously in giving the *coup de grâce*. More than one third of the killed were women and children. Twenty-six were dumped into a hole together. The telegram reported "one old squaw is dying to-night of six gun-shot wounds."

A pitiful remnant of the fugitives reached the hills; and these several days later, after frantic doubling and one or two repulses of detachments, were cornered by four companies of United States cavalry. The "enemy" consisted of eighteen men and eight women. These eighteen red Spartans held the troops at bay in spite of odds, until "providentially" their ammunition gave out. Then the four companies crowded

up to the mouth of the little hole that held the Cheyennes and blazed away, while the latter sang their death song. Three braves, "all that were left alive," sprang out in a desperate effort to escape, and of course were mercilessly riddled with bullets. The dead bodies in the pit were mutilated till they bore no semblance to humanity. Only one of the indomitable eighteen was drawn out alive, but frightfully injured. Five wounded women and one unhurt, beside two young girls, were found under the pile of corpses of the "young bucks," who had made their bodies shields, in death as in life, for those who looked to them for protection.

— Germany has a new poet. This statement may not appear so very striking when it is considered that the German language seems to have been designed for the especial encouragement of the poetic art; but this new poet is so genuine, so true, that he has at once leaped into eminence amongst a legion of his fellows. A short time ago I read in a German periodical a review of a little volume of poems by Rudolf Baumbach, and the critic, who is not at all given to gushing, accorded it such hearty, unreserved praise that I sent for it at once. On receiving it I read it through at a sitting, and my feeling was far from that of satiety, but rather a wish for more. Of the personality of the author of the *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* (Songs of a Wandering Hand - Work-Lad), as the modest collection is called, I know nothing; but to judge from his work I should say he was young, of a glad, sunny nature, quickly sympathetic, and rejoicing in life. Even the sombre sides of human experience take on a cheerier tinge when seen through the medium of his song, something as the dark hemlocks of a frowning mountain-side show in the warm summer sunshine. There is not the trace of mawkish sentimentality about him; nothing of the affectation of an imaginary woe; no vacant longing for the indefinite. His pathos is simple and direct, bringing the tears with a sudden start, — a single word the key that unlocks the fountain, which flows only

to show a glad rainbow in its spray. A true poet does not spring into being out of nothingness any more than does any other living thing, but is the natural descendant of his great predecessors, whose mental qualities can be traced in his. So in Baumbach we find certain phases of Goethe and Heine, and also not a little of the rollicking audacity of Victor Scheffel. Did this combination merely hold these qualities in suspension, the result would simply be a reflective poet, but Baumbach's own individuality is thrown into the crucible, fusing all into a new solution which marks the original poet.

Take the element of wandering, — that joyous vagabondism which in some degree seems inherent in every human child who loves his mother earth or nature, — take this element from German poetry, and the wound left would be well-nigh fatal. Goethe is impregnated with it, and it forms Heine's brightest side; it will keep his memory green when his *Weltschmerz* becomes as a sealed book to future generations. It is this roving, strolling spirit that sounds the key-note to Baumbach's song, and he has fitly chosen as a motto for his book these lines from the old German of Magister Martinus, who wrote them down in the year 1498: —

"I live and know not how long,
I die and know not when;
I fare and know not whither I go, —
I wonder that I am merry so."

The first song begins: —

"A hand-works-lad a-wandering,
Know I not a sorrow;
Drink I now from woodland spring,
Rhine wine drink I to-morrow.
Am a very doughty knight,
On cobbler's steed a-faring;
With heedless bird my shield bedight,
And the proverb flaring:
Merry blood and thoughts e'er gay,
Away 's away, away 's away.
Amen!"

Riding on cobbler's steed is a German expression for going a-foot, like shanks's mare in the Yankee vernacular. The songs are remarkable for their conciseness and plain straightforwardness. It would be hard to find a dull line in the book. There is a fresh, morning crisp-

ness, a sparkling spontaneity, and a delicate but invigorating aroma, like the breath of the pine woods. The writer has the rare power of painting with a few quick strokes a vivid and perfect picture. Here is an instance from the poem called *The Highway* (*Die Landstrasse*): —

"Garden-houses listen
From fresh young green around:
Fountains bubble and glisten,
Roses in hedges abound."

Who that has seen on an early summer morning the outskirts of one of those quaint German towns which abound in Thuringia and the Black Forest could fail to recognize it here? *Die Linden-wirthin* is an excellent example of the roguish vivacity which characterizes the poet's lighter moods: —

"Not a drop more in my glass,
Empty hangs my purse, alas,
Longing heart and tongue, —
'That has done to me thy wine,
The clearest depths of those eyes of thine,
O Linden hostess so young!"

"Smiles and speaks the hostess then:
'In the Linden ne'er has been
Chalk nor slate, I'm thinking.
Hast thou not a penny more?
Give as pawn thy knapsack o'er,
But keep on a-drinking!"

"So his knapsack gave the lad,
Drank the wine that made him glad,
Then to go was wending.
Hostess speaks with merry laugh:
'Thou hast mantle, hat, and staff;
Drink, and keep a-lending!"

"For the wine the wanderer-boy
Gave mantle, hat, and staff with joy
'I go,' he said in sadness.
'Fare thee well, thou clear, cool wine!
Linden hostess, young and fine,
Thou 'st fed my eyes with gladness!"

"Speaks to him the handsome wife:
'Thy heart doth leap with youthful life;
Pawn me that, — don't pother!' —
What happened then? 'T is quickly said:
On the hostess' mouth so red
Warmly pressed another."

"He who this new song did write
Sang it on a summer night
In a quiet hour.
Before him stood a glass of wine,
Beside him sat Dame Hostess mine,
Under the linden in flower."

But there is another side to our poet, showing moods as tender as this is gay. Note the exquisite pathos of this poem, *Reue*: —

"Remorse in breast and heavy with heart-woe,
A boy across the heather green doth go.

"Sun, light sun," so spoke he, sadly pleading,
"Of all things knowing art thou, all things heed-
ing ;

"Oh, give me tidings of the maid so pale
Whom by a stream I left in woodland dale ! "

"Sun speaks : ' I saw upon my way of light
Of maids forlorn full many with cheeks all
white ;

"But that lost maid whom thou didst leave in woe
I saw not from the heavenly way I go."

"And when the moon appears at even-tide,
Then from the moon the boy doth tidings bide :

"Sawst thou not upon thy lightsome way
The one whom I so basely did betray ? "

"Speaks the moon : ' Well saw I many a maiden
With pain and sorrow all too heavy laden ;

"But she whom once thou leftst betrayed alone,
I saw her not from off my heavenly throne."

"Down in the grass speaks the narcissus low :
' Nor sun nor moon can either ever know

"Where his pale love a-hidden now doth dwell ;
But we the flowers could well the secret tell, —

"We flowers, who hide ourselves in earth's deep
gloom
Until the Spring awakes us from our tomb." "

One more, as an example of fine ar-
tistic touch:—

THE SPINNER.

"My knees are stiff and the snow drives down,
And still far distant lies the town.
Grant me, good mother, to enter here
And know for a while your fireside cheer."
You are very welcome," the old one smiled,
But disturb not the spinning of yonder child."

"Hum and tread,
Twist the thread,
Busy the foot and the fingers, maid ;
Reel on to the spindle the strand so fine,
Spin thee a lover to a house of thine."

The red fire crackles, the spinning-wheel burrs,
The cat in the corner is drowsy, and purrs ;
The beautiful spinner her light work tends,
And a stolen glance to the stranger sends ;
The old one reads with head so gray
And reads in the Bible, and still doth say :

"Hum and tread,
Twist the thread,
Busy the foot and the fingers, maid ;
Reel on to the spindle the strand so fine,
Spin thee a lover to a house of thine."

It seems I've known all that before,
And still not wandered this pathway o'er ;
Where have I ever this maiden seen
A-plying the wheel with earnest mien ?

Where saw I the old one her Bible hold ?
Where heard I the murmured saying told ?

"Hum and tread,
Twist the thread,
Busy the foot and the fingers, maid ;
Reel on to the spindle the strand so fine,
Spin thee a lover to a house of thine."

That is — now know I whence it came —
That is the tale of the wise old dame
With whom concealed in the pine woods wild
There sat and spun a king's fair child.
She spun and drew the fine thread long,
But the old wood-wife e'er sang the song :

"Hum and tread,
Twist the thread,
Busy the foot and the fingers, maid ;
Reel on to the spindle the strand so fine,
Spin thee a lover to a house of thine."

I believe at last to the spinner fair
A wandering royal youth comes there,
The hut then turns to a marble hall,
The guests they flock to the wedding ball,
And knights and ladies form a ring
And a torch-light dance to the old tune bring :

"Hum and tread,
Twist the thread,
Busy the foot and the fingers, maid ;
Reel on to the spindle the strand so fine,
Spin thee a lover to a house of thine."

A pity that I on the day of my birth
Was wrapped in no purple swathing-girth ;
A pity that I from hence must wend ;
The tale perhaps might find its end.
I go, nor venture to turn my eye,
A pang in my heart — and why, oh why ?

"Hum and tread,
Twist the thread ;
May Heaven guard thee, lovely maid ;
Reel on to the spindle the strand so fine,
Spin thee a lover to a house of thine."

It is impossible to render into English
the fascinating music of the refrain:—

"Schnurre Rädchen,
Dreh' dich Fädchen,
Ruhre den Fuss und die Finger, Mädchen ;
Roll' auf die Spindel den Faden fein,
Spin dir den Freier ins Haus hinein."

— I own that I found it difficult, after
getting her a valentine, on which were
represented some forget-me-nots:—

"Forget me not. So say these painted flowers :
So say not I, to you or any man.
Together we have spent some pleasant hours,
Now go, sir, and forget me — if you can."

— That a Christian and a gentleman
are synonyms has long been the boast of
Christianity; that is, that the code of the
former, perfectly carried out, coincides
with all which distinguishes the latter.
In more senses than one, the rule is a
pretty safe one. There are many to
whom Christianity as a body of doctrine
is incomprehensible, but the morals of

the ten commandments still remain the only possible basis of civilization. The codes of savage nations, in which murder and theft are considered praiseworthy deeds, are confessedly of a lower and earlier order than those that coincide with the Jewish law. No doubt the ideal of honor was unconsciously formed from the Christian ideal, and our present notions of a gentleman are, in truth, largely mediæval. Still, the theory that has resulted in this ideal is now so rooted in Anglo-Saxon society that, divorce honor and religion as much as you will, their dictates remain largely the same. A man brought up by parents of gentle antecedents and associations, no matter how creedless he may be, will act in every emergency as the best Christian, though the motives of each will doubtless differ. Especially in the matter of truth, honesty, straightforwardness, this man's instincts may be trusted: he will need no one to tell him that to equivocate is contemptible; to look at an open letter despicable; to put himself into a passion wrong, as well as undignified; to swear and otherwise lose control of his speech vulgar and blamable. He will naturally side with the weak against the strong; despise anything savoring of meanness; refuse to shield himself at the expense of another, or allow another to bear any blame as having counseled or shown him an example in a doubtful direction; in a word, he will act uprightly even in the subtlest matter, and his first impulse will always be generous. Conscience is his guide, under the name of honor. There may be matters where a man might hesitate; for instance, those vexed questions which Mr. Gladstone's challenge to loyal Catholic Englishmen brought to light — rather unnecessarily — two years ago, as to where a man's first allegiance was due. Other enthusiasts followed up these test questions with still more crucial ones, as to the lawfulness of murdering an excommunicated sovereign, and the obligation to keep faith with heretics; and this year, Dr. Pusey has raised equally disingenuous subtleties out of their theological graves by starting anew the doctrine

that what a man knows under the seal of secrecy (meaning private confession) he knows less than anything else, and may lawfully deny *any* knowledge of whatsoever. Perhaps these questions, from the first to the last, seem puzzling to some people. Act as a man of honor, and all difficulty disappears. To break one's word, or to deny one's lawful relations, is what a gentleman would not for a moment dream of doing. The "barbarians," from whom we should be proud to descend, and the Arabs of all times, past and present, had a certain code of honor and hospitality which was Christian in all but name; and the Albanian servant who recently gave his master notice, under the plea that he wanted to attack him on the highway, with his band, and therefore warned him to defend himself, was undoubtedly a fine fellow, and robbed his act of thieving of two thirds of its heinousness, if not of its unlawfulness.

— In translating an author, write as he would have done had he written in your language. This is one of the old rules of translators, and appears a very just one. The trouble has been in its application; by quoting it all sorts of vagaries have been justified. At present the tendency of translators is to follow this canon by rendering the matter more literally than they were wont to do of old. As long as ease and freedom are preserved, this practice deserves commendation.

If the matter be verse, the imitation can be pushed a degree further and the metre followed, and if possible made the same as in the original. To this point too little attention has been given. I now refer particularly to Latin and Greek classic authors. Many of the classic metres can be given quite faithfully in our language. The heroic hexameter has been used by Longfellow in several poems, as *Evangeline* and *The Courtship of Miles Standish*. Examples of the elegiac combination of this verse with the pentameter occur among our minor poems, and Tennyson has written one or two pieces in "the metre of Catullus," and in the *Alcaic stanza*.

The poem in the latter metre is addressed to Milton, and certainly no fault can be found with its melody.

The essential difference between Latin or Greek and English prosody is that the first is founded on quantity, the latter on accent. The laws of quantity assigned a certain value to every syllable: it was long or short in accordance with some fixed law or with no less rigid authority. This "quantity" was quite independent of accent. A syllable which is short is in many cases the very one which receives the accent. Yet in classic versification no regard was paid to the accent; quantity was everything. The consequence is that in classic verse quantity and accent clash in a manner very discordant to our ears. With us, on the contrary, all depends on accent; a syllable is long or short according to the accent only. Thus, in obedience to the old rules of quantity, this word which we have used so often, "accent," should be a spondee; both syllables should be long. In English verse it must rank as a trochee: the first syllable, receiving the stress, is long; the second is short.

The spondee, the foot consisting of two long syllables, is a very hard one to introduce into our verse. In one word two adjacent syllables can rarely be accented. Hence to form a spondee or any succession of two long syllables, we must use two words. The first or last syllable of a polysyllabic word may be half, a monosyllable will do for the other half. No more perfect example of spondees inclosing a dactyl can be found than the homely words, "mān whō kēpt ā sēgār stōre." The straight lines indicate long, the curved ones short syllables. In adopting classic metres this rule has not been followed, and really need not be. The spondee is almost opposed to the genius of our verse, yet I would by no means discard it. A foot consisting of one long and one short syllable may, however, in many cases, take its place. In Longfellow's hexameters, trochees, a long before a short syllable, are continually employed in its place, and harmonize very well with the dactyls.

I have spoken of the clashing of accent and quantity in the classic poets. So much have some critics been disturbed by this that they have pronounced the whole theory of classic versification false, said that it was founded upon accent, and endeavored so to scan it. Edgar A. Poe may be mentioned among these revolutionists; he tried to substitute a new theory for the old, enunciating his ideas on the subject in *The Rationale of Verse*.

We must, I think, adhere to the old system, and scan the classic verses by quantity. Any other system presents many inconsistencies. We may the more willingly do so as we can then readily imitate them in English, and produce many metres new to our language.

I will illustrate what I have said by a translation of Horace's *Elegy on Quintilius*. To my ear the choriambic metre sounds very well in English, and it certainly adds to the interest of a translation to know that in metre as well as matter it is nearly identical with the original.

TO VIRGIL.

(*Quis dēsideriō sit pudorānt mōdūs, etc.*)

Shāme nōr lūmt shōuld bē ūntō oŭr griēf ānd wōe
For so darling a head: teach us thy saddest song,
O Melpomene, muse, liquid of voice, for slow,
Slōw thīs mēasure mūst glīde ālōng.

Lo, Quintilius sleeps; equal of whom to find
Long may Chastity search; though she assisted be
By the sister of Faith, Justice whose eyes are blind,
She thy equal shall never see.

Good men all will lament; yet was the loss more
sore
Unto none than to thee, Virgil, my dearest friend.
All thy pity is vain; never will it restore
Him whose life has attained its end.

Though more dulcet your tones than was the lyre
sweet
Which when Orpheus struck forests and rocks
obeyed,
Vain indeed were the task - ever our friend to meet,
Who the terrible world of shade

Once has entered, and passed into the regions drear
Where great Mercury rules, sceptred, with black
ened rod.
Very hard is thy lot: patience must dry the tear;
Tears will never unseal the rod.

—Having positive ideas on the subject of reviews and book notices, I read with interest all that I can on the subject that is printed in our magazine, and

I did not pass by the remarks made by a contributor in October. You remember that he said that there is a great deal of choice in reviewers, looking at them from the position of authors and publishers. He thought that the more praiseworthy of them practice "the art of skillfully stimulating the reader's curiosity," rather than of giving a synopsis of the contents of the book, and thus, of course, doing the reader some good by adding to his information.

I will not deny that this view may be correct, though I think that the experience and long practice of some American publishers will show that there is much to be said on the other side. A difference must be made between classes of books, and no one would think it right to treat a novel as he would a work on science, or a historical essay. I think that it is the established practice of some publishers to give all possible publicity to the contents of their books, often having long illustrated articles prepared in advance, with the intention of stimulating the reader's curiosity by giving him information, rather than by keeping it from him.

Is it not, however, a low view of the office of the reviewer that we get when we think of him as an agent for the sale of books? Without doubt, it is a good thing to further the sale of good books, but the critic, to do himself perfect justice, must remember that he is the agent of the reader, not of the author or the publisher. The editor of "the old Putnam" was right when he said, years ago, that it is the duty of the reviewer to tell his reader what there is in a book, and to pronounce honest judgment upon it. This has been the mode of all the really great reviewers.

The editor of a critical periodical is in the pay of the reader, and must please his pay-master, or he will fail. The reader says to him, "I am not able to buy all the books that are published, and yet I wish to know what is going on in the literary world, and to be informed of the relative merits of the current books; will you give me an account of them all, with your judgment and that

of experts as to their worth, accompanied with sketches of the subject matter of the best of them?" This is what I say to the reviewer, and I suppose that others do the same. The publisher's interest is subserved when the reviewer follows such a course, for the reader will be attracted to those books that seem to meet his individual needs; and when once a critic has established his reputation as furnishing reviews that are real guides to buyers, his opinions will possess a money value that will be held as long as his judgments are considered honest.

An author cannot read with self-respect the reviews of his book that are written by a man whom he knows to be a mere agent of his publisher. I can speak freely on this subject, for I write both books and reviews. I know what it is to have snap judgment pronounced upon my own humble productions, and the knowledge makes me all the more careful not to offend in that way myself. I practice what I preach, and as an author I prefer that my reviewers should tell the truth about what I write, and never indulge in denunciation on the one hand, or in fulsome flattery on the other. As I do not write works of the imagination, I do not care how much of the contents of my books they give to their readers in advance. Of course, a novel would be damaged by treatment that is proper in other cases.

— Two or three contributors of *The Atlantic* have lately called attention to the "grimness of country life." Sometimes they seem to confine their remarks to New England, but sometimes, again, they apparently include all rural Americans in "our country people." One suspects unintentional exaggeration, even with the limitation first given; but, however this may be, there are American country districts to which the doleful descriptions of the contributors do not fully apply. It must be borne in mind that New England (though important beyond all proportion to its area or its population) is not absolutely the whole of the United States, after all. There are regions where Puritanism has not in-

truded, and where, indeed, the very word is suggestive of no pleasant or respectable associations. One need not go farther south than Maryland to find rural communities (every whit as orderly as any in Massachusetts or Vermont) where the good old English sports of fox-hunting and partridge-shooting are still habits with many of the farmers, where horseback-riding both for pleasure and for locomotion is not yet a disused custom, and where the influence of past social conditions has not wholly spent itself. In the *ante bellum* days it was common for families to journey about, visiting, their estates being left in care of overseers and the like; and thus for weeks together an ample country house would be overflowing with both population and enjoyment. This custom has passed away now; but far more attention is paid to the etiquette of visiting than at the North, and calls are more frequent and longer. The meets for fox-hunting also serve sometimes to bring the families of the hunters together, and some seasons the desire to entertain young visitors from the city will give rise to a series of parties and similar entertainments lasting for weeks. Tournaments, though in their decadence, occasionally add somewhat to the pleasure of the community, and each tournament ends with a ball. Many of the villages are provided with amateur theatrical organizations; brass bands have outstripped the telegraph in all directions; canoe races (much like yacht regattas) are common along the bay side; and weddings are scenes of great jollity. Indeed, I am sorry to say that the influence of past days may still be found in the maxim (heard sometimes from old gentlemen who abhor drunkenness on any other occasion) that it is a shame for a man to go home sober on such an occasion. A wedding is the time for a man to be merry, they say.

Of course, this last is not to be commended, but assuredly it is not puritanical. Nor has the gradual fading of sociability since the war, and the concurrent decline of culture and manners, as yet reached a point where grimness can fairly be charged. Certainly, the life of

which I speak is dull (except during the season of field sports) to one accustomed to the moving masses and newsy atmosphere of cities; but we may well doubt whether it would be half so dreary to the average thinking mortal as the ceaseless round of perfunctory calls and routine nonsense which wastes, under the name of "society," the lives of so many men and women in the national capital itself. I know rational beings who can hardly attend to any work until Lent comes, because of the amount of this sort of thing which they have on hand. Compared with the solid comfort of a pleasant home and a few books, is it not the very hol-lowest "vanity and vexation of spirit"? What can be "grimmer" than the lot of the cabinet lady, with her five hundred perfunctory calls in arrears?—And such things have been.

—One of your readers, at least, is thoroughly tired of young men who smoke. She finds little relief in reading *The Atlantic*, since even its heroes are continually appearing on each scene with cigars in one state or another of enjoyment or completion.

Cannot a kindly contributor write something, anything, — for the sake of influence, — though it be fiction, about a young man who does not smoke?

—The present basis of educational reform, or at least of changes in the method of instruction, is to render all subjects attractive. The fashion seems to have come in with sugar-coated pills, capsules, and other agreeable ways of making disagreeable things palatable to people. The public insists upon harnessing the draught-horse of information with the trotting nag of entertainment. Perhaps, however, the result will be that they will neither go very fast, nor carry much of a load. Grammar is the special repugnance of most pupils, and, if we may believe some teachers, the great intellectual obstacle to the right and ready acquirement of the real genius and finest use of language. If it can be made picturesque and attractive, stimulating the pupil's imagination as well as his memory, by associating it with familiar objects and

experiences, this difficulty will be lessened, if not removed. Something has been done, or attempted, in the book called Grammar Land. My method, on exhibition below, somewhat incomplete, but perhaps sufficiently suggestive, may give some useful hints in this direction. My paradigm of verbs will serve to show the scope and design of the plan:—

PRESENT TENSE.		<i>Plural.</i>
(Rather) <i>Singular.</i>		Weal and woe,
I amaranth,		Yule log,
Thou artichoke,		They languish.
He Israelite.		
<i>Plural.</i>		PRESENT INTENSE.
We argument,		<i>Singular.</i>
Ewer, a pitcher,		I due bill,
Year 1000,		Thou dust brush,
Thereupon.		He dozen dozen.
		<i>Plural.</i>
(VERY) IMPERFECT TENSE.		Widow's mite,
I didactic,		You duellist,
Hedded nobody,		Th' ado about nothing.
Weeded a garden.		
FUTURE TENSE.		IMPERATIVE.
<i>Singular.</i>		<i>Singular.</i>
I willow basket,		Let meander,
Thou Wilton carpet,		Letter box.
Heal the sick.		<i>Plural.</i>
		Lettuce bed,
		Yeast rising.

The pupil's mind is by this method carried along and deluded by the beauty of the imagery; and while thinking that he enjoys only a series of interesting pictures, he is deep in the mysteries of conjugation before he knows it.

— A passage in the recently published table-talk of Prince Bismarck recalls a little-known episode in European politics, in which an American diplomat played a very creditable rôle. The history of this occurrence has never been published, nor have direct allusions to it been made in print till a year or so ago, when a German journalist, Brachvogel by name, gave the bare facts of the case. Bismarck's reference to it, as quoted in *The Fortnightly Review*, is as follows:—

"I was intrusted with the office of conferring with Napoleon about the Nuremberg affair [the translator, or printer, should have said *Neuchâtel*, German *Neuenburg*]. It must have been in the spring of 1857. I had to ask him what attitude he would assume in relation to the matter. Now I knew that he would declare himself in a favorable sense, and that meant war with Switzerland. . . .

Napoleon was very pleasant and friendly. Certainly he could not accede to the king's wish to be allowed to march through Elsass and Lorraine, as that would cause too much excitement in France; but, for the rest, he fully approved of the undertaking. It could only give him satisfaction, if the democrats were cleared out of their den. So far, then, I had been successful, but I had not calculated upon the change of policy which had meanwhile occurred at Berlin, — probably through taking Austria into account, — and the affair was given up. No war resulted."

In the time of William of Orange, the direct line of the princes of Neuchâtel became extinct, and the heir at law being a vassal of the French king, the notables of the principality thought fit to settle the succession upon William as the next heir. He, however, died without issue, the heir at law to his titles and possessions being the then Elector of Brandenburg, — no other, in fact, than the "great elector," Friedrich Wilhelm. But William did not at all intend that his claims to the sovereignty of the Netherlands and his enormously valuable estates should pass to a foreigner, if he could help it; and to avoid this he had made a will, which was naturally supported by the Dutch authorities, making his cousin of Nassau universal legatee. The Brandenburg, however, succeeded in getting a portion of the private property and the principality, whence the title of the Hohenzollern family, surrendered only in 1857. Up to 1848, the prince, himself living at Berlin, kept at Neuchâtel a vice-prince, who was always a Prussian subject. In this year the populace rose and overcame the governor and his handful of soldiers, proclaiming the principality an inseparable part of Switzerland. After a time a *modus vivendi* was arrived at by which, on the one hand, the Hohenzollern sovereignty was acknowledged, and, on the other, some arrangement was entered into by which, to all intents and purposes, Neuchâtel became a Swiss canton. With any other person than the weak and vacillating Friedrich Wilhelm IV., such

an arrangement would probably have been impracticable; but if what happened in his immediate home caused him completely to lose his head, it was not to be expected that he should be able to attend to matters so far off as these. Accordingly, this anomalous state of things lasted till 1857, but the nobility of the principality, which was the only class injured by the change, thought it would try its hand at a revolution. At first the insurgents were successful, but ultimately were defeated, and the captured leaders were carried off to Bern.

A greater piece of luck for the Swiss government it would be difficult to imagine, and the people then in power resolved to take the utmost possible advantage of it, for the successors of old Nicholas von Diesbach have rarely been unworthy of their great predecessor. So when Friedrich Wilhelm demanded the release of the captured nobles, they demanded a compensation therefor, said compensation to consist in the absolute and complete abandonment of all claim on Neuchâtel. This placed the king in a highly embarrassing position. Desert friends of his own order, — men who had gotten into trouble through devotion to his interests, — he could not; surrender inherited titles and prerogatives, he would not. There was, indeed, a third way out of the difficulty, namely, war; but to this the peace-loving king was by no means inclined. None the less, as it appears, was Bismarck sent to Paris to inquire, some preparations for war were made, and the bold statesmen of Bern, in spite of their bumptiousness, were still somewhat anxious.

It was at this point that the American diplomat appeared upon the scene. Mr. Theodore S. Fay, long a Knickerbocker journalist and novelist, was made envoy to Switzerland in 1853, having previously, for eighteen years, been secretary of legation at Berlin. During this period Mr. Fay had intimately known Humboldt and other members of the king's

literary coterie, and had, on several occasions, been brought unofficially in contact with his majesty himself; and had been treated by him with great consideration. A happy thought now occurred to Mr. Fay, in pursuance of which he went to the head of the Swiss government, and made him the following proposition: He should go to Berlin and see the king (of course as a private person), and should prevail upon him to give his royal word to renounce his claims, provided the nobles were first released. For to give up his claims at the mere threat of the Swiss government would, all parties felt, be quite inconsistent with the dignity of his crown. The proposal being accepted, Mr. Fay at once set out, and after a toilsome journey (there was then no railway to Bern) arrived at his destination. But the difficult part of his mission had really just begun. The king was surrounded by high tory ministers, and they were anxious for war, — a war, that is, which should not bring them into conflict with Austria. Finally, however, Mr. Fay obtained an interview, no third party being present but Baron Manteuffel, the premier. Friedrich Wilhelm was a weak, kindly man, with a horror of bloodshed, and, in addition to this, of a deeply religious turn of mind, especially in his later years. It was by working upon this side of his character that Mr. Fay finally succeeded, in spite of the king's natural unwillingness and the grunts of the disgusted Manteuffel, in obtaining the promise desired. He then went back to Bern, and the prisoners were released.

So far, so good; but the king did not at once carry out his part of the bargain as was expected, and the envoy, as well as the Swiss government, was for some weeks kept upon the anxious seat. Had the one thrown away its trumps in vain reliance upon the higher cards of the other? But eventually everything came right, and the American envoy was the recipient of an enormous amount of gratitude.

RECENT LITERATURE.

THE Diary of Judge Sewall,¹ in the cabinet of the Massachusetts Historical Society, has been used by Holmes and other historians, but is now made available to all students by its publication and by the valuable apparatus of notes and introduction furnished by the editors. The entire diary covers the period from 1674 to 1729, the present volume, the first of the series, reaching to 1700. Sewall graduated at Harvard in 1671, and three years later took his master's degree. It was while in the service of the college that his diary begins, and the first few pages intimate the hesitation which he showed in choosing between the clerical profession and a secular life. After that the reader follows him in his business, his family life, his social relations, and to some extent in his observation of public affairs, but it is to be said that the diary is valuable rather for the incidental light which it throws upon contemporaneous history than for any very direct illustration. It is not difficult to define the intention of such a journal. It is a Family Book. Probably such books are comparatively rare in our cities nowadays, but forty or fifty years ago it was a common matter for a merchant or professional gentleman to set up a family book at the beginning of his active life, in which to record, with more or less reflection, the events which collected about himself and family. The Boston of Sewall's time was a vigorous community, having all the interests, in miniature, which attach to an independent state. It had its little college, its little congress, its little court, its little commerce, and even its little revolution. The family was an integer in this community, and the diary of such a family could scarcely fail to touch on the notable people of Boston, to refer to the questions that were uppermost, to imply customs, and to reflect local characteristics; but after all its main object would be to record in brief notes the daily experience of the family, the births, marriages, deaths, accidents, sicknesses, the sermons heard, the visitors who called, the special news brought of absent members, and so far as it was the memorandum book of the head of the family, his business engagements and personal reflections.

¹ *Diary of Samuel Sewall, 1674-1729. Vol. I. 1674-1700.* Collections of the Massachusetts His-

torical Society. Vol. V. Fifth Series. Boston: Published by the Society. 1878.

Such a diary assumes, moreover, the family for its readers. The persons and events are named to those who already know them, and it is left for future editors to open the mysteries of relationship and to explain allusions which were entirely intelligible at the time. Hence it seems very unlikely that Judge Sewall had any thought whatever of future publication. Certainly, there is a wide difference between his diary and that of Governor Winthrop, which was clearly felt by the writer to be of the nature of annals. This helps to explain also the absence of anything more than fragmentary reference to the witchcraft delusion, with which Sewall's name is connected in so painfully noble a way. The writer, we may suppose, was too full of the matter to journalize it in a notebook. There are indeed one or two pathetic references to the matter. Under April 11, 1692, he writes: "Went to Salem, where, in the Meeting-house, the persons accused of Witchcraft were examined; was a very great Assembly; 't was awfull to see how the afflicted persons were agitated. Mr. Noyes pray'd at the beginning, and Mr. Higginson concluded. [In the margin:] *Vae, Vae, Vae, Witchcraft.*" Later, he notes a fast "respecting the Witchcraft, Drought, etc.," and one at the house of Captain Alden, "upon his account," who was in Boston jail at that time, awaiting trial for witchcraft. He enters the hanging of Burrough and others, writing in the margin, "Dolefull Witchcraft!" and concludes, "Mr. Mather says they all died by a Righteous Sentence. Mr. Burrough by his Speech, Prayer, protestation of his Innocence, did much more unthinking persons, which occasions their speaking hardly concerning his being executed." Four years later there is a brief entry under December 24, 1696: "Sam recites to me in Latin, Mat. 12, from the 6th to the end of the 12th v. The 7th verse did awfully bring to mind the Salem Tragedie." ("If ye had known what this meaneth, I will have mercy, and not sacrifice, ye would not have condemned the guiltless.") It was three weeks after this, when weighed down by private affliction also, that Judge Sewall put up his celebrated petition on the Fast Day. It is recorded in the Diary, with the

brief note at the head : " Copy of the Bill I put up on the Fast day ; giving it to Mr. Willard as he pass'd by, and standing up at the reading of it, and bowing when finished ; in the Afternoon." There must be some of our readers who have not seen this " Bill," read thus before the congregation of which the judge was a member, and we give it for its own noble pathos, and for the commentary which it affords upon the temper of the times immediately following the tragedy, — a temper not always taken into account by writers who are quick to discover the reproach which the delusion brings upon Massachusetts : —

" Samuel Sewall, sensible of the reiterated strokes of God upon himself and family ; and being sensible, that as to the Guilt contracted upon the opening of the late commission of Oyer and Terminer at Salem (to which the order for this Day relates) he is, upon many accounts, more concerned than any that he knows of, Desires to take the Blame and shame of it, Asking pardon of men, And especially desiring prayers that God, who has an Unlimited Authority, would pardon that sin and all other his sins personal and Relative : And according to his infinite Benignity, and Sovereignty, Not Visit the sin of him, or of any other, upon himself or any of his, nor upon the Land : But that He would powerfully defend him against all Temptations to Sin for the future ; and vouchsafe him the efficacious, saving Conduct of his Word and Spirit." There is a subject for a historical painter ! — the upright judge making this humble confession in the sight of all the congregation, while the minister reads it from the pulpit.

The student will find many exceedingly interesting notes by Sewall upon occurrences and people, but we are not willing to give up the book to specialists. Any one generally at home in New England history will find his account in reading the book for the many unconscious exhibitions of personal character, and of that typical New England character which seems at first so clearly cut on the pages of history, yet reveals itself in every new book like this with fresh value and with touches of nature that forbid our regarding it with too impersonal a criticism. We have been struck, for example, with that fascination of death which becomes a vulgar curiosity in uneducated countrymen, but rises into a singular importance in the nature of such a man as Judge Sewall. At the time of the entry just cited, on Christmas Day, 1696, he buries a little

daughter, and makes this note respecting the tomb : " 'T was wholly dry, and I went at noon to see in what order things were set ; and there I was entertain'd with a view of, and converse with, the Coffins of my dear Father Hull, Mother Hull, Cousin Quinsey, and Six Children : for the little posthumous was now took up and set in upon that that stands on John's : so are three, one upon another twice, on the bench at the end. My Mother ly's on a lower bench at the end, with head to her Husband's head : and I order'd little Sarah to be set on her Grandmother's feet. 'T was an awfull yet pleasing Treat ; Having said, The Lord knows who shall be brought hither next, I came away." Apparently no one dies — certainly not " Eliza. Scot, a good ancient Virgin " — without his making a note of it : " Wednesday Dec^r 9th 1685. Our neighbour Gemaliel Wait eating his Breakfast well, went to do something in his Orchard, where Serg^t Pell dwells, there found him Self not well and went into Pell's his Tenant's House, and there dyed extream suddenly about Noon, and then was carried home in a chair, and means used to fetch him again, but in vain : To the Children startled about him he said, here is a sudden Change, or there will be a great Change, to that purpose. Was about 87 years old, and yet strong and hearty ; had lately several new Teeth. People in the Street much startled at this good Man's sudden Death. Gov^r Hinkley sent for me to Mr. Rawson's just as they were sending a great Chair to carry him home. Saterdag, Dec^r 12, '85. Father Wait buried : Magistrates and Ministers had Gloves. There heard of the Death of Capt. Hutchinson's child by Convulsions, and so pass to the Funeral of little Samuel Hutchinson about six weeks old, where also had a pair of Funeral Gloves." It is surely with pardonable pride that in one place he makes a minute, — " an account of some I have been a Bearer to," — a list of thirty persons within seven or eight years. Their ages are given, and against each is written, " Ring," " Ring, Scarf," " Scarf, Gloves," as the case may be, with " Nothing " occasionally, — a ghostly list of funeral trumpery, with these two or three protesting Nothings to represent " Friends are requested not to send flowers " of these later days.

There is no great or small in such a diary. The governor's hat blows off, — " hath a new Border which began to wear Catechising day or Sabbath last, as I take it ; " one of his children throws something at his sister

"upon which, and for his playing at Prayer-time, and eating when Return Thanks, I whipld him pretty smartly. When I first went in (call'd by his Grandmother) he sought to shadow and hide himself from me behind the head of the Cradle : which gave me the sorrowfull remembrance of Adam's carriage." His persistent struggles to put down the abomination of periwigs in the community ; his uneasiness at every encroachment of the Church of England, together with a half-simple curiosity about the service ; his innocent but vain endeavors to substitute numbers for the heathen names of months ; his habit of discovering divine judgments at every turn, — all find expression in the Diary. A portion, too, covers a voyage to England, and he shows himself a keen observer and naïve commenter. What could be more delightfully childlike than his attempt to write down for use at home the drum-beat which he heard at tattoo ?

"Dürrera düm

Dürrera düm

Dürrera düm

Dürrera düm

Düm düm Düm düm' Dürrera düm

Düm düm Düm düm Dürrera düm."

We have only hinted at some of the curiosities of this very readable volume. No one can read it steadily without carrying away a pretty distinct impression of the bustling community in which the diarist lived, and a real respect for the strong man who presents himself in it in his *négligée* costume. The editors have shown admirable care in the selection of points for annotation, and in the elucidation of difficulties. Their work is so scholarly and fresh, the occasional humor betraying their lively perception of the different values of the book, that we heartily wish it had been shown in two important labors. The introduction might well have brought together for the reader the continuous facts of Sewall's life, — possibly this is reserved for a later volume, — and the index should have been topical. The labor in this latter case would have been considerable, and it might have been difficult to keep a topical index within bounds as to length ; yet surely there might have been some clue in it to the subjects for which one now has to hunt in perplexity after a reading of the book.

— In this very readable and really use-

ful volume¹ Professor Boyesen has written tolerably full lives of Goethe and Schiller, with analyses of their principal writings, and, what is of more especial importance, a fairly complete account of the two parts of Faust. The biographies are so satisfactory that the one on Goethe may well be read along-side of that of Lewes ; while that on Schiller, which is written with incomparably more ease and delicacy of touch, deserves warm commendation as a thorough and interesting monograph. If we have any fault to find with what the author has to say about Goethe, it is with his almost monotonous praise of that great man. He has drawn so largely from German commentators on Goethe and his immortal poem that the reader cannot help feeling the narrow bounds in which German literature has been confined, and the pettiness of much of the Germans' enthusiasm for even the faults of their greatest writer. They would be thoroughly justified if there were no other literatures extant, if no other people had poets, — for it is, after all, by poets that the measure of a literature is taken ; but one cannot help wondering what the annotators and lecturers of that part of the world would have made of Shelley, for instance, if that author had been born of a German mother. Instead of having two or three editors who clapperclaw one another about the punctuation of his verses, and a clique who preach him to a horde of barbarians, there would be a host of writers pointing out that by this poem he meant that, that the skylark was symbolic of the other, and so on. And by this no disrespect is intended to Shelley or to Goethe, nor yet to those who have written about them. It is meant to call attention to the fact that not only have brave men lived before Agamemnon, but that there were some men of courage marching in the same line with that undoubted hero. What the German commentators, and Mr. Boyesen after them, seem to forget is that, while many of Goethe's loveliest poems and wisest thoughts have all the charm — the undying charm — of lovely, fresh fountains, there are great sandy wastes of verbiage to which they owe part of their merit ; they are like these same fountains in a huge desert. The amount that Goethe wrote of what is really unreadable is recognized only

¹ *Goethe and Schiller: Their Lives and their Works. Including a Commentary on Goethe's Faust.* By HJALMAR H. BOYSEN, Professor of German Literature in Cornell University ; Author of *Gunnar*,

A Norseman's Pilgrimage, Tales from Two Hemispheres, etc. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.

by the yawns of readers, or whispered reverently by them to one another; there is no acknowledgment of it by Germans, — shall we say they do not perceive it? — and it has become a usage to accept everything that Goethe wrote without a murmur. Ridicule of his work will not be fair, but veneration "this side idolatry" is only just. There are signs of his weakness in Egmont, for instance, in spite of the charming bits this play contains, and the second part of Faust seems full of it.

There is no greater proof of how far Goethe removed himself from human life and human interest in the conclusion of his greatest poem than the fact that Faust redeems himself from his load of sin, and baffles the devil, — by what? By draining a piece of land! Wordsworth at his prosiest could never have devised so stale, flat, and unprofitable a conclusion. This is harnessing Pegasus to a tip-cart with a vengeance. There is of course the underlying truth that work, and work for the benefit of others, is an ennobling thing, and draining land is a better occupation than seducing Margaret; but could the imagination be more willfully superseded by invention? All the boards of agriculture in the world cannot prove this to be a fit subject of poetry. And yet Goethe has adorned this didactic lesson with every charm of art; nowhere has this master of form written more graceful lines, so far as the form is concerned, than here; his Euphorion springs to the most delicious of metres; but it is like what architecture has been defined to be, — frozen music.

In fact, most of the first part of Faust deserves all that can be said of it by even the most enthusiastic Germans, although it contains also cold bits inserted by Goethe in his later years. There are pages brimming with that intense poetry where the height of art seems like the easiest simplicity. Who can read, dry-eyed, the last scene? "Schön war ich auch, und das war mein Verderben" is simply untranslatable. But, as Goethe said of Byron, — when he wrote poetry he was sublime, when he began to think he was child, — it may be said of him that when he began to think he was an old man, and the last part of Faust is a work of the intellect, and not of the heart, and lacks the eternal youth which all true poetry has. Indeed, all Goethe's life was a conflict between his passionate heart and his cool

head. His hot love and his cold withdrawals, his intense feelings and his critical analyses, prove this.

Now, of all this Mr. Boyesen makes no account, and doubtless it is well that students should not pick flaws with what receives universal respect. Taine, for instance, or Dr. Johnson, is not the teacher from whom we should care to have our children receive instruction about the Paradise Lost, and it is well that beginners should learn to admire before they are taught to find fault. For this purpose Mr. Boyesen's book is very good. The student will find bits of information and of critical comment to accompany the text of Faust, and he can hardly fail to receive benefit from this carefully prepared volume. Where the various commentators have parted company and gone hopelessly astray, Mr. Boyesen picks out what seems the true explanation from all kinds of sources, and makes clear what would have been confused. His enthusiasm for his subject is really inspiring, and it is equaled only by his painstaking exactness. Possibly Mr. Boyesen's fling at the interest felt by the French romantic school for Goethe hardly does justice to the great poet's sympathy with his admirers, which Eckermann frequently reports. To us this appears to have been much greater than his feeling for Carlyle, but this is a matter about which opinions may fairly differ.

It is impossible to close without praising the excellence of Mr. Boyesen's style. He beats most American writers, as he does many German commentators, on their own ground.

— Mr. Spedding's *Life of Bacon*¹ certainly ranks high as an authority concerning the great man whose works have been the constant study of the biographer. The book is really compact of study, research, and unwearying care, and we can feel pretty sure that Mr. Spedding will leave his name indissolubly connected with that of Bacon. This American edition leaves out considerable matter which may be fairly enough called superfluous, and these excisions have the full approval of Mr. Spedding, so that in its present form the book may be regarded as a careful revision of an already valuable book. That excision was needed cannot be denied; Mr. Spedding in his desire to be complete had amassed much that the reader would be likely to omit. In this re-

¹ *An Account of the Life and Times of Francis Bacon*. Extracted from the Edition of his Occa-

sional Writings by JAMES SPEDDING. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

vised reprint the task of selection has been discreetly performed, and consequently the life is much improved. It is really, one might almost say, the official memoir.

At the close of the book, Mr. Spedding says that Bacon's character can be left to the debating societies for discussion and possible determination, and there is but little doubt that it will be still a question on which two opinions will be obstinately maintained for a long time. Biographers are not unfrequently advocates, and Mr. Spedding, if he errs at all, errs in the direction of putting too favorable construction on the dark parts of Bacon's life. Macaulay's bitter denunciation of Bacon is well known, and it is safe to say that much of what he says is left unanswered. In the case of Peacham, for instance, we are told that the incident was only noteworthy because Bacon was present as a witness when he was tortured, and that there is no mention of any interest in the matter on the part of his contemporaries. But this is all that even Macaulay claimed; he thought it a lamentable thing that Bacon had been present when a man was tortured, and he expressed his feeling very warmly.

With regard to the infinitely more serious matter of Bacon's acceptance of bribes, Mr. Spedding shows great tact and judgment. The whole pitiable history is told with great simplicity, and with every scrap of information that could be collected. Throughout, the biographer defends Bacon to the best of his ability, and every palliating circumstance is urged that ingenuity could discover and affection suggest. The decision of the lords had, he says, "a great constitutional value: it inflicted upon an abuse which had been heretofore tolerated a punishment which made it thereafter infamous." But even Mr. Spedding, a few pages earlier (vol. ii., page 507), says that he "should not be surprised to find that the taking of gifts from suitors was one of those practices which, though everybody knew them to be illegal, and nobody would undertake publicly to justify them, were nevertheless not only generally indulged by those who received the profit, but generally known of and tolerated by others who had no share in it." Again, "Upon this point, however, I have not myself seen any evidence that seems conclusive." This is the spirit which the reader most cares to find in a biographer,—a disposition to maintain the reputation of the man whose life is written, to defend his faults and call atten-

tion to his good qualities. Too judicial severity would seem as out of place as on the lips of a man who describes the shortcomings of his own family with precision. Moreover, we all know that the more we study a man, the more disposed we are to think well of him,—of course, there are exceptions, but the statement is generally true,—and in Bacon's case harsh judgment seems especially odious. But it is possible to acknowledge the greatness of his errors, and, so to speak, to forgive him, to think only of what was great and fine in his character. We shall have but few books to read if we wait for the histories of only faultless men, and Bacon has left us enough to outweigh many times his faults.

In a word, this memoir shows us what Bacon was; it is full and accurate, and is brought into much more reasonable compass by the tact of the American editor.

—The paper in this volume of *L'Art*¹ which will peculiarly interest Americans is that of M. Charles Tardieu on our painting at the Universal Exposition of 1878. It is not a flattering paper, nor is it a satisfactory paper. The ability of M. Tardieu to estimate the American spirit and American conditions may be inferred from his statement that Mr. Bret Harte "paints the actual manners of America." Poetry, he rightly declares, owes to us in Longfellow one of the greatest artists of the century, and he ends by saying, "American painting may have long to await its Longfellow, but we count upon soon seeing its Bret Harte." We hope not *very* soon, M. Tardieu, if his coming is to mean the further misapprehension of American things through the work of genius which, however surprising, is that of a romancer, and not a realist. American painting may be what you will of feeble and insufficient, but so far as truth to American life is concerned, it is much better without its Bret Harte. That it should be more true to our life, that it should be more patriotic (in the æsthetical way), more indigenous, more native, M. Tardieu very justly insists, and he has an acceptable impatience with our artists for living, thinking, and being in other atmospheres than ours, and for so rarely taking their subjects from their own country. Of the sixteen illustrations to the paper, only four are of American subjects, and only two — Mr. Winslow Homer's Sunday

¹ *L'Art*. Revue Hebdomadaire Illustrée. Quatrième Année. Tome IV. Paris: A. Ballue. New York: J. W. Bouton. 1878.

Morning in Virginia and Mr. Inness's Medfield landscape — could have been painted nowhere else but in America. The rest are mythological, Bavarian, Egyptian, Breton, and Heaven knows what. M. Tardieu's tone is patronizing, and a little insolent, as he had the right to make it upon this showing; and we cannot complain of it when he "roughs" Mr. J. McL. Hamilton, who has profited by his voluntary exile to paint the indecent doze of an improper Parisian, with her parrot, and her champagne, and her Journal pour Rire, and her stocking; as Tardieu suggests, that sort of thing might have been studied in Philadelphia. But where M. Tardieu is clearly wrong is in his treatment of Mr. Vedder, — or rather, L'Art itself is wrong. This journal, as we learn from Mr. Vedder's protest, especially requested him to furnish designs for engravings from his Cumean Sibyl and his Young Marsyas, and these are made the occasion by M. Tardieu to reproach him with a "misdirected classicism," of which "his education is not thorough enough to enable him to assimilate the tradition," while his "native originality is not strong enough to renew it." M. Tardieu goes on out of his way to insinuate that whatever pleasure the illustrations may give is attributable not to the painter, but to the engraver. L'Art had the right to express an unfriendly opinion of Mr. Vedder with any severity, but it had no right to ask him to prepare its text. The whole performance is what we untutored outlaws of the Western World, whose manners Mr. Harte has painted, would call shabby. L'Art has, by way of compensation, an excellent letter on artistic matters in the United States, treating largely of the New York Metropolitan Museum and the Cincinnati Women's Art Association. It has of course, also, the usual array of articles, agreeably written and wonderfully illustrated, on the artistic interests everywhere. One of these, especially rich, is on Contemporary Ceramics of the Exposition; another is the second paper on the Grosvenor Gallery; another, in several parts, on the Prado Museum at Madrid; others on Dutch, Swiss, Greek, and Russian art at the Exposition; another, curiously interesting and extremely valuable for the finely etched portrait, on the Mary Tudor (bloody Mary) of Antonio Moro at Madrid; another on Japanese Art at the Exposition; another

on Belgian Art there, with a delicious etching of Les Visiteuses of Alfred Stevens, and a wood-engraving of his extraordinary Sphinx Parisien, — "angel or demon, girl or wife, one knows not," but an inscrutable marvel of cunning, audacious, self-sufficing, mysterious rapidity, alluring, repelling, altogether discomfiting and discomfiting. A young face, with two fingers of the left hand at the corner of the small mouth, short nose, wide-open eyes, and hair en caniche stares at you from the convolutions of a fur boa; it is, as we said, extraordinary, and the most notable thing in this volume of L'Art.

— Miss Young, in her Compendium of the History and Manufacture of Pottery and Porcelain¹ has done a man's work in the modern woman's fashion. Recent experience of woman's work in this and in kindred fields of the practice and observation of art has already furnished us with such a high standard of performance that the sex can no longer be sheltered by *la politesse* from the rigors of criticism. In the republic of letters and art she claims and is held to a man's responsibility. This especial department she is certainly qualified to occupy with peculiar fitness and grace, and Miss Young's work on The Ceramic Art goes far to realize the just demand and expectation of the critic.

The main point of originality and interest in this volume resides in the fact that the subject is viewed from an American point of observation; and although we have no right to expect and do not find in the book any new discoveries in the general history of the art, yet the new stand-point seems to offer certain advantages in fresh groupings of familiar facts, and in presenting in the foreground a view, by no means so familiar but in every way interesting and instructive, of our own national achievements and prospects in the art, and their relations to its various developments in other countries. To many readers it will be a surprise that we have, as a people, gained a position in the manufacture of faience and porcelain worthy to occupy so much space in a general history. Our position, it is true, is one rather of promise than of performance, and our wares cannot of course compete as yet with the higher class of productions from the best workshops of Europe; but in the better class of common household table service we are already producing work so

JENNIE J. YOUNG. With 464 Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1878.

¹ The Ceramic Art: A Compendium of the History and Manufacture of Pottery and Porcelain. By

excellent that a Staffordshire manufacturer, quoted by an English arbitrator at our Exposition, has said: "The boast of the Americans is no empty boast, that in ten years, at the rate they are going on, they will supersede British crockery in the United States." Indeed, the statistics show that the importation of Staffordshire ware has almost entirely ceased, the market being fully occupied, according to English testimony, by American goods superior to the corresponding class produced in England, and at a much lower price. (Speech of Mr. McKinley, of Ohio, in the house of representatives, in the debate on the tariff in 1878.) Miss Young is more modest in her expression than this authority, but her vigilance has gathered sufficient evidence to indicate not only that the manufacture of faience as a commercial commodity is already an important interest in our industrial arts, but that, in the higher grades of faience and porcelain, such as that produced at the Greenpoint works in New York, at Bennington, Vt., at Trenton, N. J., at Jersey City, and at Chelsea, Mass., the artistic work may sometimes challenge comparison with the corresponding productions of the Old World. Painting over glaze is of course recognized as a common elegant accomplishment, and the more difficult technical work of decorating under glaze is carried on with a promise of success which may in time give characteristic expression to our artistic capacity as a nation. The illustrative wood-cuts of the American manufactures confirm our own observation that, although the work is full of promise, absolute excellence is phenomenal. Our higher efforts at design in this as in other arts is still distinguished by an absence of reserved power; by a want of that natural elegance which is the result of traditions loyally developed through a long series of experiments; by a hardihood of invention and an eagerness for originality which, unrestrained by the training of schools, has expression in a certain crudity and baldness, not to say vulgarity, which are the distinguishing marks of all our really vernacular arts. But surely this awkwardness is the awkwardness of undeveloped strength. We can wait.

But Miss Young carries us back from the porcelain of Greenpoint to the prehistoric pottery of the Mississippi mound-builders;

from the elegant modern productions of Haviland and Copeland, Limoges and Lambeth, to the vases in the tombs of Curium and the sun-dried bricks of Egypt. The scheme of her book includes four main divisions, devoted successively to nomenclature and methods of manufacture, and to Oriental, European, and American ceramics. The first division is very full and instructive, and shows, if not a practical familiarity with the complicated processes of mixing and firing in the various wares, at least a very vigorous inquiry on her part among the best authorities in literature and practice. As for the historical parts, our author displays a fruitful industry in her investigations, but she by no means blindly follows even such accepted authorities as Jacquemart or Brongniart; her deductions are frequently original and ingenious, and her narrative is always bright and interesting. Of the four hundred and sixty-four illustrations the greater part is gathered from accessible American collections, and as a general rule, represents the types and not the exceptions of the art.

It is a distinctive merit of Miss Young's book that the relations of the art to the people who practiced it are set forth with a vigor of research and an independence of judgment which are by no means common in works of this class. When one undertakes this subject who is not skilled in the art of combining facts and rejecting non-essentials, the excessive detail to which he is invited is apt to obliterate the impression of the preceding parts, and to produce a result of confusion. But Miss Young's book furnishes attractive and remunerative reading even to those whose tastes are not hospitable to pots and crockery, and may well be set down in reading courses as a valuable supplement to general ethnological and even political histories; for she rarely loses sight of the essential points of her subject, and rarely suffers herself to be led astray by technical digressions, which, though perhaps a necessary knowledge to the special student, are a fatigue and stumbling-block to the general reader.

— Six little books¹ of interest are the Messrs. Harper's reprints of the first volumes of the series of literary biographies projected by Mr. John Morley, who, besides the lives of Johnson, Gibbon, Scott, Shel-

¹ *English Men of Letters*. Edited by JOHN MORLEY. [Samuel Johnson. By LESLIE STEPHENS. Sir Walter Scott. By RICHARD H. HUTTON. Edward Gibbon. By JAMES C. MORRISON. Percy Bysshe

Shelley. By JOHN A. SYMONDS. Oliver Goldsmith. By WILLIAM BLACK. David Hume. By PROFESSOR HUXLEY.] New York: Harper and Brothers

ley, Goldsmith, and Hume, has in preparation by various hands the lives of Spenser, Bunyan, Dickens, Milton, Wordsworth, Swift, Burns, Byron, and De Foe. The names of the biographers are hardly so interesting, though they include those of Messrs. Froude, Huxley, William Black, Thomas Hughes, and Goldwin Smith; but there is warrant in them, and in the manner in which the work already done is done, that a well-conceived enterprise will be well carried out. The volumes published are none of them brilliant, but they are of a good, honest, careful workmanship, such as the present processes of British literary manufacture nearly always turn out. They range in quality from Mr. Stephens's Johnson to Mr. Symonds's Shelley. The writers have not gone to original sources; they have necessarily used the material of former biographers; to the student of literature they bring no news, and they divine little that was not known of character already. But they speak with information, with just observation, and with sense, and they speak agreeably.

Mr. Black, in his pleasant monograph on Goldsmith, takes generally the ground opposite to that heretofore assumed by the poet's biographers, — especially, his most voluminous and disagreeable biographer, the late Mr. John Forster. This writer, a mind of coarse fibre and of thumb-fingered perceptions, perpetually beats himself into a passion of pity and indignation for sufferings which were at least as largely attributable to Goldsmith's unfortunate temperament as to his unfortunate circumstances, and Mr. Black's attitude is the natural revolt which the general reader makes from Mr. Forster's tedious commiseration. Indeed, Mr. Forster is himself from time to time wearied by it, and cautions people not to let his excited sympathy impose upon them; but mostly he promotes the mistake that Goldsmith was an ill-used man. He certainly lived in a time when the trade of letters was at its most unprosperous, but seldom has a man been so much and so often befriended. "Was poet ever so trusted before?" asks Johnson, referring to the two thousand pounds which Goldsmith died owing; and he says elsewhere, "He had raised money and squandered it by every artifice of acquisition and folly of expense." That is the truth; and if he was not the less a genius, and not the less a most lovable man,

for his waste, he was certainly none the more so for it. He is forever dear to us for the breath of simple and humble love of home which he breathed into English poetry, and he was doubtless better than many a man who did not game, or cheat his tailor, or live loosely; still, for the great mass of mankind, it is better to be honest and chaste, and it would have been better for Goldsmith to have been so. Mr. Black's analysis of his character is good and clear without being profound, and his criticism of his literature is apt and clever without being at any time subtle, without giving the last touch of satisfaction. His book is like the other books of this series in being of a slight impressiveness while being very good. So far, they have treated of men so well known otherwise that it is quite impossible to say whether the books alone would make them intelligible. They are pleasant recapitulations, for the most part, of what has been already thought and said.

— In his new volume¹ Mr. Piatt has rearranged a good many poems already familiar to his readers, with others of like mood now collected for the first time. They are all poems that treat of the things of home in his characteristic way, and one cannot read them without feeling the charm of a rare and tender spirit, — a sympathy which never dissolves in sentimentality, and a simplicity infinitely removed from commonness. They have to do with interests rather than incidents, with impressions, experiences, regrets, fancies; they are lyrics, not ballads. It is a book to be read by winter fires and under summer trees; but it will not yield its sweetness to the reader who comes to it impatiently. You must be yourself fond of the gentle and inartificial aspects of life, before you can enjoy it. As we have before expressed, it breathes the perpetual homesickness of a new land; it is Western in nothing so much as its tinge of melancholy.

Among the pieces not included in the *Poems of House and Home* is the fine and stately Ode written for the opening of the Cincinnati Music Hall, which, if here and there a little too closely wrought for public recitation, is all the better for the private perusal of such as can read twice.

— Mrs. Celia Thaxter's elegant little volume, modestly self-styled *Drift-Weed*,² is really not weedy in the least. It is much more like a collection of shells from one of

¹ *Poems of House and Home*. By J. J. PIATT. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

² *Drift-Weed*. A Collection of Poems. By CELIA THAXTER. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

our Northern beaches, delicate in tint, simple and symmetrical in form, minute and light, exceedingly, and it must be confessed remarkably, like one to another. But a chain of sea-shells is always a pretty thing, and in certain of these one may catch, by intent listening, fragments of the murmur of the great deep.

— There is to us a peculiarly agreeable flavor in Mr. Winter's little book about England,¹ — the tone of a fine, gentle, and somewhat pensive mind. Mr. Winter's reminiscences of England are almost wholly confined to London, where he visits the objects which all tourists visit; when he goes out of London it is to go to Warwick and Kenilworth, and to Stratford-on-Avon; he has also a glimpse of France. What always breathes from his page is a loyal and manly love of English places, English manners, and English men. He belongs to the tradition of Irving, who took England and its inhabitants both to his heart; whereas most of us are agreed with Hawthorne that England would be very well but for the English people in it. But no one can help sympathizing with Mr. Winter's mood, nor help listening with interest to whatever he says of the haunts dear to history and biography and romance. His attitude is studiously unambitious and serious; there are no tiresome attempts at making fun; the literature of the little book is as sweet and pure as its spirit is sincere. You may be sure that the writer attributes nothing to himself that he does not feel, and there is such evident honesty in all his opinions that if he likes to call the righteous execution of Charles the First a "murder," we, for our part, like to have him do it.

— The edition of Macaulay's *England*² which Messrs. Harper and Brothers publish in five volumes hardly affords occasion for comment on a work whose place is so securely fixed, and whose qualities are so well known. But the fit shape and aspect of the edition is to be praised: the volumes are of a handsome octavo; the type is very clear, and the paper is of a singularly agreeable tint and texture; the cloth of the binding is a decent black. The first volume has a forcible engraved portrait of Macaulay after a photograph by Claudet, — the clear, firm face of a man who has produced more good reading of a good kind than perhaps any other of our century.

¹ *The Trip to England*. By WILLIAM WINTER. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1879.

² *The History of England, from the Accession of*

— In four discourses³ upon Socialism in General, Communistic, Anti-Communistic, and Christian Socialism, the author sketches some of the changes in social conditions produced by modern civilization, touching upon the employment of machinery, the extension of commerce, the creation of new wants, the transfer of most of the land to a few owners, and the increase of pauperism.

He thinks that the average European peasant was better off, relatively, in the fourteenth century than his successor in our own time; that is, his work would obtain more food then than now. Our civilization, though nominally Christian, is distinctively materialistic. The inequality in the distribution of wealth cannot be wholly justified, but as civilization advances the distance between the upper and lower classes becomes greater, and this inequality of conditions the author regards as permanent and inevitable, as most of its causes are permanent. Philanthropy concerns itself about the whole nature and destiny of man for time and eternity; socialism deals with the environment, and ends with time. It dreams of regenerating society without regenerating the individual, or insists upon beginning with society. This is its failure. The result of communistic socialism would be equality of social conditions enforced and reinforced from generation to generation, and this would lead to anarchy, the destruction of art, religion, morality, and civilization, and the prevalence of unmitigated animalism.

The author's conclusion is that labor "must for the most part look out for itself." He does not approve the organization of a labor party in politics, nor of any action on the part of the government for the relief of labor difficulties, except the establishment of a bureau to collect and tabulate statistics. He advises that job work be substituted for time work wherever it can possibly be done; thinks the study of political economy is of great importance to theological students, and that the entire problem of Christian charity needs to be thoroughly overhauled; and believes that we may hope for Christians enough by and by to make the commerce of the world more sane and sober. "That Christianity will hold its own I do not for a moment doubt. Always it has been the best thing *James the Second*. By LORD MACAULAY. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879.

³ *Socialism*. By ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK, D. D. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. 1879.

in the world, and always it has conquered the world."

The discourses are highly rhetorical, and there is much historical and literary allusion, but there is a lack of vigorous reflection. The book may be regarded as a tolerable introduction to the subject of socialism, but the discussion is painfully inadequate. The confidence that our farmers can be trusted, and that no communistic engineering can barricade a prairie, is a queer basis for optimism. This is much as if the Yellow Fever Commission should triumphantly report that New Orleans is not in danger of ruin by volcanic eruptions. What is needed, if there is anything grave in our social conditions, is not a new eulogy of Christianity, but patient and resolute analysis of the phenomena of our civilization, and the suggestion of methods for the application of remedial or improving influences. It is not a time for eloquence, but for thought.

— This volume,¹ which contains an exact account of the grounds and buildings of the Centennial Exhibition, will be of more interest, possibly, a hundred years hence, when our descendants will quote from this list of measurements the petty dimensions of the buildings we thought so grand only three years ago. Meanwhile, a complete description is good, and there is no doubt that the statistics in this volume are accurate. The engravings, however, are not so satisfactory, although they are exact enough. This is a book that will be more sought for by public than by private libraries.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.

It is late in the day to say anything about Cherbuliez's *L'Idée de Jean Téterol*,² for those who have not read the book in French have done the next best thing and read it in English, and congratulations on the excellence of the novel come in after the feast is long since devoured. It shares with many other of Cherbuliez's stories the merit of being of his best, and that best is very good, for there is no novelist with a clearer vision of what he undertakes to describe, and a greater power of representing things clearly, than this author. To speak of his wit is to talk platitudes; his invention is always

ingenious, and this time he has given us a novel without any such lapse of taste as mars some of his stories, in which in his effort to be touching he becomes melodramatic, as in his *Ladislas Bolski* and *La Revanche de Joseph Noirel*. Fallible man must fail somewhere, and Cherbuliez delights his readers, but it is by his appeal to their intelligence; he never touches the heart, except possibly in *Paule Méré*. Fortunately, however, there are different kinds of good novels, and Cherbuliez stands at the head of the writers of his kind.

The plot of this story is as simple as possible; it is the account of the way in which the man who has become rich tries to revenge himself on his former master. The hero, Jean Téterol, is the self-made man, and the drawing of his peasant nature is admirably done, as it is put into contrast with the most worldly and fascinating lack of character of the thriftless nobleman. The account of the struggle between the two men almost hides the excellence of the part about the two young people, the charming daughter of the nobleman and Téterol's accomplished, but unpriggish son. In a word, the story is as bright as possible. Cherbuliez is never dull, and here he has excelled himself. His wit is constant; every paragraph, with its epigram at the end, is a model of good writing. Those are to be envied who have yet to read this capital story.

— Louis Ulbach is by no means a writer who deserves to be compared with Cherbuliez, but some of his stories are well worth reading. A recent one of his, *Simple Amour*³ by name, is almost charming. It is the sequel of another novel, but there is not required for the enjoyment of it any more knowledge of its predecessor than is given in a few pages of the present volume. The main merit of the story is the drawing of a radical, a village tailor by trade, and of his daughter, Marcelline, who are bound by various ties to an aristocratic family of the neighborhood. The heir of this family falls in love with Marcelline, and his youthful passion is well described, as is her conduct. There are various other persons introduced who are not the conventional people of the French novel, and about the whole story there is a pleasing air of novelty, which in too great a quantity might

¹ *Grounds and Buildings of the Centennial Exhibition*, Philadelphia, 1876. Edited by DORSEY GARDNER, Assistant Secretary United States Centennial Commission. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1878.

² *L'Idée de Jean Téterol*. Par VICTOR CHERBULIEZ. Paris: Hachette. 1878.

³ *Simple Amour*. Par LOUIS ULBACH. Paris: C. Lévy. 1878.

become tedious, although for a change Ullrich is pleasant enough. He has no great power, but there is a kindliness of heart about him, and an intention of doing good by his work, that are rare and attractive qualities. This novel certainly, slight as it is, cannot fail to please those who do not crave the most highly spiced fiction.

— Those who want fiction of the spiced kind have probably read Mario Uchard's *L'Etoile de Jean*,¹ as it appeared last year in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Uchard is of course not one of the greatest of living novelists, and perhaps he will be best known to posterity as the husband of Madeleine Brohan, and the man who is supposed to have introduced bits of his autobiography into a play he wrote for the *Théâtre Français* about twenty years ago. Yet this novel is entertaining enough, as novels go. It is as artificial a story as ever was beaten out of a writer's brains, but it keeps the reader's attention fastened while he has the book open before him; it is only when he has finished that he will feel any discontent with the writer's method, and even then his discontent will not be of a very serious kind. The hero, whose family relations are of an extremely complicated kind, has been a soldier on the Southern side during our war, and he has brought back with him that phlegmatic nature which is the distinguishing trait of all good Yankees. The evil angel of the book is a young woman of gypsy blood from Cincinnati, who has married the eminent General O'Donor. She is known as Lady O'Donor. We have no cause for complaint, however, for there is similar inexactness in the way that noble dame wanders about France in a boy's dress, without exciting surprise even when she calls upon a respectable family. "The originality of Lady O'Donor was a satisfactory explanation of a visit to Brittany in this disguise." In fact, the scene of the novel is set in the civilized fairy-land which is familiar to the readers of French stories. The principal interest of the story hangs upon the escape of a young girl from her mother, who is anxious to make her marry a man against her will. By a singular coincidence, Henry Gréville's *Marier sa Fille* has just the same plot.

— Now that this last-named author has settled down to the regular composition of

three — or is it four? — novels a year, it is impossible to notice every one of her books, which, moreover, appear in English about as soon as they do in French. Certainly *Marier sa Fille*² is an entertaining story. The heroine and the hero stand out in bold relief against the setting of their disreputable surroundings, and there is a great deal of humor in the talk of all the people. In short, the writer's cleverness cannot be questioned, and there will be but few, it is fair to say, who will object to the good-natured way in which the good people are rewarded for their virtue by a comfortable income, although the generous gift on the part of the author is like the way in which amiable hostesses cram the pockets of their neighbors' children with sweetmeats when they leave the house. The question of its fitness for translation does not fairly come up here, but it may be well to wonder whether the array of vicious relations and habits that makes the merit of the story is exactly what careful parents would like to place in the hands of young girls. So long as a book stays in the original French, it is, so to speak, behind a door, — in the book-case, possibly, but yet not under the hand; when it is translated, it tempts the youngest readers, who will not be much improved by premature knowledge of vicious society. Other readers, however, will find the book agreeable.

— The four books just discussed bear the mark of being manufactured to suit the public rather than that of being the utterances of writers who were burdened with something to say, and it is a pleasure to turn to a volume of such real merit as Paul Heyse's last volume of collected stories, entitled *Das Ding an sich*.³ When it is mentioned that this is the twelfth volume of Heyse's short stories, it will be seen how practiced a writer he is. He has done well, too, to confine himself so exclusively to short stories. He has twice tried to write long novels, and the *Kinder der Welt* and *Im Paradise* serve to show what a fist he made of it. It is hard to say which of the two is the poorer. *Im Paradise* has been translated, and has received the flattery that is more the due of the German empire and of the German army than of the distasteful and long-winded novel itself. In his short stories, however, Heyse fully deserves all

¹ *L'Etoile de Jean*. Par MARIO UCHARD. Paris: C. Lévy. 1879.

² *Marier sa Fille*. Par HENRY GREVILLE. Paris: Pion. 1878.

³ *Das Ding an sich und andere*. Novellen. Von PAUL HEYSE. Berlin: Ullrich. 1879.

the praise that he has got, and more. Of the four that form this volume there is not one that is poor. They should not be translated, because here, as in other instances, Heyse has chosen subjects which stand outside of our conventional propriety. Yet he writes with such delicacy of feeling, with such true modesty, that he cannot seriously pain the grown-up reader. Possibly the best of the four is the one called *Zwei Gefangene*. This tells with great simplicity the story of a young man and a young woman who meet at the theatre, where is given a representation of Schiller's *Kabale und Liebe*. They fall into conversation, and it appears that the youth of both has been sacrificed to the claims of duty. Then arises in both—and it is very naturally told—the longing for a taste of the joys of life, and, to put it grossly into a single sentence, they run off together. He is a priest, that is to say, he is a sort of innocent *Fra Filippo Lippi*, who has come into some money, and they propose coming to this country to be married. On their way he

meets at Hamburg a woman who makes him untrue, and the tale ends tragically. This, it will be seen, is not a plot that Miss Mulock, for instance, would have chosen, but no one can read the story without seeing the hand of a master in the way it is told. There is another story, equally sad, of a young officer who falls in love with a young girl; and the one that gives the title to the book, though possibly a trifle spun out, shows us, what indeed is nothing new, how worthy a writer Paul Heyse is. He has many of the qualities of a great novelist, and if he is better at writing tales than at writing long novels, he is not to be despised on that account, any more than is Meissonier, for choosing small canvases.

Heyse has very delicate feeling, and he writes in a really charming style, which is what few German authors do. This volume cannot fail to be read with pleasure by those who like good work. Good story-writers are rare even nowadays, when every one tries his or her hand at some form of novel.

EDUCATION.

THE collegiate education of women is to have a partial trial at, or more correctly near, Harvard. The college authorities, it is well known, have steadily refused to admit women upon the same footing with men, but have indicated their interest in the problem by lending their aid to what is known as the Harvard examination for women. Meanwhile Girton and Newnham Hall have been founded at the English Cambridge, with the clear purpose of making use of the academic advantages of the university, and a movement is reported on foot for trying the same experiment even more closely at Oxford. Possibly these English trials have given greater confidence to Harvard; possibly, too, the individual experience of professors at Harvard has demonstrated the capabilities of young women to carry forward college courses with perseverance and the true *scientiæ sacra fames*. At any rate, an ingenious and yet simple scheme has been devised by which the collegiate education of women may be secured at Cambridge; not in the university

itself, and not in the name of Harvard, but under conditions which are identical, so far as teachers go, with those governing the young men. A young woman could at any time, if regardless of expense, have come to Cambridge, resided there four years, and pursued as a private pupil of various professors the studies which a collegian followed before taking his degree; but she would have had the immense disadvantage of solitary study and solitary recitation. What is now proposed is the formation of classes of young women, doing this same thing, with the advantage of a division of expenses and the stimulus of society.

The machinery of this college running on parallel lines with Harvard is very simple. Seven ladies, well known in Cambridge and elsewhere from their position as members of professors' households, constitute a board of management, having also for secretary a gentleman unconnected with Harvard, and their function is to secure suitable lodgings for the students, to assist them with advice and other friendly offices, and to bring to

gether the professors and students, organize the classes, and establish the tariff of fees. The courses followed must be those of Harvard, but it is only recommended, not required, that a complete course of four years should be undertaken. The management has of course no power to give degrees, and Harvard, being officially ignorant of these students, will give none; in place, certificates will be given, signed by the instructors, when any course has been satisfactorily followed, and in the case of a four years' study the certificates will be merged in one and signed by all the instructors. It is hoped that the expense of tuition for each pupil will not exceed four hundred dollars a year, and that it may fall as low as two hundred and fifty dollars. The hint is thrown out that endowments may be looked for which will still further reduce expenses.

The practical difficulties of instruction appear to gather chiefly about the courses in those studies which require laboratory work. There is no deficiency of apparatus at Harvard, and a way may be found by which it may do double service, as well as the professors who employ it; but if not, the elementary instruction, which is all that many require, does not call for elaborate or very costly appointments, and it is not likely that a difficulty of this kind would be suffered to spoil the scheme. The splendid library is already accessible to all, without distinction, for consultation, and to such as the authorities approve for borrowing; there are certain lecture courses to which ladies are admitted, and in short the material for collegiate education is ready and capable in large part of duplicate use; it only needs that the individual pupils, who have hitherto availed themselves of it in a desultory fashion, should be increased in number and organized economically.

Supposing this plan carried out as proposed, will it constitute practically a college for women? Will the young women who encamp under the walls of Harvard secure all the advantages of their brothers who look down upon them from within the sacred inclosure? Wherein would it differ from the regular Harvard? In the first place, there would be the absence of all the compulsion which, under many forms, exists for the young men; the supervision by the board of management would be purely advisory; there would be, we suppose, no such thing as comparative rank, but each would run against time; the stimulus of a degree would be wanting; the

comradery, in the absence of dormitories and class associations and college sports, would be reduced to a very small point, and the whole competitive system, with its prizes and honors, would be left out of consideration. Now, it is undoubtedly true that the young women who entered on this purely intellectual course would be those only who were impelled by the noble thirst for learning, and that the very absence of all the engaging circumstance of college life would exclude those who regarded that as the chief pleasure of the four years' career at Cambridge. Nevertheless, this indefinable something which makes college other and more than the bare intercourse of studious minds cannot be left out of the account. A college for men never will be resolved into the simple relation of teacher and taught. The traditions which have grown up may be modified and refined, but the experience of every collegian shows him how largely his character and destiny have been the result of the countless streams which have made his four years at college green and fertile. Therefore, admirable as this step is, we cannot look upon it as final or sufficient. It is valuable chiefly for what it may prove and what it may develop. It is too early to say what kind of scholastic life would be unfolded were such a scheme to ripen, but it is very certain that it could not remain in such an embryonic condition. It must either die or advance.

In the interest of a just and economical use of the hoarded wealth of Harvard, the trial of this plan is every way to be desired. It would seem as if it would test the capacity of women to subject themselves to a severe training, and we hope that those having the ordering of the plan will not suffer themselves to lower the standard of attainment. In the interest of the broader education of women, too, the experiment will be watched closely. Should it succeed, it will undoubtedly extend its influence backward upon the preparatory education of girls. It will also, in such an event, have an effect upon the women's colleges already founded. It cannot injure those that are doing solid work, but if there are any that content themselves with superficial results, the experiment at Cambridge, so far as it means severe training and solid acquirements, will be a test for them. In any event, this movement has the advantage that it involves no radical change in the university, but simply readjusts existing conditions. If a more intimate identification with Harvard grows

out of it, it will be because the step now taken proves itself to be a real advance; if the experiment fails, there will be no wrecks or ruins to clear away. In this respect a

more conservative course has been pursued than at Cambridge, England, where an investment in brick and mortar preceded a somewhat similar experiment.

THE NEW YORK CATHEDRAL AGAIN: LETTER FROM MR. HASSARD.

NEW YORK, *February 22, 1879.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY :

SIR,—I learn from the March number of The Atlantic that Mr. Clarence Cook has written me a letter in reference to grants by the public authorities for the benefit of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum in this city. If I had been invited to a public discussion of this or any other topic I should have declined the distinction. When Mr. Cook asked my leave to print, as an act of justice, a private note which I had sent him in friendly correction of his mistake about the cathedral property, I did not suspect that in a public epistle addressed to me without my knowledge, he would bring a fresh charge against the Catholics (no better founded than the first), and virtually challenge me to answer it.

Admitting that the Catholics did not "jockey" the city out of the cathedral land, he complains that they did nevertheless jockey it out of the land for an orphan asylum. I should think that the difference between a grant to a church and a grant to a free orphan asylum ought to be tolerably plain; but Mr. Cook says of the donation to the charity: "From a point of view outside of any sect or party, I cannot see any defense or excuse for the transaction I have described. The men who were at the head of the city government at the time had no right to give away or to lease in perpetuity, for the benefit of any body of men, secular or religious, lands that belonged to the whole people. Nor could the bargain have been proposed and consummated except by crafty and unscrupulous men. That was a dark day for our city politics, and I am much mistaken in your character if you do not agree with me that it was a time in the history of the Catholic church in this city which its best friends must prefer not to have dragged into the light."

(1.) If Mr. Cook means that the public authorities have no right to give public property to charitable institutions, I can only say that the contrary opinion has uniformly prevailed here, both in the common council and in the various churches. Be-

sides the per capita allowances made annually from the public funds to a great variety of benevolent societies, representing many creeds and no creeds, both the city and the State have always appropriated lands and money of the taxpayers for the endowment of institutions of charity or education, Protestant and Jewish, as well—to say the very least—as Catholic. The grant to the Catholic Orphan Asylum differs in no respect from numerous grants to other charities which are not Catholic. I could cite a multitude of anti-popey precedents for the transaction which Mr. Cook is unable to defend or excuse; but not to trespass on your space, I confine myself to cases which seem to me the most exactly in point. The Colored Orphan Asylum, in which the religious instruction is Protestant, although no particular denomination controls it, obtained from the common council in 1842 a grant of twenty lots on Fifth Avenue, between Forty-Third and Forty-Fourth streets. The Hebrew Orphan Asylum (exclusively Israelite) obtained from the common council in 1860, for the consideration of one dollar, a deed of the land which it occupies, measuring three hundred feet on Seventy-Seventh Street and one hundred feet on Third Avenue, and in 1864, for a similar consideration, a further grant of adjoining land, one hundred by one hundred and twenty feet in extent. Are we to understand that these "bargains" could not "have been proposed and consummated except by crafty and unscrupulous men"? The legislature granted endowments of twenty-five thousand dollars in 1867, and other liberal sums in other years, to the House of Mercy of the Protestant Episcopal sisterhood of St. Mary. Bishop Potter was—and I suppose is—president of the board of trustees of that institution; I hope nobody is going to call him a crafty and unscrupulous jockey.

(2.) Mr. Cook is mistaken in my character, or in something else; for I do not agree with him that there is any "time in the history of the Catholic church in this city which its best friends must prefer not to have dragged into the light." Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN R. G. HASSARD